★ Dec. 6, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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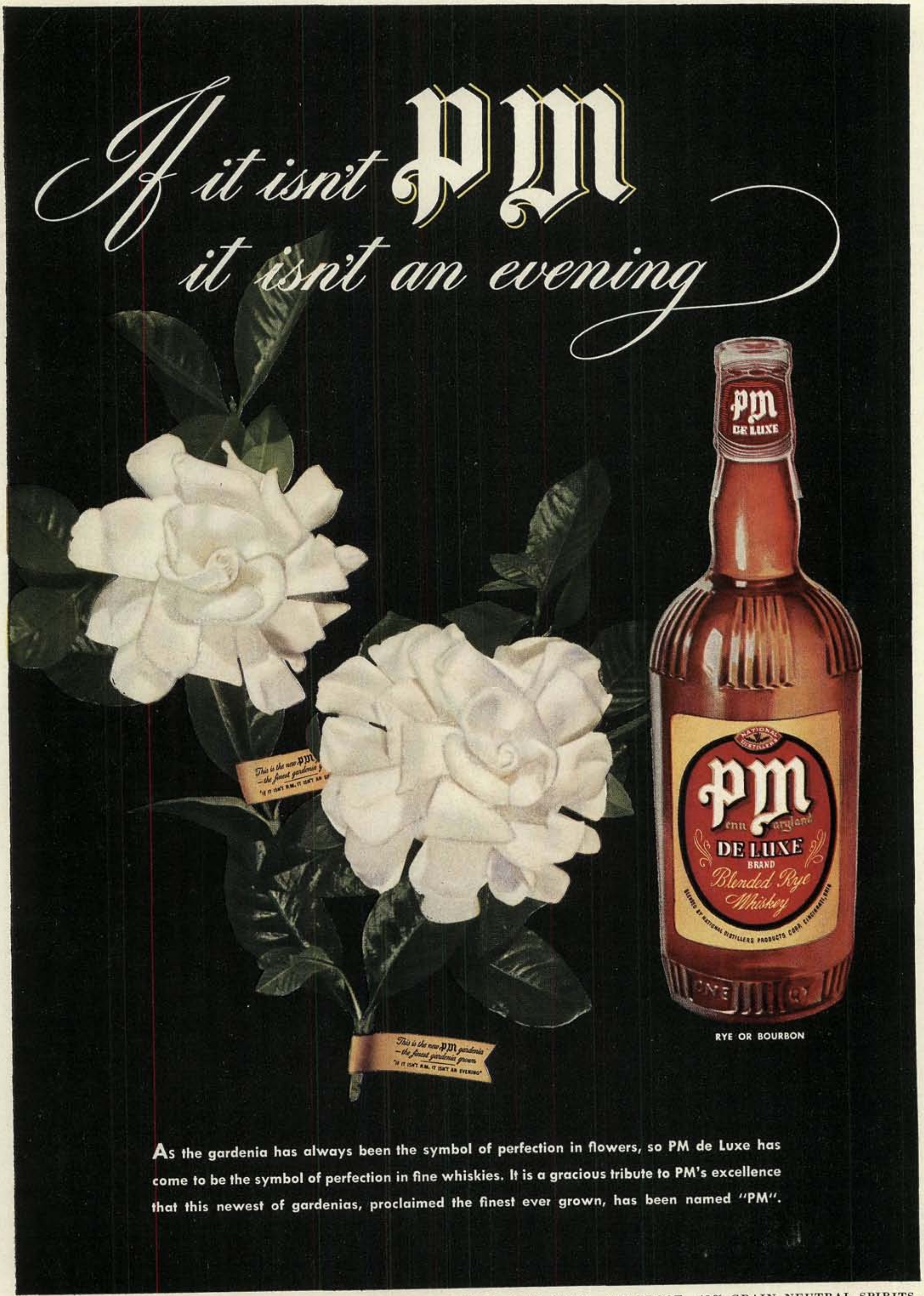
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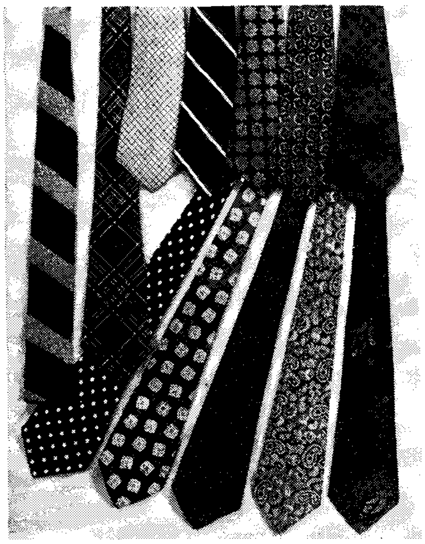

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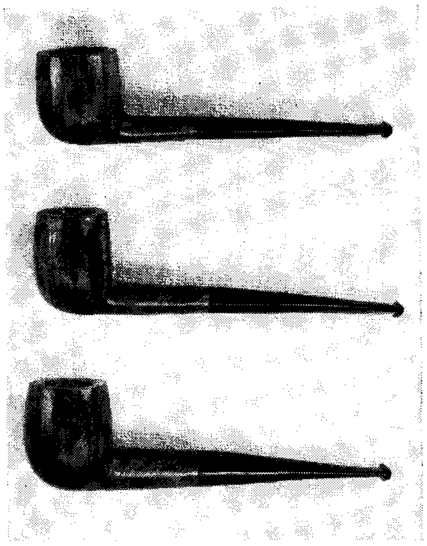

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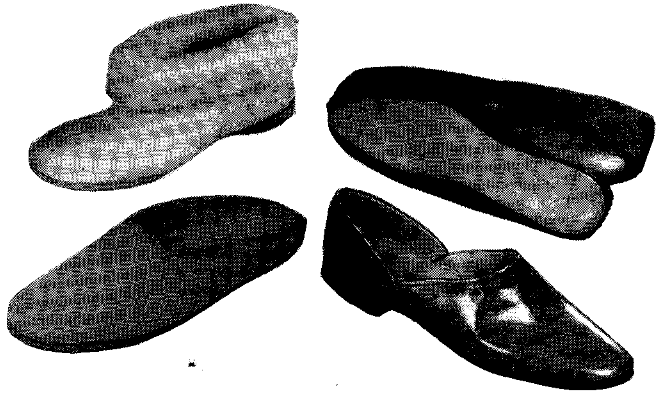

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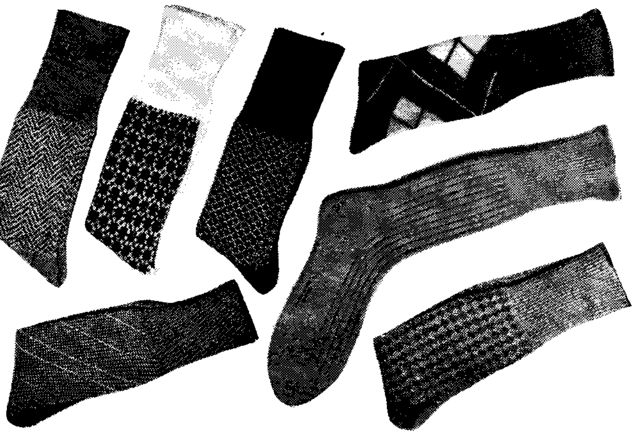

BROOKS WOOL SOCKS, including many special importations from England and Scotland, range from $1.25 to $5.50.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Patricia Collinge, Minnie Dupree, and Boris Karloff, is just about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Candle in the Wind—Half anti-Nazi sermon, half war melodrama, Maxwell Anderson's new play isn't quite successful on either level, but a splendid production by the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company probably makes it worth your attention. Helen Hayes, Evelyn Varden, Tonio Selwart, and John Wengraf are in the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are fine for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always beautifully acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hope for a Harvest—Fredric March in the Theatre Guild's second offering of its regular season. Sophie Treadwell's play is about a man who goes back to the soil, and it is rather more talkative than dramatic. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of two little girls called Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Land Is Bright—The ups and downs of an American family rather luridly described by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Interesting enough in spite of its broadly melodramatic treatment. Martha Sleeper, Phyllis Povah, Diana Barrymore, and Arnold Moss are among the players. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in an excellent revival of this celebrated Scotch murder mystery. Margaret Webster's staging is brilliant. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. George Kaufman's direction is superb. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Spring Again—Moderately comic account of how a lady gets rid of her father-in-law's ghost. Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith, and Joseph Buloff are all very fine. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Theatre—Somerset Maugham's novel about a couple of loose-living players has been disinfected for the stage by Guy Bolton. A fairly routine comedy, enlivened by the brisk performances of Cornelia Otis Skinner and Arthur Margetson. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's eloquent story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Wookey—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's conception of the behavior of a typical cockney family under the bombs. Extraordinary scenery and sound effects and a splendid cast headed by Edmund Gwenn and Heather Angel make the play seem rather better than it is. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Twelfth Night—The Shakespeare comedy, staged and produced by Michael Chekhov. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-1291. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—The locale of George Abbott's latest comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton are now in charge of this Broadway madhouse, which has been carrying on for longer than anyone can remember. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman in a superior musical comedy that is somehow concerned with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher and James Dunn are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Sons o' Fun—The new Olsen and Johnson show, in which the ringleaders will be assisted by Carmen Miranda, Rosario and Antonio, Ella Logan, and Frank Libuse, among others. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Sunny River—An operetta by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg, with Muriel Angelus and Helen Claire. Staged by Mr. Hammerstein and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thurs., Dec. 4. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Angel Street—Vincent Price and Leo G. Carroll in a melodrama by Patrick Hamilton. Produced by Shepard Traube and Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Fri., Dec. 5. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Golden Wings—A play by William Jay and Guy Bolton, with Fay Wray. Staged and produced by Robert Milton. Opens Sat., Dec. 6. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Admiral Had a Wife—A comedy by Lowell Barrington, with Uta Hagen. Staged by José Ferrer and produced by Mr. Ferrer and Ruth Wilk. Opens Thurs., Dec. 11. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will offer "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 4-6 and 11-13, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—This largely American group will present "Les Sylphides," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4; "Princess Aurora," "Pas de Quatre," and "Bluebeard," Fri. Eve., Dec. 5; "Peter and the Wolf," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., Dec. 6; "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., Dec. 6; "Slavonika," "Peter and the Wolf," and "The Wayward Daughter," Sun. Aft., Dec. 7; "Princess Aurora," "Pas de Quatre," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., Dec. 7. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 2:40.)

Ruth St. Denis—In a series of four recitals: Thurs., Fri., and Sun. Eves., Dec. 4, 5, and 7, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., Dec. 6, at 2:45. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. CI 7-7460.)

Carmelita Maracci—The young Spanish dancer, assisted by her group in her first recital of the season: Sun. Aft., Dec. 7, at 3:30. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Emil Coleman and his orchestra play for dancing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—There's a show, with Enya Gonzales, and palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Charles Baum's orchestra and a samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—More tropical than ever, with coconuts now, but still no place to get a tan. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Renée De Marco dancing alone in a very special setting. Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras. . . . Phil D'Arcy's orchestra plays in the Monte Carlo Beach next door.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The new Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, has music by Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band, and, beginning Fri., Dec. 5, songs by Adelaide Moffett. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Kitty Carlisle and Jack Cole and his dancers are in the perennial Persian Room, where Dick Gasparre's or-

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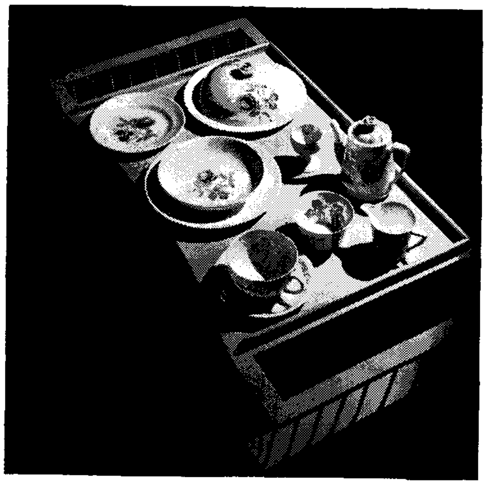
Presents with FUTURES

When it's time for that first wit-gathering cup of tea or coffee in bed, this flowered English china set makes things rosy. Pot, cup, sugar, creamer, tray, complete, $6.



Beautiful at breakfast...a painted wood tray in green, blue, peach, ivory, white, $6.50. Rose-strewn white china breakfast set, 12 pieces, $22.50.

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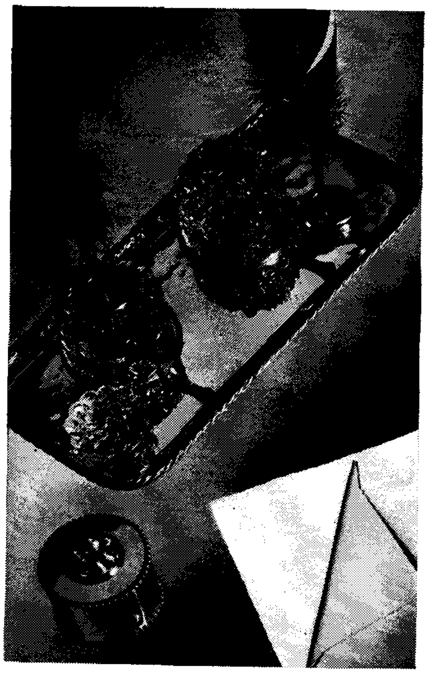
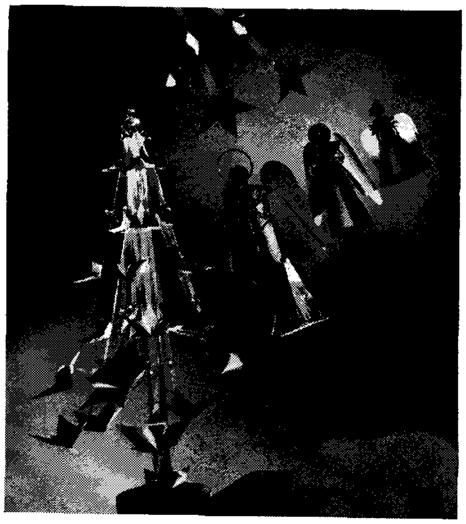


Inkwell so handsomely done it's a dead ringer for those fine old silver ones. Made by hand, of silvery metal, with crystal-like inkwells and feathered tops, $8.50. The merry-go-round for stamps is the same metal, by the same artist, $3.00.



Stars, trees and angels in plastics and metal to glitter on the festive board or spangle your Christmas tree. The angels are from $1.00; star shower, $1.50; trees from $7.50 each.

W&J SLOANE

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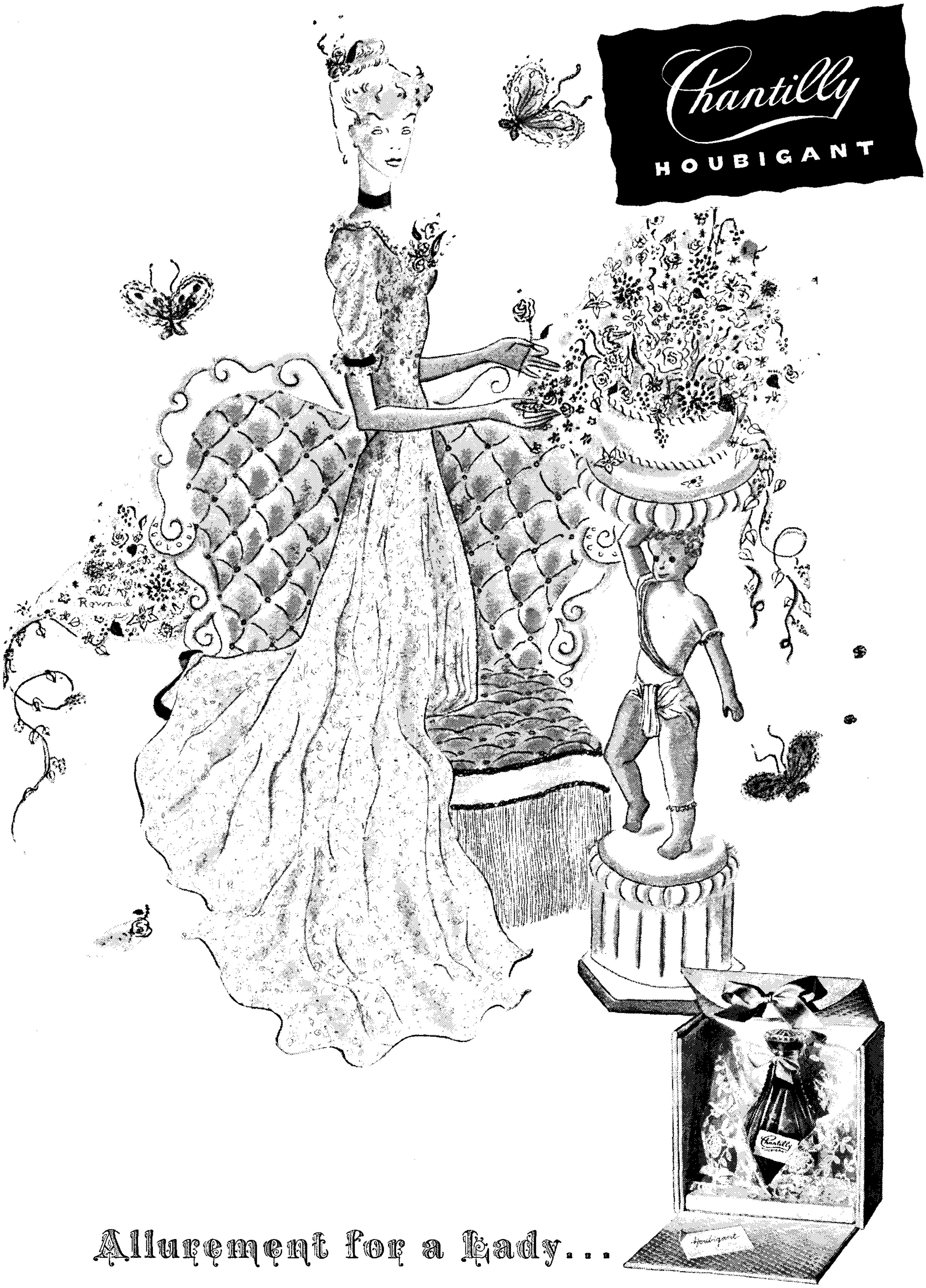
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestra plays. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Russell Swann heads the show in this lofty lookout. Music by Matty Malneck's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.... Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a brief but charming ice show, with Dorothy Lewis, in the Iridium Room, where Hal Saunders' orchestra sets the pace. Formal dress required on the dance floor.... Nicholas Matthey's orchestra plays for dancing in La Maisonette, downstairs.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde still packs them into the Café Lounge with her singing, and Bob Grant's orchestra helps to see that they stay there.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Pat Barbara's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. The show is headed by Jane Pickens, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Tito Guizar sings in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour, and Georges and Jalna and Eddy Duchin's orchestra are there all evening.... Evalyn Tyner's orchestra plays during supper in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Paula Laurence, with her sly songs, will replace Carrie Finnell, a graduate of burlesque, on Fri., Dec. 5.... **LE PETIT PALAIS,** 17 W. 56 (CO 5-7435): the old France in a new place, where people are busy discovering a singer named Mme. Claude Alphand.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her rollicking songs, Betty Bryant sings nostalgic ones, and, beginning Mon., Dec. 8, the Revuers will be there with their own kind of songs and foolishness.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): modernistic and cheerful, with Imogene Coca, a floor show, and Cy Walter's orchestra.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive, small retreat, with Nick D'Amico's orchestra and a small show.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Hazel Scott, mistress of the all-Negro ceremonies, keeps cool and contained, even while John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands are raising a rumpus. The Golden Gate Quartet is around, too.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings, and Chris Kay's orchestra.... **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Henry King's orchestra will be replaced by Val Olman's on Fri., Dec. 5. There'll be an ice show from then on.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra.... **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Harry James' orchestra.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you may find Huddy Ledbetter, Joshua White, and the other folk singers diverting. Closed Mon.... **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American. Jack Harris's orchestra plays for dancing.... **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place.... **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Teddy Wilson's orchestra, Joe Sullivan, and Kenneth Spencer, and where outlanders are also welcome. Closed Mon.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his quartet; on Mon., a juke box.... **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): there's Benny Carter's band and Art Tatum is at the keyboard, which is all you need to know.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4,
THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873).... Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816).... Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Americans and Europeans—At the **VALENTINE,** 55 E. 57: a generous selection, with Leon Hartl, Eilshemius, and John Kane, among others, on the one side, and Matisse, Miró, Hans Arp, and Piet Mondrian on the other. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 13.... **ANDRE SELIGMANN,** 15 E. 57: starting with thirteenth-century sculpture, this show works its way up to such moderns as van Gogh and Jon Corbino. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 3.... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: a Royal Cortissoz gala of paintings selected by himself, ranging from fourteenth-century Italian to twentieth-century George Bellows. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 20.

Americans and French—At **AN AMERICAN PLACE,** 509 Madison, at 53: Marin leads a list that includes oils by Dove and O'Keeffe and three early Picassos. There's also a group of photographs by Stieglitz. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Dec. 7.... **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: paintings and other works by Vlaminck, Laurencin, Picasso, and a number of French artists; among the Americans, Darrel Austin, Frederick Haucke, and Saul Schary are represented. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

Chagall—Twenty-one oils and gouaches in a retrospective show: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 13.

Drawings—A gallery annual, highly selective, of drawings from all the great schools from the sixteenth century to the twentieth: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 13.

English Portraits—Eighteenth-century paintings, from Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Raeburn to such less well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Dec. 20.

French—At the **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: five superlative Braques and a fine Picasso in a show that includes works by Léger and Laurencin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 13.... **4 WEST 58:** paintings by Cocteau, Léger, Tchelitchew, and others, photographs by Atgêt, and water colors painted in recent months by boys and girls in France—all a benefit to help French children. Mon., 2 to 5 P.M.; Tues. through Fri., 11:30 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 16.

Glackens—Selected paintings from all of his periods: 10 W. 9. Daily 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

Karfiol—Finely spaced and solidly painted oils in his first one-man show in eight years: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

Klee—Selections from his paintings and water colors throughout his career. Some excellent pieces: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

Kuhn—A minor retrospective of his stage and circus drawings and water colors, from 1922 to the present: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 3.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Large and stirring exhibition of architectural etchings by Piranesi, including many of his fantastic prison interiors (through Jan. 31); also, an exhibition of Australian art on tour from the antipodes, and rather stock-company in style (through Dec. 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104—The fire blitz of London, in paintings and drawings, some good and all of them dramatic, done by members of the London Auxiliary Fire Service. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Dec. 7.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Two big retrospectives of works by Dali and Miró, with about fifty paintings by each of these much-discussed modern artists, as well as several of their drawings. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

Philipp—The seamy side of Southern life, done by an artist known hitherto for his deft portraiture (through Sat., Dec. 6); also, sculptures by Harry Wickey (through Sat., Dec. 13): Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Renoir—About eighty-five paintings, some never exhibited here before, in a big, authoritative loan show for the benefit of the Free French Relief Committee. Many beautiful pieces: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

Sculpture—Well-selected showing of works by Maillol and Lehmbruck: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The annual exhibition of contemporary American painting, this year, for variety's sake, restricted to artists under forty, and all the livelier for it. Also, a memorial exhibition of paintings by Emil Ganso. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Here and There—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils and water colors by Henry Schnakenberg. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.... **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: paintings by Bernard Lamotte. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 15.... **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: water colors and drawings by Alfonso Ossorio. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.... **ARTISTS',** 113 W. 13: paintings by Werner Drewes and Aristodimos Kaldis. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Mon., Dec. 8.... **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: oils and water colors by Clarence H. Carter. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.... **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: water colors by Betty P. Parsons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 13.... **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: paintings by Marcel Ignon. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 13.... **UPTOWN,** 249 West End Ave., at 72: paintings by Abraham Levin. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 20.... **FRENCH ART,** 51 E. 57: paintings by Abraham Manievich. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 13.... **FINE ARTS,** 215 W. 57: exhibition of works by the New York Society of Painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 17.... **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: recent oils by Georgina Klitgaard. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 20.... **KLEEMANN,** 38 E. 57 (daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.), and **WILLARD,** 32 E. 57 (daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.): paintings by Will Henry Stevens; through Sat., Dec. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 5, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 7, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 12, at 2:30. (Soloist: Rubinstein, Dec. 4, 5, and 7.) ... Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Dec. 13, at 11.

New York City Symphony—Poole conducting; soloist, Gorin: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:45.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting; soloist, Munz: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 8, at 8:45.

Platoff Don Cossack Chorus—Kostrukoff conducting: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:30.

Brooklyn Symphony Orchestra—Warburg conducting; soloist, Garbousova: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Wed. Eve., Dec. 10, 8:30. (ST 3-6700.)

Coffee Concert—Lehman Engel conducting a small orchestra and a group of Negro singers in "The Chaplet," an eighteenth-century opera by William Boyce: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, Wed. Eve., Dec. 10, at 9. (CI 5-8900.)

Original Don Cossack Chorus—Jaroff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:30.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Robert Casadesus, Fri. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:30; Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, Tues. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8:30; Ray Lev, Wed. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:30; Ruggiero Ricci, Fri. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Isabel and Silvio Scionti, Fri. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:30; Marcel Grandjany, Sat. Aft., Dec. 6, at 3; New Friends of Music (Gordon String Quartet, Harold Bauer, and Lois Wann), Sun. Aft., Dec. 7, at 5:30; Robert Mann, Tues. Aft., Dec. 9, at 2:45; Jan Smeterlin, Tues. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8:30; Beryl Rubinstein and Arthur Loesser, Fri. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:30; George Chavchavadze, Sat. Aft., Dec. 13, at 3.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Otello," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4; "Don Giovanni," Fri. Aft., Dec. 5; "La Traviata," Fri. Eve., Dec. 5; "Die Walküre," Sat.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13.

Aft., Dec. 6, and Fri. Eve., Dec. 12; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat. Eve., Dec. 6; "Orfeo ed Euridice," Mon. Eve., Dec. 8; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Wed. Eve., Dec. 10; "The Magic Flute," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 11; "Samson et Dalila," Sat. Aft., Dec. 13; "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Dec. 13. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

Salmaggi Company—"Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:30. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-9591.)

SPORTS

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Dec. 7; Americans vs. Rangers, Thurs., Dec. 11.... *Amateur-series games, Sun., Dec. 7, at 1:30 P.M.*

Professional Football—Giants vs. Dodgers, Polo Grounds, Sun., Dec. 7, at 2:05 P.M.

Retriever Trial—National open all-age stake: Penniman's Point, East Quogue, L.I., Fri. through Sun., Dec. 5-7, at 8:30 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Ice Follies—The annual skating carnival is back again: Madison Square Garden. Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 4-6, and Mon. through Wed., Dec. 8-10, at 8:30 P.M.; also Sat., Dec. 6, at 2:30 P.M.

Public Balls—The December Ball, for the Grosvenor Neighborhood House: Ritz-Carlton, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4, at 10.... The Allaverdy Ball: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Dec. 5, at 10.... Gay Thirties dinner dance, for the Boys' Club of New York: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8.... The Coffee Ball, for the Goddard Neighborhood Center: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Dec. 12, at 10.... Navy Relief Society Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Dec. 12, at 10.

Lambs Gambol—The club's once-a-year dinner, entertainment, and dance: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Dec. 6, at 7:30.

On the Air—"Die Walküre," with Lehmann, Traubel, and Melchior; from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sat. Aft., Dec. 6, at 2, WJZ.... N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eves., Dec. 6 and 13, at 9:30, WJZ.... Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting, Sun. Aft., Dec. 7, at 3, WABC.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Part I of the library of the late William H. Woodin: Thurs. Aft., Dec. 4, at 2.... Furniture, objects of art, and furnishings of the home of the late Arthur Curtiss James (to be sold at the James residence, 39 E. 69): Thurs., Dec. 4, from 10:30 A.M.... The late Mrs. B. F. Jones, Jr.'s, collection of paintings, including some by Corot, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 4-5, at 8:15.... Jewelry, furs, objects of art, and Oriental rugs, from the estate of the late Mrs. August Heckscher: Fri. Aft., Dec. 5, at 2.... Laurence C. Leeds' collection of etchings: Tues. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8:15.... First editions of American and English authors, owned by H. Bertram Smith: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Dec. 10-11, at 2, and Wed. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:15.

MOTION PICTURES

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Spencer Tracy's misguided experiment with the famous dual rôle. Not half the thriller the story has been in the past, but with some good playing by Ingrid Bergman. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Dec. 4.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Dec. 6.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 6-8.... 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Tues., Dec. 9.)

Dumbo—Charming, and nice for the young people, and altogether unassuming, the new Disney feature-length film is all about a baby elephant who learns to fly with his great big ears. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

The Forgotten Village—Of life and its strange customs and superstitions in the back hills of Mexico, far from the busy social worker. With a story by Steinbeck and a commentary spoken by Burgess Meredith. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan—Robert Montgomery is a deceased prizefighter and Claude Rains is a big shot in heaven. A fairly surprising film, as you can see. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Dec. 7.)

Honky Tonk—Just a big Western, devised for the followers and pursuivants of Mr. Gable and of Miss Lana Turner. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Dec. 10.)

How Green Was My Valley—A deadly solemn but honest and aspiring film of the miners in the Welsh collieries. With Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

It Started with Eve—Deanna Durbin, patted and protected by Charles Laughton, in a harmless bit that may amuse you. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Dec. 8.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 7-9.... Carlton, B'way at 100; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 7-10.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 10-12.)

Laburnum Grove—Edmund Gwenn in that nice little play of the genteel counterfeiter, which we saw on the stage here a while ago. With Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Ladies in Retirement—Of sinister doings in a lone cottage on the heath, with Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. Murder and such, you know. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Dec. 8.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 5-7.)

The Maltese Falcon—One of Dashiell Hammett's giddiest thrillers, with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart and a general hodgepodge of killers and cops, who never rest a minute. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Tues., Dec. 9.)

The Reluctant Dragon—Another full-length Disney film, which has its high moments of delightful fantasy and some quite long stretches of studio life that are not so fanciful, perhaps. Robert Benchley is among those in the cast. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 6-9.)

Rise and Shine—About football, but actually a very funny little affair, with Jack Oakie, George Murphy, Linda Darnell, and other such lively folk. And, incidentally, derived from James Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times." (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; opening Fri., Dec. 5.)

Sergeant York—A magnificent picture of the last war, based on the diary of one of the great figures of that day. With Gary Cooper. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Dec. 4... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Dec. 5.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Wed., Dec. 10.... Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 5-9.)

Suspicion—A polished, almost gentle treatment of Frances Iles' very pretty story of murder and marriage, with Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Dec. 10.)

Underground—Gestapo drama, with Jeffrey Lynn and Philip Dorn, and without any soft-pedalling of the subject whatsoever. Grim but absorbing. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 10-11.)

Unfinished Business—Pleasant nonsense, displaying Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery to fair advantage. Restful comedy, in general. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Dec. 5.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon.. Dec. 6-8.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 7-10.... Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 10-11.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 6-9.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 10-12.)

Blackmail (1939)—Oklahoma oil wells, chain gangs, and Edward G. Robinson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Dec. 5.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Adventurer," "The Cure," "Easy Street," and "The Immigrant," all two-reel shorts. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 10-12.)

Escape (1940)—The Ethel Vance story of flight from the Nazis. Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 10-11.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 6-8.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the Revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 7-8.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 6-9.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Park, Columbus Circle; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 5-6.)

The Man I Married (1940)—Germany just before the war. Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer. (Park, Columbus Circle; Thurs., Dec. 4.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—Hitchcock melodrama, with Peter Lorre and Edna Best. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Dec. 5.)

Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 5-6.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 7-8.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 9-10.)

Midnight (1939)—Claudette Colbert stranded in Paris. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., Dec. 6.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Park, Columbus Circle; Thurs., Dec. 4.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in the Philip Barry piece. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 10-12.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 9-10.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 8-10.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 8-10.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 9-10.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS., DEC. 4:** "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), René Clair film. **FRI. AND SAT., DEC. 5-6:** "Emil und die Detektive" (1932), German film. **SUN. AND MON., DEC. 7-8:** "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields. **TUES. AND WED., DEC. 9-10:** "Wild Boys of the Road" (1933), documentary film.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

Art—Metropolitan Museum: a large Rembrandt show from the Museum's permanent collection, opening Jan. 13.... Lilienfeld: new paintings by Derain and Utrillo, Dec. 30-Feb. 7.... National Academy of Design: opening its new galleries, 1083 5 Ave., at 89, with an exhibition of paintings and sculptures from its permanent collection, Jan. 8.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Joe Louis vs. Buddy Baer, 15 rounds, heavyweight title, Jan. 9.

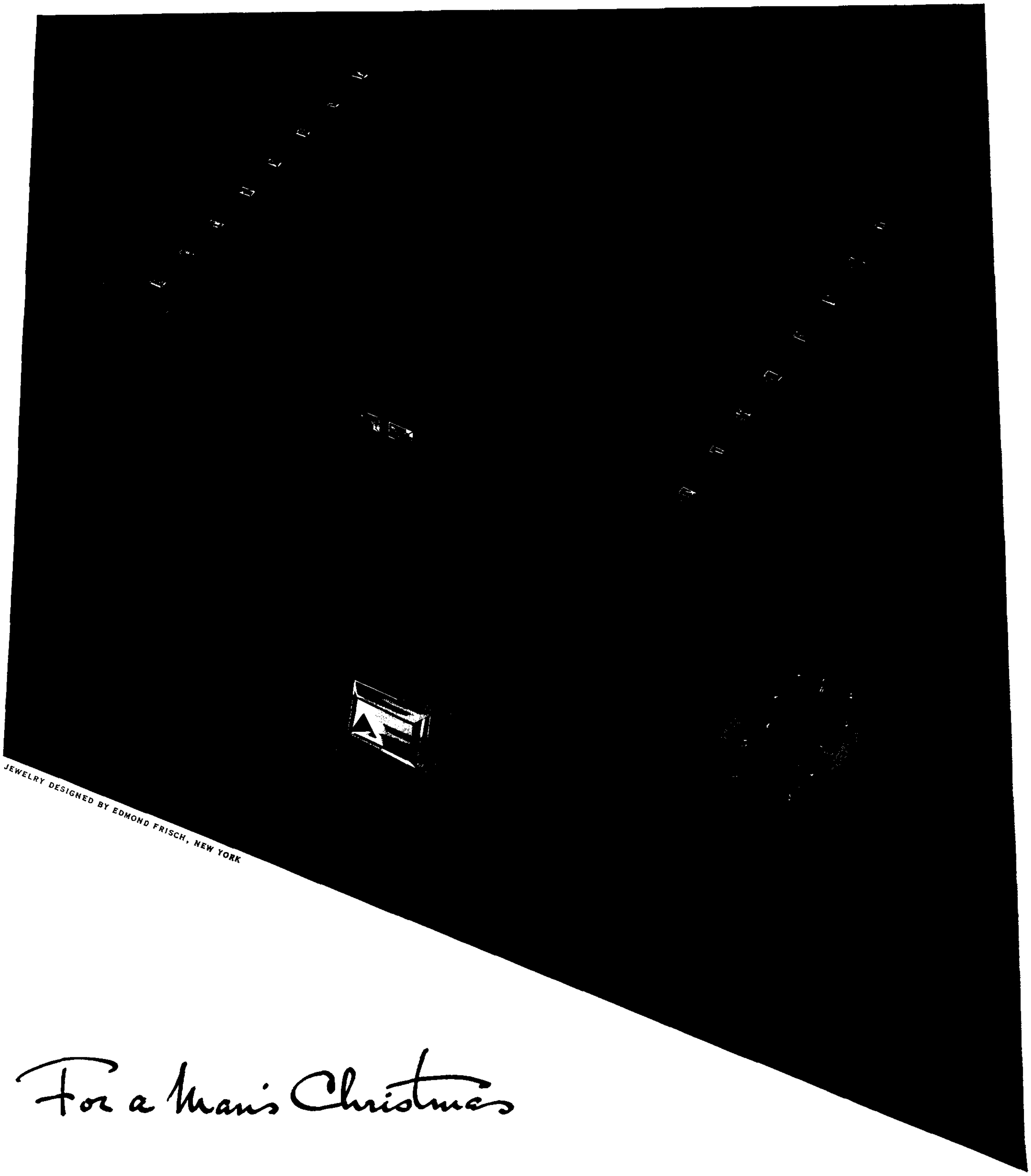
Music—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting, through Dec. 14; Mitropoulos conducting, Dec. 18-Jan. 11; Busch conducting, Jan. 15-18; Koussevitzky conducting, Jan. 22-Feb. 1. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Dec. 16 and Jan. 6. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Jan. 8 and 10 (Aft). Recitals: Marian Anderson, Jan. 5; Giannini and Pinza, Jan. 13; Huberman, Jan. 17 (Aft.); Zimbalist, Jan. 20; Menuhin, Jan. 26; Pons, Jan. 27; Horowitz, Jan. 30.... **TOWN HALL:** Trapp Family Singers, Dec. 14; New Friends of Music, Sun. Afts.; Lehmann, Jan. 7; Morini, Jan. 19; Iturbi, Jan. 21.

Racing—Tropical Park, Dec. 20-Jan. 13.... Santa Anita, starting Dec. 31.... Hialeah Park, starting Jan. 14.

Theatre—Some of the holiday-season productions scheduled are: "Letters to Lucerne," a play by Fritz Rotter and Allen Vincent, produced by Dwight Deere Wiman; "Banjo Eyes," a musical comedy, with Eddie Cantor, Tony and Sally De Marco, and Audrey Christie, and songs by Vernon Duke and John Latouche; "The Rivals," with Mary Boland, Bobby Clark, and Walter Hampden, produced by the Theatre Guild; "Clash by Night," a play by Clifford Odets, with Tallulah Bankhead and Joseph Schildkraut, produced by Billy Rose; "Lady Comes Across," a musical comedy, with a book by Fred Thompson and Dawn Powell and songs by Vernon Duke and John Latouche, and with a cast headed by Jessie Matthews and Joe E. Lewis; "Portrait of a Lady," a comedy by Alexander King and Chester Erskin, with Ruth Gordon, produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers; "Porgy and Bess," a revival of the George Gershwin musical play, with Todd Duncan and conducted by Alexander Smallens.

Yachting—Midwinter Championship and Bacardi Cup Series, Havana, Jan. 24-31.

Other Dates—Renoir Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Dec. 17.... Scotch Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Jan. 15.... Annual Actors' Fund Show, Imperial Theatre, Jan. 18.... Sonja Henie Ice Show, Madison Square Garden, Jan. 19-24 and 26-27.... Christmas Day falls on a Thursday.



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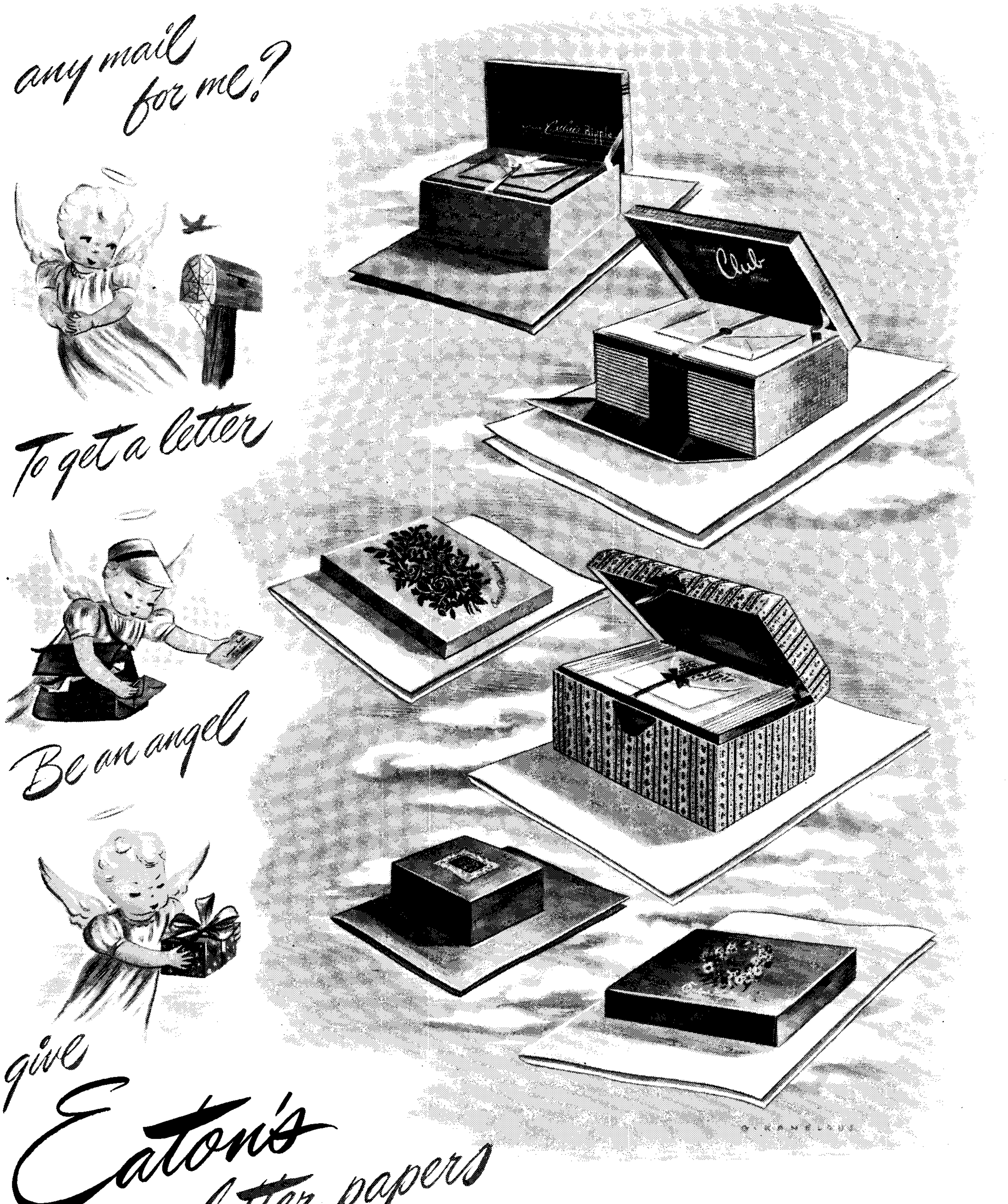

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(Right) **At the St. Regis,** Mrs. Davis wears a picture gown of toast-colored faille with voluminous skirt and simple molded bodice sharpened by gold sequins in spider-web design.

(Left) **Mrs. Davis** selects a strictly feminine soft jersey dress with dark back and light front, for afternoon wear. Forecast of tomorrow's fashion is the shirred bodice treatment and soft folds of a harem skirt.

Mrs. Henry Gassaway Davis of New York City chooses a winter dress wardrobe of New York Creations

Fusing the graciousness of her southern heritage with emphatic New York chic, Florence Dean Davis assembles an impeccable wardrobe.

"Nothing brings me more pleasure than planning a season's wardrobe," comments Mrs. Davis. "My penchant for selecting appropriate clothes is a matter of training. Knowing what I want in quality and design, I now shop with New York Creations in mind. When I find the *latest,* inevitably it is hallmarked with this label."

New York Creations are made by members of the New York Dress Institute. Your favorite store now carries New York Creations, from New York—where the *NEW* begins.

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At a Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo rehearsal, Mrs. Davis wears a matinee dress with new long torso, highlighted by sophisticated bands of grosgrain and a lovely beaded shoulder rose.

In a lace tunic dress—Florence Dean Davis attends a Philharmonic-Symphony at Carnegie Hall. From sequin-flecked neckline to yards-around hem, this importantly cut concert gown complements charmingly her fragile beauty.

While shopping for another labeled New York Creation, Mrs. Davis wears one of the winter's leading trends . . . a dolman-sleeved day dress, belted, and closed at the shoulders by jewel-like buttons.

Dog Show

a new carved crystal for those who like to *put on the dog*

Fostoria designed these for those who get a bit bored over the usual and casual Yuletide gift. So if you have a dogged determination to make somebody very, very happy, wrap up a package of eight. Sizes are available to slake a thirst from shot glass to the tall and tapering tumblers. And, they're all handmade . . . the designs hand carved.

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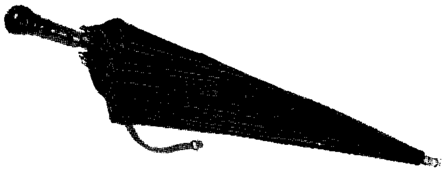
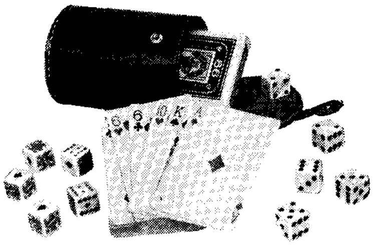
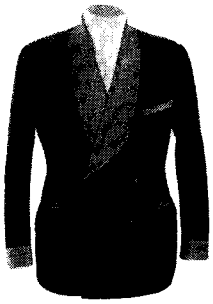


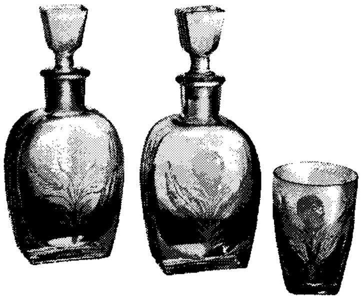
COACHMAN'S UMBRELLA — Giant 50-inch spread for shelter aplenty. Cotton gloria waterproof covering, knob handle. $7.50.



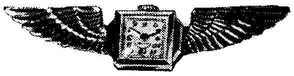
SERVICE MAN'S GAME SET — Large leather dice cup with detachable lid, contains essentials for practically all dice and card games. **$5.**



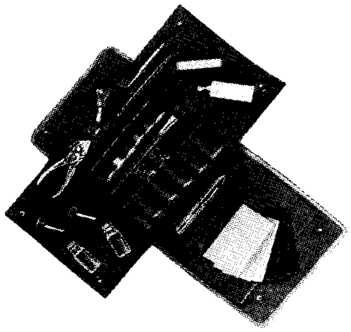
MEN'S SMOKING JACKET—Luxurious English velveteen, silk-lined, barathea facings. Black or maroon, single or double breasted. $40.



DECANTERS—Full bottle size. Scotch decanter has thistle design and Rye, a sheaf of grain. Pr. $10. Highball glasses to match, doz. $18.



PILOT WING WATCH—For women to wear as a pilot wears his wings. Gold-filled case, 17-jewel precision movement. $27.50.



TACKLE TINKER'S KIT—Canvas kit for emergency fishing repairs. Guides, emery cloth, winding silks, screwdriver, others. $8.75.

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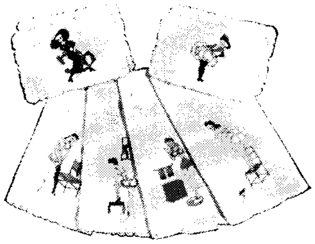
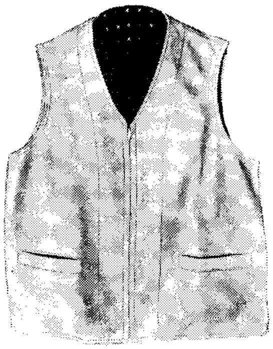
WOMEN'S BEAUTY KIT — English import. Pigskin, zipper-opening case contains bottles and jars for beauty makeup. $7.50.

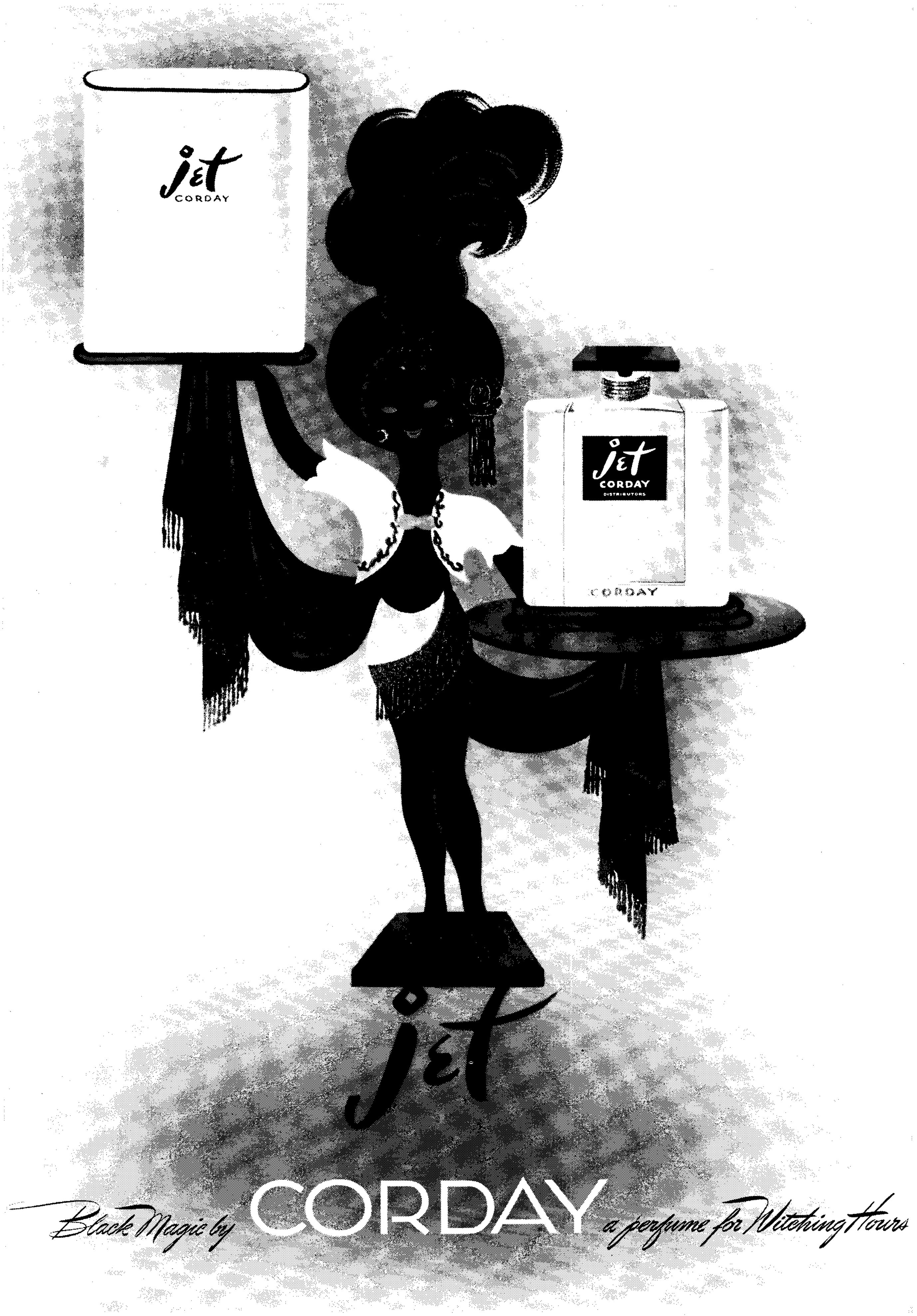
JUMBO CUP AND SAUCER—Worcester Royal China decorated with Mallard Duck or Pheasant. A collector's piece. $12.50.



BUTTON COCKTAIL NAPKINS — Amusingly decorated. Pure linen, hand-hemmed. Set of 8, $7.50. Guest towels to match, ea. $2.25.



MEN'S CHAMOIS VEST—Exceptionally warm windbreaker to go with sport clothes. Zipper opening, natural chamois color only. $16.50.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Black Magic by CORDAY a perfume for Witching Hours

Mrs. Thompson had company last night

SHE WAS ALONE in the big room . . . an old lady whose world had passed by.

Then she tuned in the symphony, closed her eyes . . . and across the wave-lengths came familiar faces.

Mrs. Thompson sat with friends again . . .

MUSIC MEANS many things to many people. But, to everyone who loves it, it is really satisfying only when heard in all its naturalness and richness.

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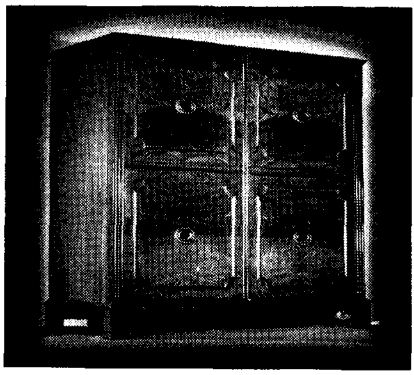
Here is a radio that does *not* intrude between you and the orchestra.

Instead, it transmits the subtleties of tone and color that have always hitherto been lost.

With nothing added, nothing taken away, it brings you the harmonics and overtones, the high notes and low notes that make great music great.

If, in your own home, you want to enjoy music as it is meant to be heard, you can do so now . . . through a Stromberg-Carlson.



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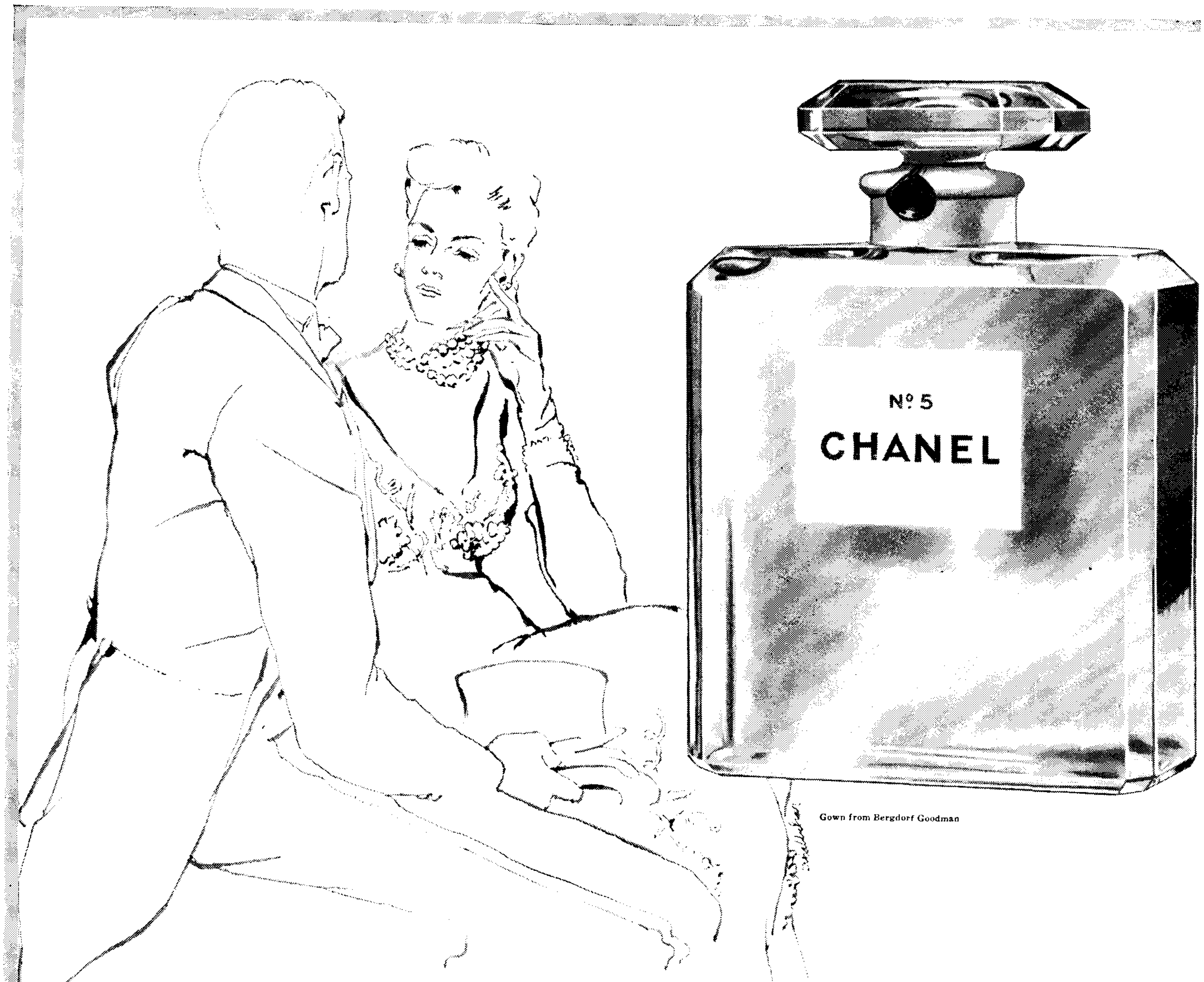
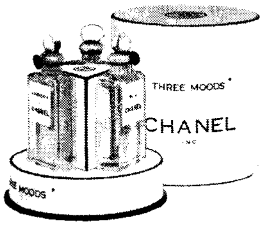


Gown from Bergdorf Goodman

IT IS STILL POSSIBLE TO GET... AND GIVE—CHANEL

Thanks to fortunate foresight, there will be Chanel gifts again this Christmas. But naturally, more people will choose world-famous Chanel fragrances. So do be foresighted yourself, and do your Chanel shopping *early*.



Chanel "Three Moods" Set. Any three Chanel perfumes. For the mood of the moment. In pedestal box (above) or traveling case.

Chanel Eau de Cologne with smart new atomizer. Choice of No. 5, Gardenia, Russia Leather or No. 22.

Chanel Eau de Cologne and matching Talcum. Perfumed with No. 5, Russia Leather or Gardenia. Three popular sizes.

CHANEL

No. 5, No. 22
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Chanel, Inc., New York

FÉFÉ'S
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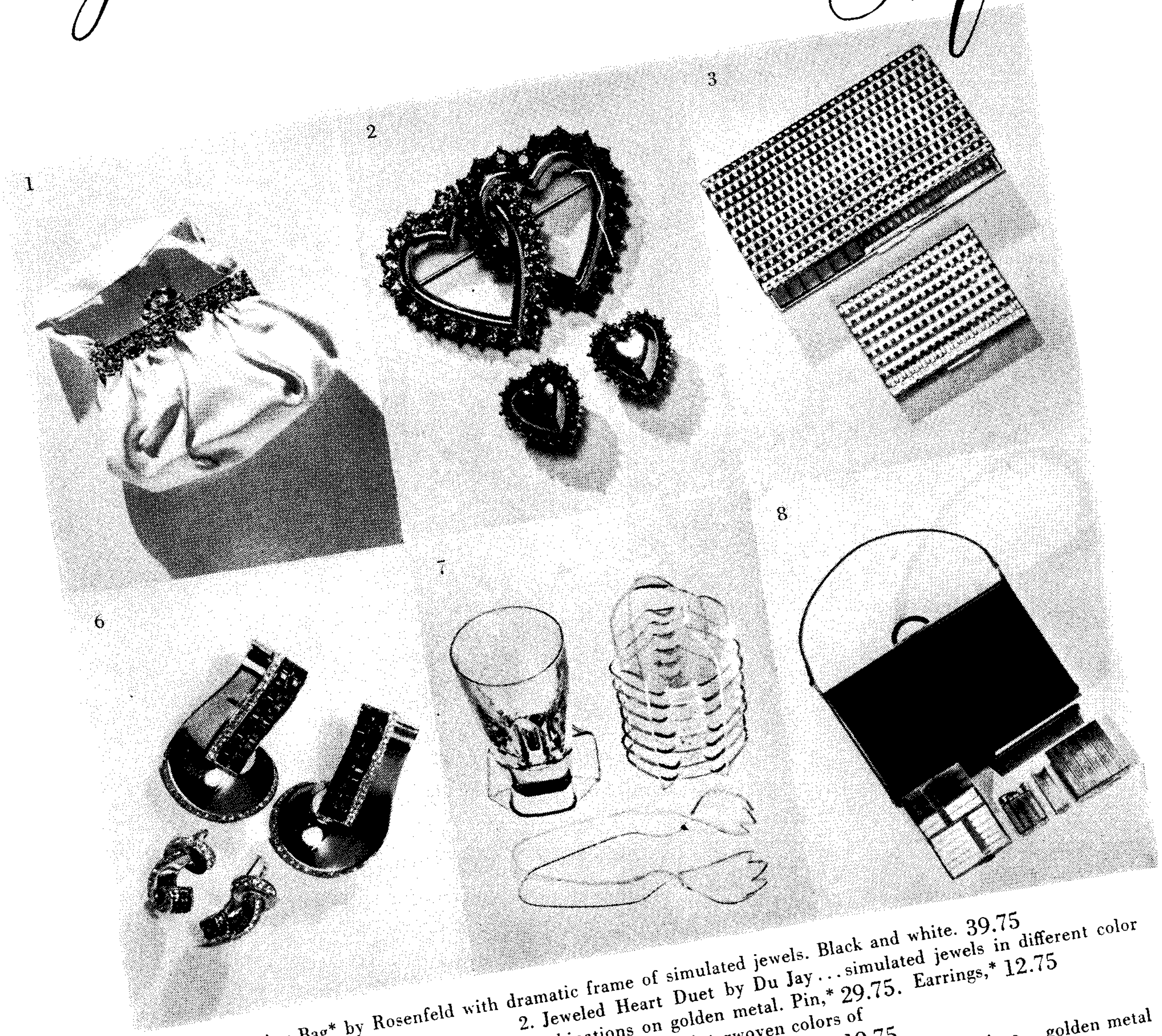
Gentlemen prefer ... STOCKINGS TABARIN*— sly ... shocking ... shadowy ... reproductions of our finest hand-finished French hose ... Give her Stockings Tabarin ... most elegant, mundane gift in the world.

Nylon Tabarin ... 1.65 to 3.95. Silk Tabarin (lustre-finish) 2.50 to 2.95. Silk Tabarin (dull finish) 1.50 to 1.95. Colors: Suzette (a honey-in-the-comb tan), Claudette (a pink haze beige), Georgette (a silver-birch beige), Babette (a blush mahogany), Genette (a pressed rose-petal beige), Paulette (a Sengalese brown). Exclusive with **Saks Fifth Avenue,** in New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Detroit, Miami, Palm Beach.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Very Saks Fifth Avenue Gifts



1. Satin Evening Bag* by Rosenfeld with dramatic frame of simulated jewels. Black and white. 39.75

2. Jeweled Heart Duet by Du Jay . . . simulated jewels in different color combinations on golden metal. Pin,* 29.75. Earrings,* 12.75

3. Basket-Weave Compact and Cigarette Case by Evans . . . in 3 interwoven colors of metal, like platinum, green gold, and red gold. Compact, 15.00. Cigarette case, 19.75

4. Behemoth Pin* by Mazer—copy of a real jeweler's piece . . . golden metal with emerald, ruby, sapphire, or crystal colored stones. 22.75 Earrings,* 10.00

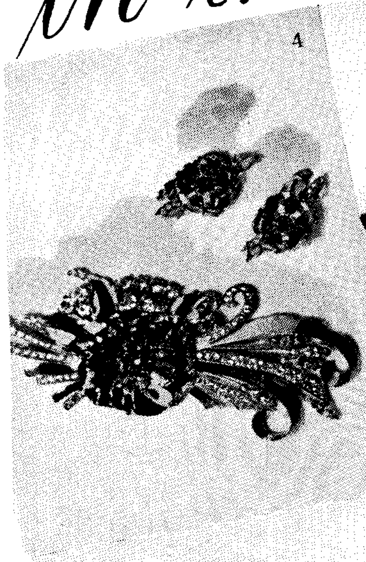
5. Watch Bag* by Coblentz . . . with removable watch tab that will stand on a table. Also separate tab to substitute (with initials at small additional charge). Non-crock suede in black only; alligator grain or calf in black, brown, or navy. 20.00

6. Jeweler's Clips by Marcel Boucher—golden metal with emerald, ruby or sapphire colored stones. Clips,* 29.75 a pair. Earrings,* 11.75

in the Grand Manner

*and all
done up
in our
Saks
glitter
wrappings*

4



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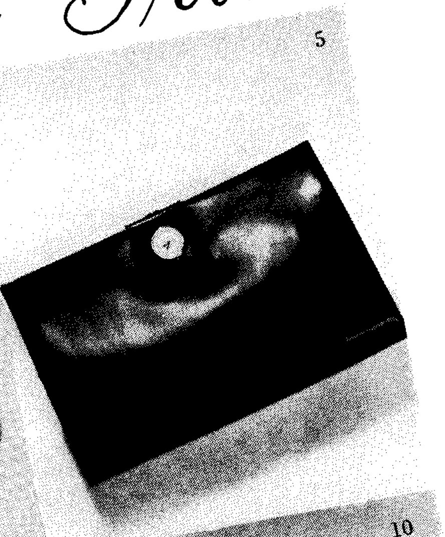

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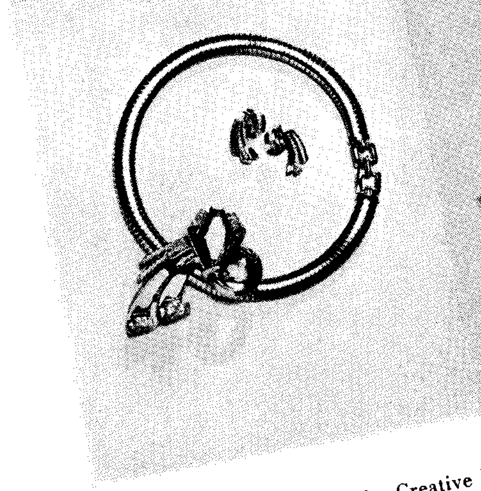

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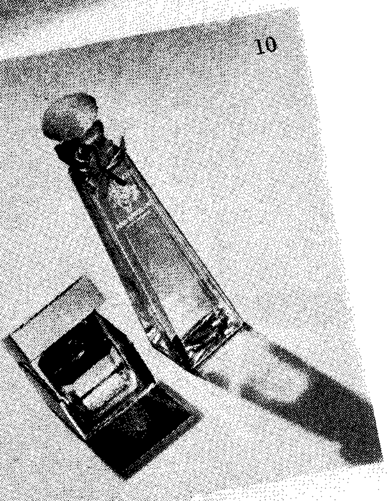

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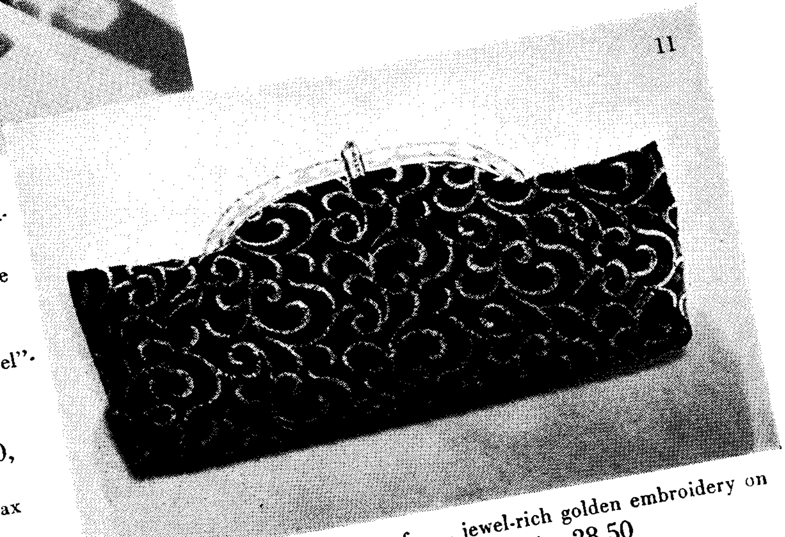


7. Lucite Hi-Ball Coasters, by Creative Plastics . . . crystal-clear, complete with stand, 5.95. Lucite ice tongs, 1.00

8. Fitted Vanity by Evans . . . with metal compact, cigarette case, lighter, etc. Black or brown suede; calf or alligator calf in black, brown, navy, or wine. 12.75

9. Snake Necklace* by Trifari . . . with removable "jewel" studded clip. Gold colored. 19.75
Matching earrings,* 7.50

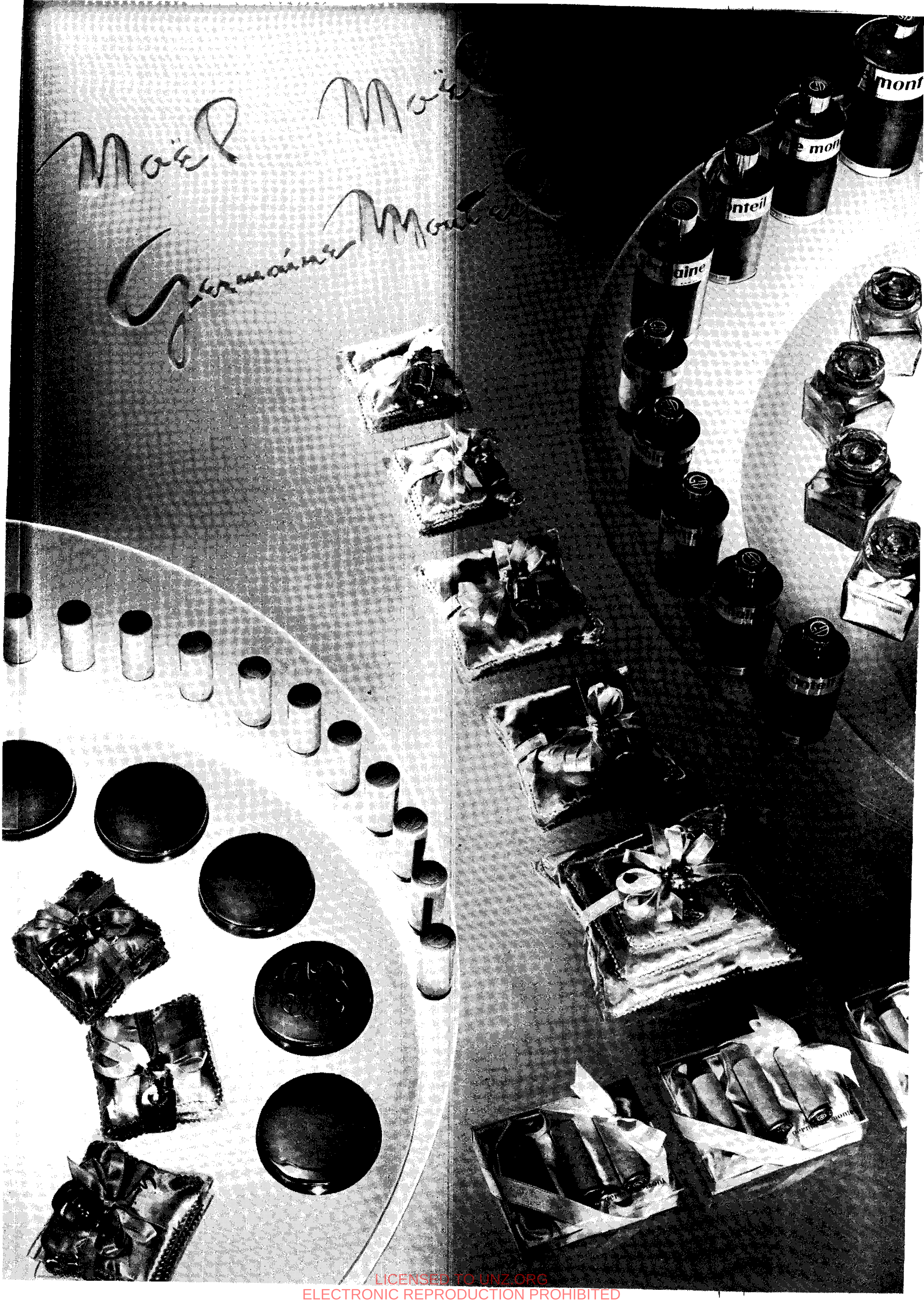
10. "Perhaps" by Ann Haviland . . . Perfume, 5.50, 10.50, 18.50, 35.00. Toilet Water, 2.50, 4.50, 8.50, 15.00

*Subject to Excise Tax

11. Fitted Evening Bag by Josef . . . jewel-rich golden embroidery on black, white, ruby, emerald, or sapphire satin. 28.50
Lucite and rhinestone frame. Compact and cigarette case.

New York, Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills

Mail and phone orders filled . . . Street floor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Germaine Monteil
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

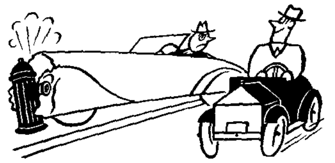
Notes and Comment

GOVERNOR TALMADGE, of Georgia, recalling dreamily that he once whipped a colored man himself, has expressed sympathy for the plight of six Ku Klux Klansmen who have been sentenced to serve from one to three years in jail for flogging some white but pro-union mill workers in an Atlanta suburb. He thought maybe the Klansmen ought to be let off, and he accordingly called a hearing and listened to arguments for and against clemency, putting in remarks of his own from time to time. "The Apostle Paul," said the Governor at one point, "was a flogger in his life, then confessed, reformed, and became one of the greatest powers of the Christian church. Maybe I wasn't in such bad company the time I thrashed the Negro." An attorney named Ike Wingrow spoke in behalf of the Klansmen. "It may seem strange for a Jew to say this," he said, "but I honor the Klan. I honored it in the old Reconstruction days and I honor it today. The Klansmen were trying to do the right thing even if they used the wrong methods." The Governor finally said, "I realize the importance of these cases to society," and reserved his decision.

Altogether, the hearing was as interesting as any the South has produced since the one in Dayton, Tennessee, where the liberal mind, as you remember, was concerned simply with the question whether or not man was descended from monkeys. Neither the late Clarence Darrow nor the quick Morris Ernst was on hand this time to argue the question of flogging, and maybe it was just as well. We suspect that neither of them could have so much as opened his mouth. A liberal these days would have to find out, first of all, whether the flogged pro-union workers were or were not striking against a defense industry, and once a liberal begins to quibble he is apt to freeze up and go mute, or else sag unmistakably to the left or to the right. It's a tough time for liberals, as it is for all the other descendants of the aforementioned monkeys, including Governor Talmadge, Mr. Ike Wingrow, the Klansmen, the pro-union workers, and us.

"ADVERTISING can be used to strengthen our minds and hearts as one people working toward a common goal," said a tribute to the blustering art that N. W. Ayer & Son spread over most of a page in the *Times* a while ago. "We mould bosoms . . . really, literally, as if they were made out of clay," we read in a hymn to Bonwit Teller's corset salon a day or so later. "Advertising can be used to help in making our nation secure in time of war," the Ayer people continued passionately. "Now you can control those five fatal bulges," said a girdle ad we noticed some days later, complete with an untidy female silhouette, showing just where they were. We found the Ayer article so lofty, so deeply visionary, that it was a little while before we realized that advertising was still caught in its customary dilemma, torn between its yearning for pure, disinterested service and the foul temptations of commerce. It was the old pathetic story: the pitiful dreamers setting out to strengthen the people's minds and hearts, and ending up by moulding only their bosoms; volunteering to make a nation secure, and securing at last no more than control of a bulge.

WE have always enjoyed watching a collection of statistics kick over the traces and set out in a carefree way to prove the opposite of whatever it is supposed to prove, and in a recent article on traffic accidents, the New York *Post*, frowning heavily, published a number of figures which contrived to do just that. There are, for example, fewer injuries in cities laid out, like Boston, for horses than in cities which have taken the motorcar into account, like Miami. Moreover, there are actually some eccentric drivers who are at their best after a drink or two. As if this were not enough, the charts and graphs go merrily on to demonstrate that a rattletrap with no brakes will keep out of trouble while a streamlined number will probably get into it; that the young, with their good nerves, have more accidents than the middle-aged; and that spring, for all its slippery roads and one-arm drivers, is the safest season. All this, as the *Post* points out, gives a palpably false picture of the traffic problem, but, on the other hand, it seems to us that the statisticians have managed to evolve quite a cheerful little world, with a rowdy charm all its own. Its most threatening character is a young man sitting at the controls of a good machine and single-mindedly doing his work; its best and presumably its happiest citizen is an elderly but mettlesome Bostonian with a brace of drinks under his belt and one arm around a girl, driving a crazy jalopy down a wet road in the spring.



MONEY, that well-known *radix mali*, has been figuring heavily in the news, and not in very complimentary terms, either. A local bank teller, to the vast amusement of the newspapers, stole almost five thousand quarters from the vaults and substituted peppermint and butterscotch wafers for them; a nine-year-old boy in New Mexico lifted $400 out of a filling-station cash register and gave it away to passers-by; and the Westchester County Sheriff's office announced its intention of destroying $332 in good green cash seized in a gambling raid, on the ground that it had been "illegally used" and had "no substantial use or value." What worries us about all these items is that they strike at the foundations of a basic American institution. Money, which we had always loyally thought of as a pretty good thing to have around the house, has suddenly become a poor, shoddy stuff to be given away, destroyed along with poker chips and racing forms, or exchanged for so much butterscotch. "Want some money?" asks a little boy in the Southwest. "It has no substantial use or value," the Sheriff of Westchester snarls. "It hasn't even got a peppermint flavor," says the voice of Reason in us, too long repressed.

Mystery

WE take you now to an air-conditioned apartment in the East Fifties, just off the Avenue. The bachelor who lives in this small but smart place is sitting at his fireside, pulling away at his meerschaum, veiled in a cloud of tobacco smoke and of doubt as to whether a price ceiling will save him from inflation, when he sees on a small block of wood about to be consumed by the flames the printed words "THE PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE ARE SITTING CONTENTEDLY IN THEIR HOME." This singular statement is especially annoying to the bachelor at the moment because of the tinge of bitterness in his meditations, but he is even more puzzled than annoyed; just can't figure it out. So he rings for Togo, and Togo has a ready and logical explanation. The Museum of Modern Art is in the neighborhood and it had recently dismantled an exhibition of war photographs, one of which showed the President of Finland and his wife sitting contentedly in their home in Helsinki; the boards bearing the picture captions had been thrown into the waste cans; it is Togo's custom to collect such firewood as he comes across while walking the dog, so . . .

No Relation

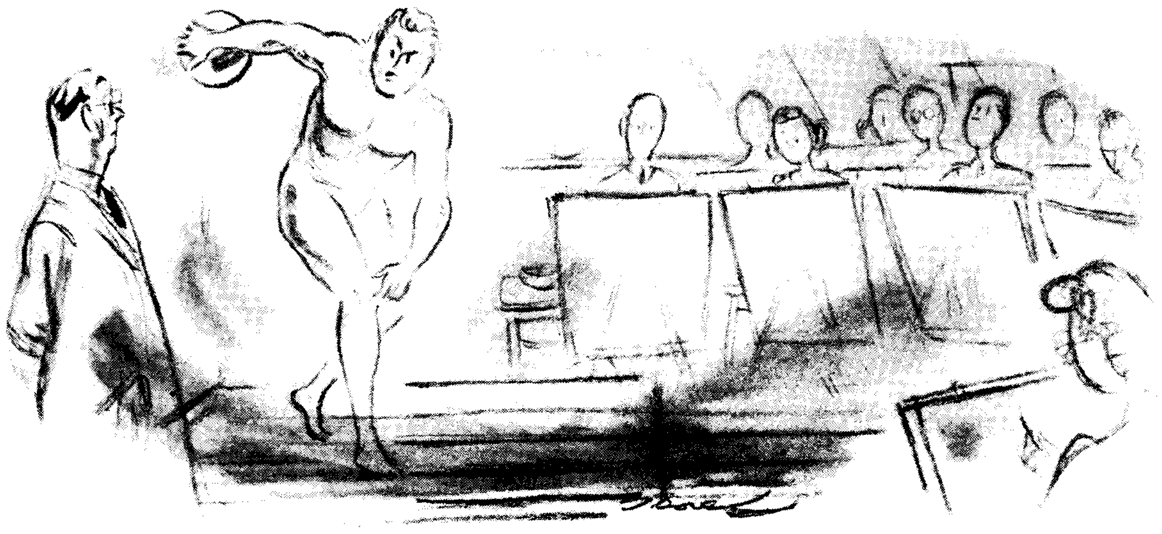
WILLIAM SCHUMAN is the composer of the hour by virtue of the popular and critical success of his Third Symphony, played two Saturdays ago at Carnegie by the Boston Symphony. The first thing people ask about him is whether he's a descendant of Robert Schumann; he's not. His immediate ancestor was a lithographer in town here. Schuman attended the public grade schools and high schools, and then took a B.S. and an M.A. at Columbia. While he was getting an education he had a brief and not particularly flourishing career as a Tin Pan Alley composer; from 1932 to 1936 he wrote the words and music to a couple of hundred songs. He remembers that the first song he had published was one called "In Love with the Memory of You" and the last "When Spring Comes Round Again." His musical training is on the scanty side: five years of violin study, between the ages of six and eleven; some tutoring in harmony and counterpoint; none in the theory of composition, about which he still has no theories.

The chorus of critical hosannas for Schuman's Third was led by Olin Downes, who called it "the best work by an American of the rising generation." The Schuman Second, played four years ago in Boston, got a very different reception. People hissed and probably would have thrown things if they hadn't been Bostonians; the Boston press more or less unanimously declared it the worst symphony ever played in Boston. The Schuman First was played in 1936 by a WPA symphony, and hurriedly withdrawn as soon as its composer heard what it sounded like. There's a Fourth written but not yet performed. Schuman's other works include some choral pieces, three string quartets, a number of piano pieces, and the American Festival Overture, which has been played by a number of symphony orchestras.

Schuman is thirty-one, black-haired, dark-eyed, and given to smoking a pipe. He's married, childless, and lives in Larchmont, like a stockbroker. Since

BAR & GRILL
HALL

1936, he has been teaching music and directing choral singing at Sarah Lawrence. This leaves him free on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays to compose. Days when he's composing, he starts by taking a long walk, to arrange his ideas. Then he comes home and begins writing, working vocally instead of on the piano because he isn't satisfied with his piano-playing. "The din is terrific," he told us. At the moment, he's at work on a piano concerto. The only flaw in his present success, he told us, is that his fan mail isn't stimulating any more. He'd like to hear again from the man in Pittsburgh who, after the Second Symphony had been broadcast by the C.B.S. studio orchestra, wrote in: "Your symphony made me lose faith in the power of aspirin tablets." Those were the days.



"I'd like to let fly with this damned thing sometime, just once."

• •

Quick Service

IT would probably be worth the trip to Wausau, Wisconsin, to get a haircut in a barbershop observed by one of our well-travelled correspondents. This place advertises a "Haircut While U Wait."

As High as a Broomstick

LAST summer's aluminum-collection drive seems to be now generally accepted in war-aid-organization circles as a model of how not to conduct such an enterprise. It completely eliminated the scrap-metal dealers, substituting Boy Scouts and débutantes for collection agents, with the eventual result that great stacks of pots, frying pans, artificial limbs, and all such were dumped in the front yards of smelting plants which were not equipped to do the sorting, cleaning, and a number of other technical little jobs that must precede smelting. A national organization of paper and cardboard manufacturers, the Wastepaper Consuming Industries of America, recently laid out $750,000, to be expended in what it regards as a somewhat more businesslike attempt to step up the collection of old paper. It now has "conservation committees" operating in thirty-four cities. Each staff consists of one director and switchboard girls as needed. The committees announce, through newspaper advertisements and radio announcements, that they will act as agents for people with salable scrap paper, putting them in touch with a regular junkman who will pay a fair price.

Locally, the plan is working out so well that ten girls are needed to handle calls from people who want to sell old paper. Manhattan and Bronx calls are handled by three girls who work in a suite in an apartment house over on East Thirtieth Street, right beside the Telephone Company's Murray Hill Exchange. It's fascinating to hear them taking calls, because they ask everyone who calls, "Is it as high as a broomstick?" You see, an average stack of newspapers as high as a broomstick weighs a hundred pounds, which is the lowest weight that's handled by the trade. If you have less than that you're advised to wait till the pile grows; if you're willing to give your paper away, the conservation committee turns your name and address over to one of the local charities. If you've got enough for a deal with a regular junkie, the committee makes out a slip and sends it to a dealer in your neighborhood. After that, the matter is entirely between you and him, except that he's obliged to call within two weeks and to pay at least thirty cents a hundred. If the committee hears of any violation of either rule, it doesn't give the man any more addresses.

Twenty-seven hundred calls a day are the average for Greater New York and Newark. Brooklyn, of course, heads the boroughs as a source of wastepaper; six of the telephone operators handle nothing but Brooklyn calls, whereas three are enough for both Manhattan and the Bronx. Many eager housewives are disappointed when they learn that they're going to get only thirty cents for a huge stack of papers; they seem to have a dim idea that old papers are fabulously valuable, like first editions of Poe. However, not all the calls come from such members of the intellectual underworld; the local committee is very proud of the fact that it has been in communication with Hope Hampton.

Anachronism

IT'S probably mean to print this item, because you perfectly well see what the man meant, but, anyhow, there's a sign in a sporting-goods-store window in midtown which reads, "Now is the time to lay away your gun."

Tuner

IF you have a Southern accent and are really and truly sincere, cross your heart, about wanting to get rid of it—or at any rate to get it under control—we refer you with some confidence to the atelier of Alfred Dixon at 424 Madison Avenue, this city, a dapper young extrovert who used to be an actor. He is, in fact, prepared to tackle foreign accents, regional dialects, lisps, stutters, whines, or frogs in the throat. He doesn't give pupils breathing exercises; he doesn't even mention the diaphragm, and boasts that he's the only voice coach in the business who doesn't. "I merely tune the instrument," he says, in brief summation, referring to the voice.

Dixon recently told us something we'd never known before about dialects, although it seems as simple as an old slipper; namely, that dialects are made up merely of the unconscious, instinctive transposition of certain sounds, the classic local instance being the Brooklyn "er"-"oi" mixup. Similarly, Filipinos say "feel" for "fill," and vice versa. Germans have the same difficulty with "f" and "v." Dixon works grimly with his clients, employing such forthright dodges as propping their teeth apart with a matchstick and making them speak with their tongues held outside the lips and touching a piece of paper. Dixon has arbitrarily chosen the voice of Charles Evans Hughes as the ideal of harmonious American speech. The commonest fault in Manhattan speech, he says, is a whine caused by the Slavic tongues in the municipal background. Dixon gets a great many Polish accents for correction, and lots of Japs. "The Japanese won't close their teeth," Dixon told us, irritably.

People go to Dixon for a number of reasons, the most serious at present being that of loyal, Americanized Italians and Germans who have never bothered to learn English well. Refugees, naturally, are interested in learning good English. But a good many of Dixon's clients are ambitious native Americans—rugged individualists who have moved on to big-desk jobs—and people who are afraid they talk too well. At least, there has been one case in the last-named category, a dowager of august mien who told Dixon bluntly, "My grandchildren consider me a fraud." She acquired a more down-to-earth accent, and presumably reëstablished an entente with her descendants. Dixon can also teach customers how to acquire a dialect and has a steady trade in coaching for the Pat-and-Mike stories. He can himself imitate thirty-eight accents, including Arabic, Yorkshire, Basque, French-Canadian, Welsh, and Boston.

Secret

A SHIPLOAD of American troops arrived recently at one of our island possessions and caught the commandant of the garrison there completely unaware: no supper for the newcomers, nowhere to sleep, general hell-to-pay. After explosions on both sides, the muddle was explained. The incoming troops had sent notice of their arrival. It had been transmitted, in Navy code, to the local naval station, where it had been duly deciphered, but withheld from the military, as being a Navy secret.

Damned Spot

THE toughest job in the cleaning-and-dyeing business is eradicating spots caused by spilling vintage wine on a white dinner jacket; the older the vintage, the tougher the job. We have this impressive fact straight from B. J. Denihan, Jr., who knows. Mr. Denihan, like his father before him, is engaged in cleaning garments sent him from the snootiest private houses and stores in town—the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, the Henry Robinson Luces, Bergdorf Goodman, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Mainbocher. The shop, known as B. J. Denihan, is on East Sixty-fourth Street. When we heard that the Duchess of Windsor, during her recent visit, sent some cleaning work to Denihan's, we resolved to go around for an interview, and when we did we were confronted with an astonishing bit of news: the Duchess sends her cleaning to Denihan's from Nassau, which involves all sorts of red tape, including posting a bond with the customs people. This makes Denihan's "a yarn," as we journalists call it.

The present manager, B. J., Jr., runs the shop with two sisters and two older brothers; the draft got two younger brothers. Mr. Denihan, Sr., the founder, still takes an interest although he is eighty-one. He learned the cleaning-and-dyeing business in Dublin, and came over here in the eighteen-eighties. He accumulated capital by working as a valet in the old Republican Club, went into partnership briefly with a man on 101st Street, and in 1908 set up at his present location. All five of his sons finished their education at the National Cleaning Institute, where they learned the intricacies of spotting, pressing, dyeing, tailoring, the chemistry of solvents, and plant management. "All five of us were raised in a dye vat, my father often says," young Denihan remarked.

Denihan's now has branches in Palm Beach and Miami. The New York plant employs eighty-eight people, including ten dressmakers. The dressmakers are there to back up Denihan's guarantee that they can dye any garment any color without shrinkage; often the only way to make this guarantee good is to take a garment apart and put it together again. Sometimes, too, a spot on a piece of dyed goods will be more enduring than the dye, in which case Denihan's removes both spot and dye, and dyes the goods all over again. They had to do this to a red-and-white gown sent them by the Duchess of Windsor. Such work comes high, naturally. Cleaning a man's suit might run up to two and a half dollars, a lacy evening gown to fifteen. They charge the management of "Life with Father" fifteen for cleaning Miss Stickney's white Sunday gown once a fortnight. One lady with eleven children runs a bill of $250 a month. Some of the big dress shops also average that, the bulk of the work being simply gowns that need freshening after being in the workrooms. Brenda Frazier Kelly has her cleaning done by Denihan's when she's in town, but turns it over to local talent when she's in Nassau.

Gossip

A SMALL girl of our acquaintance has been confined to her house with chicken pox for several weeks, and recently all her classmates in the fifth grade, probably acting on instructions from the teacher, wrote her get-well letters, asking about her health and repeating such bits of gossip as the fact that they had reached page 60 in the history book, etc. The most noteworthy communication, perhaps, was this:

DEAR BARBARA:

You are not president of the class any more. I am.

Very sincerely yours,
JIMMY THOMPSON

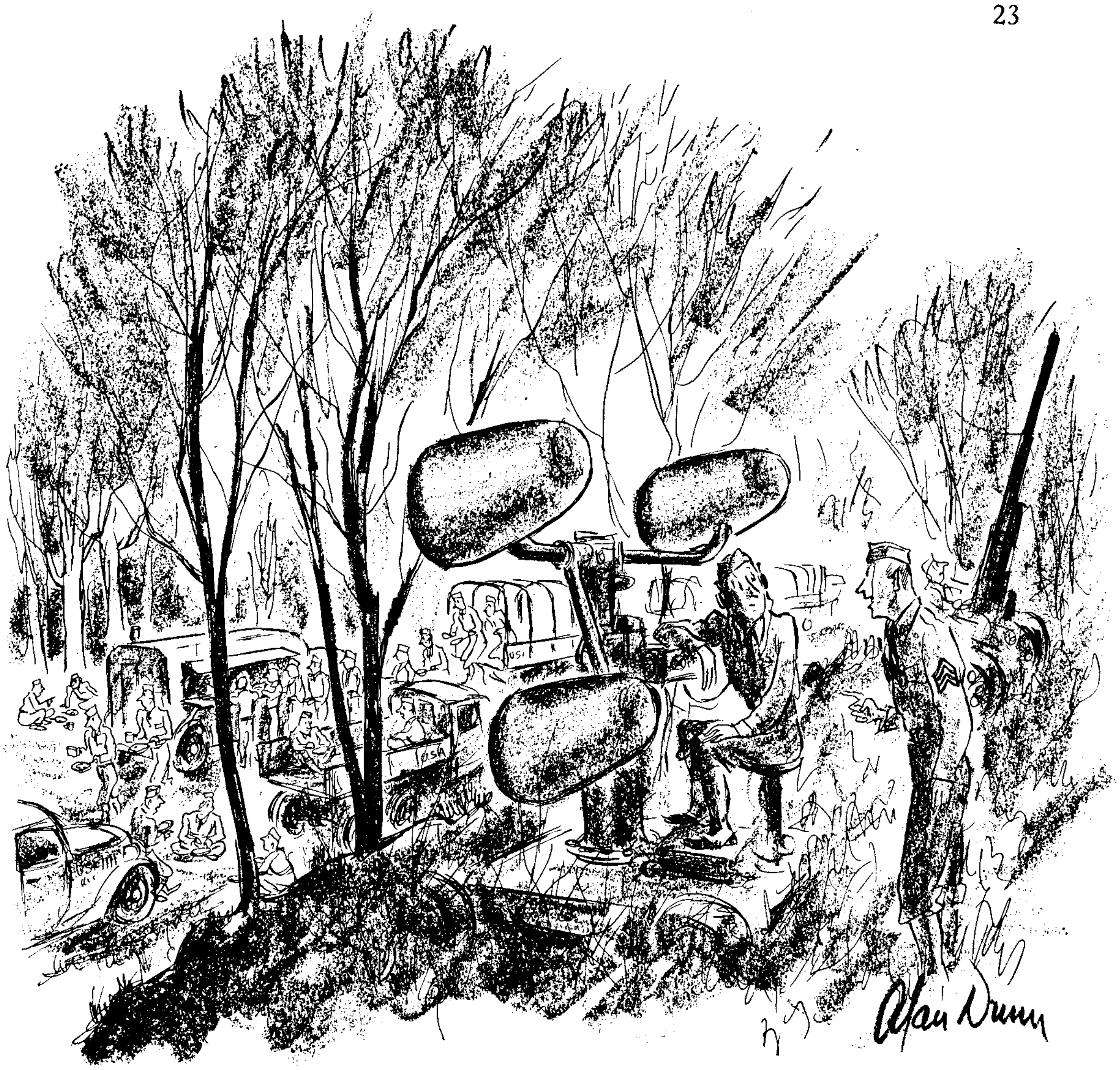
Afternoon with a Fawn

LAST Wednesday, we called upon Miss Beth Pitt, who shares her one-room-and-kitchenette apartment on West Fifty-eighth Street with Star Messenger, a fawn, probably the only pet fawn in the city. Star Messenger was off the leash when we arrived, her muzzle in a bowl of Post Toasties. "She's crazy for Post Toasties," said Miss Pitt, a slender, red-headed lady in her middle thirties, who is crazy for fawns. Star Messenger glanced up at us, and we saw that her face bears the demure, sensitive expression of a Disney featured player. She is five months old, the size of a Dalmatian, and has been with Miss Pitt since her ninth day on earth. Miss

Pitt paid seventy-five dollars for her at a deer farm near Catskill, New York, and brought her back to town in a cardboard carton. Since then a fairly steady stream of minor city officials has worn a path to her door; first the police, then the Board of Health, and last week the Department of Buildings people. For some reason they all begin by announcing that they're looking for an elk. Without exception, Miss Pitt tells us, they have been charmed by Star Messenger and have departed in a friendly and coöperative spirit. "The landlord considers her a lovely creature," said Miss Pitt, as Star Messenger walked to the window and began eating a lace curtain.

Star Messenger belongs to the species *Dama dama* and will, Miss Pitt has been assured, grow no larger than a police dog. During her first months of city life, she paid regular visits to a Bronx animal-trainer with progressive leanings, who suggested that she eat anything her heart desired. Aside from Post Toasties and curtains, her diet has come to consist of milk, lime water, and raw vegetables. "When we have done something *nice*," said Miss Pitt, gazing softly at Star Messenger, "we get grapes and salted peanuts." Star Messenger plays in Central Park every afternoon, scrupulously avoiding the Zoo. "She hates zoos," said Miss Pitt. Miss Pitt has taught her to click her heels, salute, and perform a weaving jig. Only last week the fawn messed up traffic in front of the Hotel Plaza by breaking into a jig. For as long as Miss Pitt can remember, she has been fond of fawns. She considers them the kindliest of living creatures and regards herself as being in the process of demonstrating conclusively that fawns can become strong, healthy, and desirable companions in an apartment.

We walked toward Central Park with Star Messenger and Miss Pitt, collecting a small crowd at every intersection. "What's *that?*" asked a popeyed youth. "A fawn," said Miss Pitt. "Keep it in your apartment?" asked an elderly gentleman walking a Sealyham. "Yes, indeed," said Miss Pitt, briskly crossing Central Park South, and telling us that she was born in Bellaire, Ohio, and ran away at fourteen to join a vaudeville unit. She spent some time in the chorus of Ziegfeld's "Follies" and eventually became well known in show business as "The Girl with the Lighted Balloons." With anywhere from fifty to a hundred balloons strapped to her person, each containing an illuminated 110-watt bulb, she danced in movie and vaudeville houses throughout the country. You may have caught her at the Paramount a few years ago, or at the Rainbow Room on New Year's Eve, 1936. She abandoned balloon-dancing two years ago, feeling that nudism and lesser performers had cast a shadow over the art, and has not appeared professionally since. Near the Mall, Miss Pitt let Star Messenger off her leash, and she promptly loped over a hillock, Miss Pitt bounding close behind. "What a strange dog!" said a lady on a bench.



"Now a word of caution. Don't believe everything you hear."

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Reminder

WE know a businessman who has, with the blessing of the OPM, expanded his business to the point where he needs a private and confidential secretary to attend him at breakfast, while he is riding on trains, and so on, to avoid losing a minute. What he needs and what the business school sent him are two different things, though. During his first session with his new secretary, he was directing her about the disposal of various letters, telling her to file this, destroy that, and take an answer to the other. Finally he tossed her a document and said, "Just remind me of this, will you?" "Now?" she asked, brightly.

HAND IN NUB

Mr. Mark Hunt, editor and publisher of the monthly digest magazine *Distillate, the Busy Man's Abridgment*, was looking out of his office window, thinking. When he was not at his desk, reading and shortening, if possible, the digests of articles, stories, novels, plays, biographies, poems, and other literary works which his staff had prepared for publication in *Distillate*, Mr. Hunt liked to look out of his window and think. He was a short, compact man (as, indeed, were all the members of *Distillate's* editorial staff) and by bending his knees a little, resting his elbows on the broad window sill, and putting his chin in his hands, he could make himself quite comfortable in this position.

The offices of *Distillate* were in the centre of a lovely Connecticut village formerly called Little Falls and now officially named Nub. With some of the profits of *Distillate's* first ten years, Mr. Hunt had bought the village outright and had made it over. He had had all the houses facing the old, elm-lined green torn down and had erected there the massive offices of *Distillate*, with rolling lawns and gardens all round. The *Distillate* employees, from the associate editors down to the printers, lived in handsome, though somewhat constricted, semi-detached houses in the outlying sections of Nub. They never had to leave Nub. They went to short Nub movies, played miniature golf on the Nub course in summer, and went skiing on Nub hillocks in winter; they married Nub girls, who had small, neat babies in the Nub Foundation Hospital. It was a happy community, dedicated to the single purpose of literary emasculation, and when Mr. Hunt was at his office window, looking down on Nub, he not infrequently had an inspiration. More than once, in just this attitude at the window, he had thought of some celebrated work which had not been cut down but could be. This morning he had thought of one: the Holy Bible.

He had not been so stimulated by one of his ideas since he had, two years back, suddenly realized that the works of both Dostoevski and Tolstoy still existed in their original, bulky forms—that neither author had ever been digested. What a hit "Brothers" had been with all that muddled introspection removed, all those tiresome conversations, and how enthusiastic had been the reception of the short short which he had called simply "Anna"! On the whole, he often told himself, he had got more real satisfaction out of dealing with the Russians than he had on that unforgettable day when he had seen, in a flash, exactly how to bring Poe's "Raven" down to a quatrain.

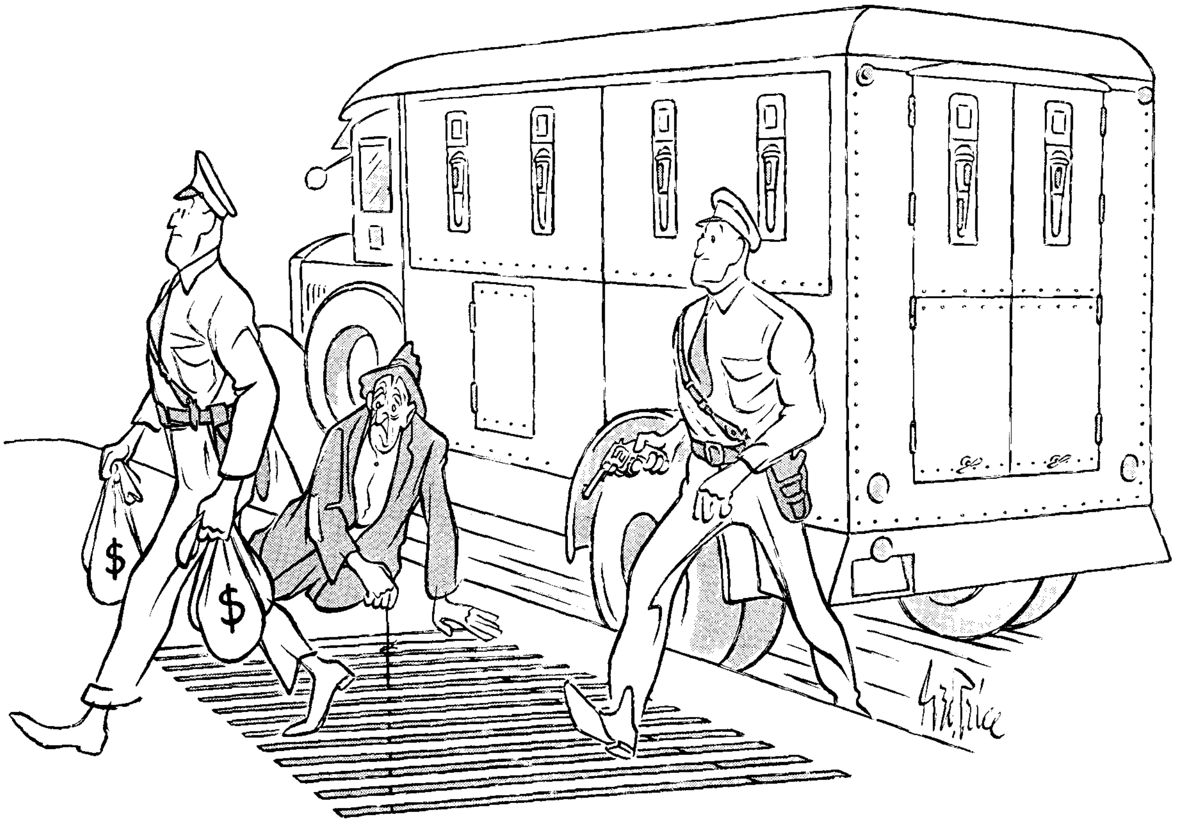
And now the Bible. He would put Neff in charge of the New Testament, Kapp in charge of the Old, he decided. With, of course, some special work from Mott on the Psalms. The whole thing could easily come down to about fifty thousand words, perhaps forty thousand. It could be presented in three installments as a supplement to the regular monthly *Distillate*. To begin in the Christmas number. Mr. Hunt left his window, went to his desk, and rang for his secretary, Miss Babb. "Send to Nub Hotel for copy Gideon Bible," he said to her crisply. "Required for conference."

When the associate editors of *Distillate*—Neff, Kapp, Mott, and three others named Cook, Boon, and Gross—came into Mr. Hunt's office a few minutes later for the daily editorial conference, Mr. Hunt was back at his window. They took their places silently, standing behind their chairs around the conference table, and looked at one another with little smiles of eagerness and suspense, for they knew that when Mr. Hunt was standing with his back to them that way at the commencement of an editorial conference it invariably meant that he had an idea for them. Mr. Hunt turned around, left the window, and walked to his chair at the head of the table. "Morning, Neff, Kapp, Mott, Cook, Boon, Gross," he said, and sat down. The associate editors bowed and took their chairs. Miss Babb brought in the Bible and placed it in front of Mr. Hunt.

Mr. Hunt picked it up, turned it over in his hands, put it back on the table, and looked around at his associate editors. His expression was portentous. Instantly the associate editors grabbed pencils and stared tensely at the note pads in front of them, ready to set down their reactions to the chief's new idea.

"Have great thought," said Mr. Hunt solemnly. "The Bible. Propose we digest the Bi—"

Mr. Hunt did not finish, for something had slapped him sharply on the top of his head. The



associate editors, who had distinctly heard the sound of a slap, looked up in astonishment.

Mr. Hunt was annoyed, then puzzled. He had certainly felt a slap, yet the idea that one of his own associate editors had reached over and slapped him on the head was absurd. He had been looking at them, moreover, and would have seen any such movement with his own two eyes. Miss Babb had left the room after handing him the Bible.

Mr. Hunt decided to ignore the matter.

"As was saying," he said. "Propose digest the Bi—"

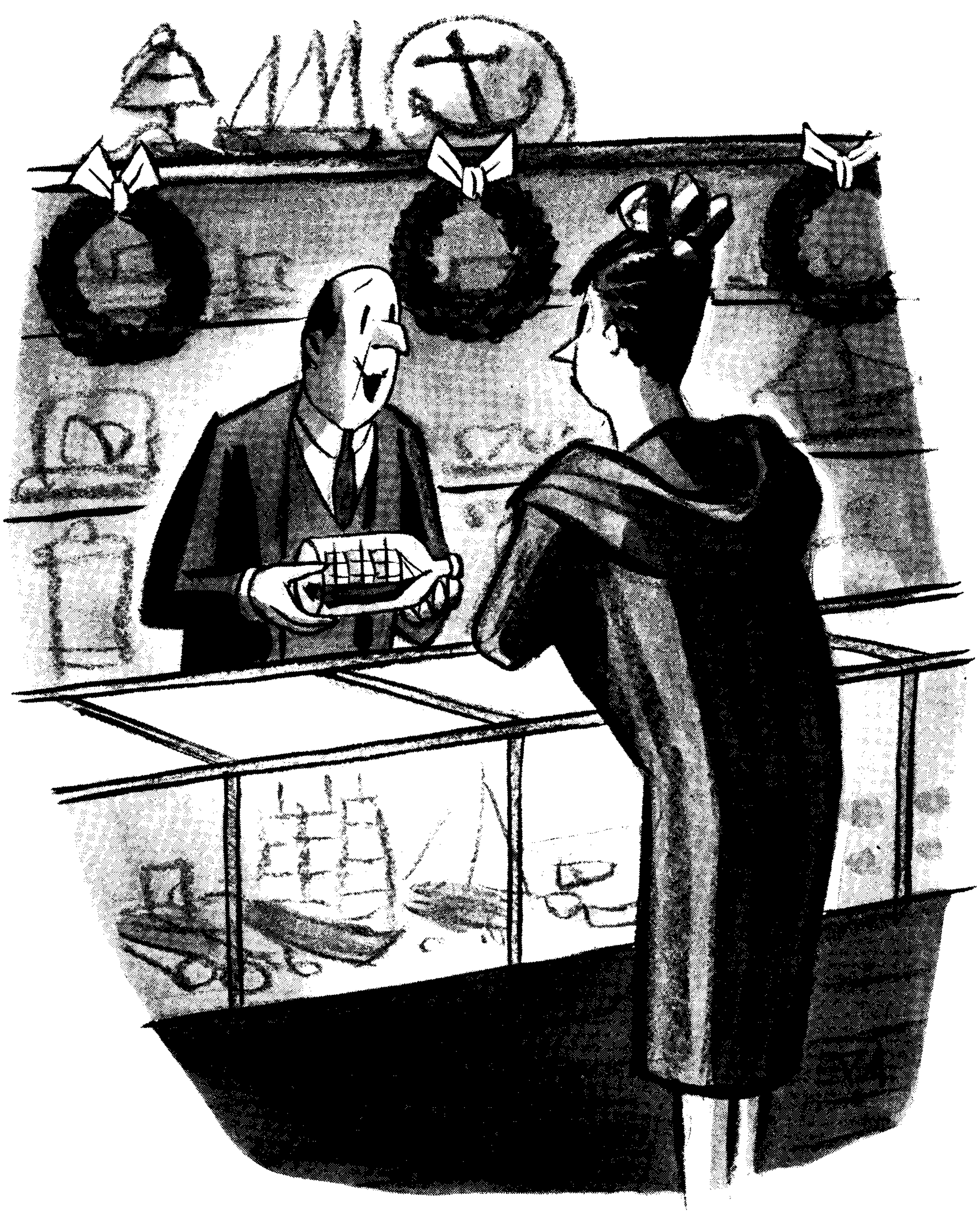
Again something slapped him on the top of his head, rather more sharply this time.

Mr. Hunt looked at his associate editors and they looked at him. Then Kapp rapped his pencil on the table, which meant that he wished to speak, and Mr. Hunt nodded at him.

"Was watching that time," said Kapp. "Saw hand. Slapped you on head. Clearly saw, heard."

"Just hand or was also arm?" asked Mr. Hunt.

Mott rapped with his pencil and Mr. Hunt nodded at him.



"That will be ten dollars—and a five-cent deposit on the bottle."

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"Just hand," said Mott. "No arm."

Gross now rapped with his pencil and Mr. Hunt nodded at him.

"I also," said Gross. "One large hand. Muscular, executive-type hand."

"Think hand of God?" asked Mr. Hunt. He pointed his finger at the circle of associate editors and rotated it, signifying that the discussion was now open and that any or all might answer.

"Think so," said Cook.

The others bobbed their heads up and down in agreement.

"Too bad," said Mr. Hunt. "Can't proceed, obviously. Must defer, perhaps abandon, idea. Conference adjourned."

ALONE, Mr. Hunt walked over to his window. His mood was one of passionate exasperation, and he kicked the wall under the window twice with his small right foot. He started to take his familiar position, leaning on the window sill, but drew back suddenly and walked to his desk and sat down. That hand. He picked up a pencil and a pile of digested literary creations and started to work on them furiously, cutting and condensing. He felt the hand again then, not slapping him but patting him reassuringly on the shoulder. He shook it off irritably and went on with what he was doing.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

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RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Traveler*]

To fellows like Nelson and Blue Howell, Yale's backfield coach, it is appalling that a big college like Yale doesn't attract more players of the type that turns up in the midwest. It gets them down at times, but they know the boys are eager to earn and they keep drilling.

AN EASY ONE

"WHAT'S the capital of Louisiana?" the boy asked.

"Louisiana?" his mother said. "Let's see, now. New Orleans?"

"No," the boy said, laughing. "Baton Rouge."

"Why, of course," his mother said, laughing with him. "Baton Rouge. Go ahead. Ask me more."

"All right. What's the capital of Illinois?"

"Chicago," the mother said promptly.

"No," the boy cried, squealing with delight. "Springfield. Everybody makes that mistake. Everybody says Chicago."

"Oh, dear, that's true," the mother said with a hint of annoyance in her voice. "Springfield. What else?"

"I better give you an easy one. What's the capital of Florida?"

"Oh, I know that," the mother said. "Tallahassee."

"That's right. But that's an easy one. What's the capital of—wait." The boy looked up at the ceiling of the car. "I know! What's the capital of Washington?"

"Seattle."

"No, it isn't! It's Olympia!"

The boy clasped his hands gleefully between his knees and bent over to enjoy his laughter. His mother smiled, her face a mixture of pride and mild irritation, as she put out her hand protectingly to prevent him from toppling out of his chair. The roadbed was not particularly smooth and the train rocked and jounced so hard that all the furniture in the lounge car rattled. It made the lamps shake and caused the lights streaking by in the night outside to shiver wildly. The boy straightened up, his face split wide in a happy grin, and the mother took her hand away.

"I better ask you another easy one," he said. "What's the capital of Maryland?"

"Sh-h-h," his mother said, still smiling, but with a trace of sharpness. "Not so loud, David dear. You'll disturb the other people in the car.".

She glanced about with an expression of apprehension that was delicate and yet at the same time curiously exaggerated. There were three men in the car, sitting widely spaced. They were smoking and holding magazines bound in leather covers on which the name of the publication was printed in small gold letters. The three men were not reading, because the boy was talking so loudly that their attention was practically forced in his direction. They watched with small, genial smiles. It was almost a very pleasant sight, and it was difficult to say why it was not utterly charming.

The boy, who appeared to be about nine or ten years old, though small for his age, was dressed as if he were younger. He wore a blue cheviot suit with short trousers that left his knees bare. A stiff white Eton collar spread out on his narrow shoulders and was pulled snugly about his throat with a dull-red tie on which the crest and the initials of a private school were embroidered in yellow silk. His blond hair, a shade or two darker than his mother's, had obviously been combed just before dinner. It was still damp, but the forelock, which had dried more quickly than the rest, was tousled. His legs, which did not quite touch the floor of the car, swung back and forth happily. He seemed completely unaware of the three men in the car.

His mother, however, knew they were watching. She was young and pretty, at least from a distance of several feet, at which the little, hard lines at the corners of her mouth were invisible. She wore long, black, artificial eyelashes, and when she laughed she threw back her head so her beautiful white teeth showed clearly and the tip of her conical, saucy hat brushed the window in back of her. She wore a silver-fox cape and a tweed suit with a tight skirt. Her handsome legs were crossed at the ankles, one high-heeled shoe locked behind the other, and she maintained her balance in the shaking chair with one toe pressed firmly into the dull-green carpet. She gave the three men in the car a little self-conscious smile that was supposed to convey embarrassed apology, and almost did. The boy saw the smile and looked apprehensively toward the men. His mother opened her large, square, black suède purse, took out a cigarette, and struck a match.

"Just a little more softly, David, please, dear," she said as she blew a neat stream of smoke up at the ceiling. "You mustn't disturb the other people."

"Yes, Mother," the boy said in a low voice. "I'm sorry." Then, grinning again and louder than ever, he asked, "What's the capital of California?"

"Oh, dear, let me see now. Los Angeles? No, no—wait. Wait, I have it. San Francisco!"

"No!" the boy squealed. "Sacramento!"

He had forgotten the men entirely and, clasping his hands between his knees with delight, let his laughter rock him in the chair. His mother laughed too, much more moderately, and glanced around the car. Two of the men smiled and then, embarrassed, buried their heads in their magazines. The third man, who was sitting obliquely across the car about ten feet away, laughed out loud. He looked at the mother and their eyes met.

"He's—uh—he's quite a boy," the man said experimentally. "Isn't he?"

"Yeh-hess," the mother said, laughing through the word as she broke it into two syllables. "But I'm afraid he's disturbing everybody, showing off his geography this way."

"Not at all," the man said, squirming into a more comfortable position in his chair and dropping the leather-covered magazine flat on his lap. "It's a pleasure to listen to him."

The boy pretended he didn't hear them. He scowled at the flickering lights that whisked by in the night outside, as though he were thinking hard, but out of the corners of his eyes he was watching the man who had spoken to his mother.

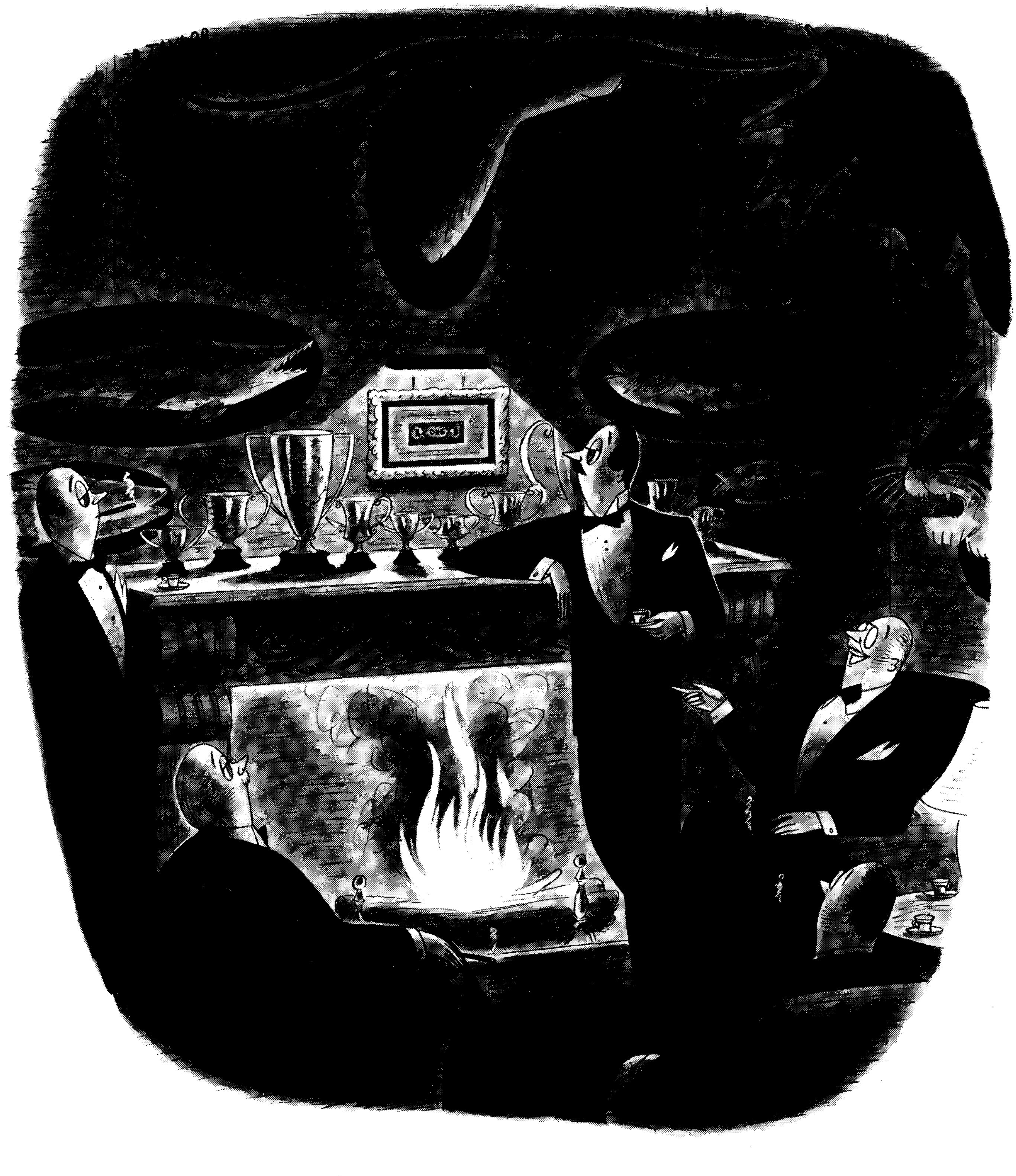
"All right," the child said suddenly, his voice pitched high to attract his mother's attention. "I have one. I have one. An easy one this time. What's the capital of Nevada?"

His mother looked down at him. She took a few seconds to concentrate, doing it very prettily, one forefinger poking a dimple in her cheek.

"What's the capital of—" she began. "Oh, yes. Nevada. The capital of Nevada. Reno?"

"No," the boy giggled. "Carson City."

"Oh, now, David, that's not fair," she said sharply, pouting through a cloud of cigarette smoke. "You're studying them in school now and I haven't been to school in years." She smiled across the boy's head at the man. "You shouldn't ask such hard ones," she said, softening her voice to a prettily maternal tone of mild reproof and fanning her long, dark eyelashes up and down. "It's been years since Mother studied the capitals, you know."



"That's the last dollar I ever earned."

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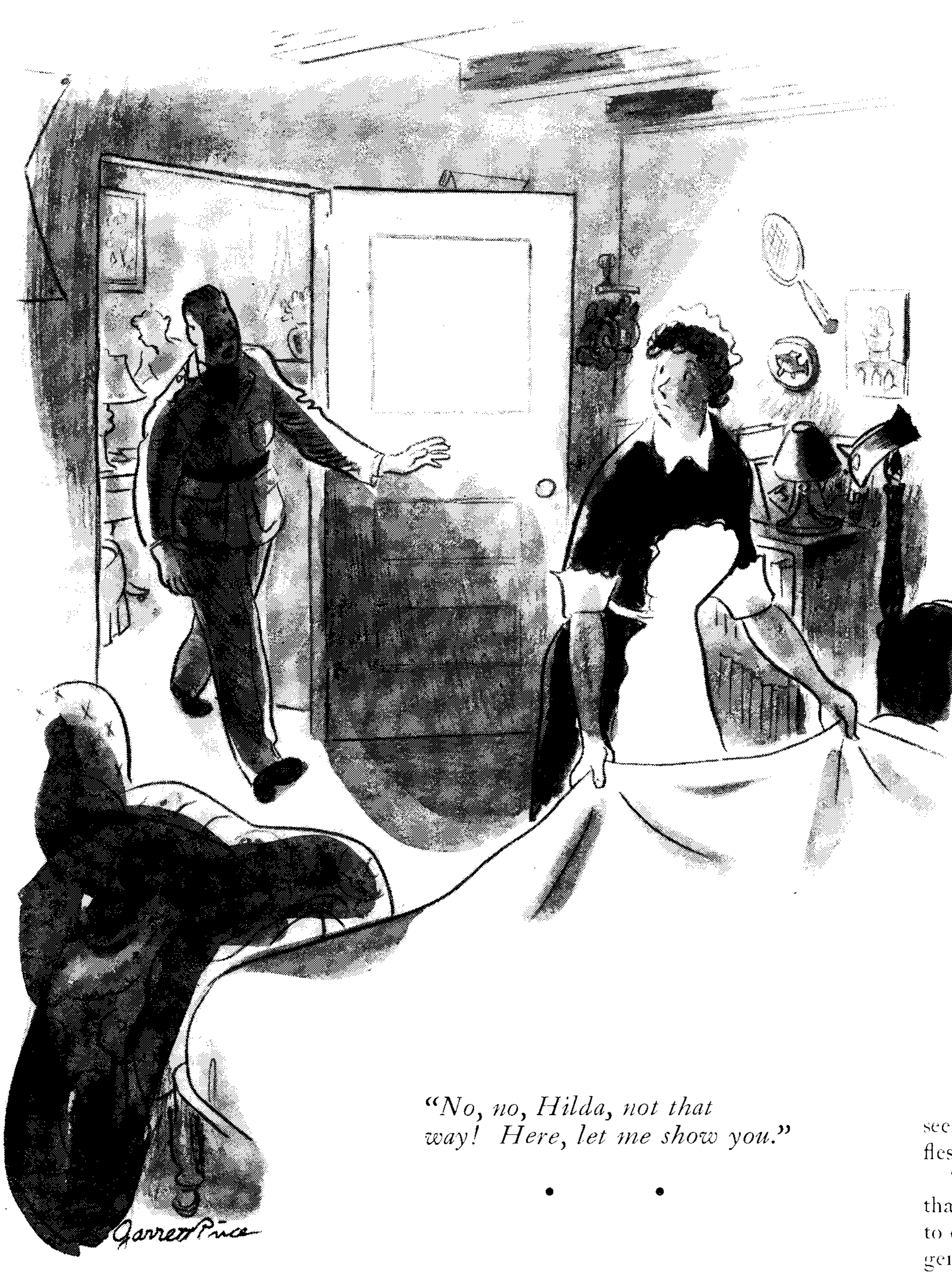
The man who had dropped his magazine now threw back his head and laughed boldly, a series of short, hacking bellows. He hesitated for a moment, and looked down the car speculatively. Then he stood up, tossed the magazine onto his chair, and walked over to the mother and the boy. He was a tall, clean-looking man with a slightly flushed face and smooth black hair parted in the middle. He hiked up the trousers of his tweed suit at the knees and stooped down in front of the boy until their heads were at the same level.

"Suppose I ask you one or two capitals, son," he said in a deep, throaty voice. He smiled questioningly at the mother, as though he were feeling his way *in unknown terrain*, and said, "May I?" She smiled back, fanning her eyelashes again, and nodded. The man grinned quickly and turned back to the boy. "What's the capital of New Hampshire, son?" His voice sounded confi-



"No, no, Hilda, not that way! Here, let me show you."

• •

dent, even faintly triumphant. The boy didn't answer. His little legs stopped swinging and he drew back slightly in the chair. "Don't be frightened, son," the man said cheerfully. "Your mother said I could ask you. What's the capital of New Hampshire?"

The boy didn't answer. He turned to look at his mother, his small face pinched with sudden anger at this interloper who was breaking in on their game. His mother was watching the man.

"Go on, David," she urged. "Tell the nice gentleman what's the capital of New Hampshire."

The boy blinked at her in silence and his grip on the arms of the chair tightened.

"Sure, come on," the man coaxed. "Be a good fella, David. Tell me. What's the capital of New Hampshire? You know it. That's an easy one. What's the capital of New Hampshire?"

"I don't know," the boy said shortly.

"Why, David!" his mother said. "What nonsense!"

"Come on," the man coaxed. "What's the capital of New Hampshire?"

"I don't know," the boy said sullenly. "I told you I don't know."

The speeding train took a curve without slowing down, and the man, poised on the balls of his feet like a catcher in back of home plate, was thrown off balance.

"Woops!" the man said as he lurched to one side. The mother said "Oh!" and put out her hand to prevent him from falling. He caught himself on the edge of the empty chair next to hers and, with the same movement, heaved himself into it. The woman was now sitting in the middle, between her small son and the big, clean-looking man. "Boy!" the man said, laughing. "That was close, wasn't it?"

"I'm so sorry," the mother said. "You might have—"

"Nothing at all," the man said, laughing more loudly. "But that calls for a drink. Will you join me?"

"Why, yes," she said, with a small expression of surprised delight. "Thank you so much."

The man reached behind him and pressed a buzzer. When the porter came, the man looked inquiringly at the woman.

"Scotch-and-soda?" he asked. The woman nodded. "Two," he said to the porter. Then he leaned across the woman, placing his hand on the arm of her chair, and spoke to the boy. "What about you, David?" he said jovially. "A lemonade?"

The boy didn't answer. His chin was sunk so hard into his stiff white Eton collar that it seemed to be cutting deeply into the flesh of his neck.

"David," his mother said in a voice that contained enough sudden irritation to cause the boy to jump slightly. "The gentleman is talking to you!"

"No," the boy said in a gruff voice.

"No, what?" his mother asked sharply.

"No, thank you," he said, scowling.

"David doesn't seem to want to play any more, does he?" the man said affably, still leaning forward so his head was directly in front of the woman, almost touching her silver-fox cape. "He won't tell me the capital of New Hampshire and he won't have a lemonade."

"Yes, he is acting sullen, isn't he?" the woman said carelessly. "I can't understand what's got into him."

The train lurched again and the man's head swung with it. His cheek brushed the woman's silver-fox cape.

He sat up quickly and looked frightened, as though he had destroyed by unnecessary haste a small and fragile edifice that had taken much time and patience to build.

"Sorry," he said.

"Quite all right," the woman said, smiling easily. The frightened look disappeared from the man's face. A slow, steady, confident grin took its place. The boy's lower lip started to quiver. He sank his upper teeth into the flesh to hold it steady. "This roadbed is rather rough, isn't it?" the woman said.

"Terrible," the man said. He turned to the waiting porter. "Two Scotch-and-sodas, please."

"Yes, suh," the porter said. He bowed and went away.

THE man and the woman turned toward each other and began to chat animatedly. She told him she was a widow, that she lived in New York, that she had taken her son out of school for a short visit to her mother in Salt Lake City, that they were now on their way back to New York. The man smiled at her as she talked, looking straight into her face, nodding his head to the rhythm of her words, and crossing and uncrossing his legs many times. When she finished he cleared his throat and told her he was in the oil business, that he lived in Chicago, that he made frequent business trips to New York, that he usually flew but had missed his plane and had taken the train instead, that this was the first time he had ever been glad he had missed a plane. They both laughed at this, quite hard, as if it were something that got funnier and funnier the more they thought about it. The boy watched them in silence, his lower lip still clamped in his teeth, his small hands gripping hard at the arms of the shaking chair, his eyes pinched with something that might have been resignation but had enough tenseness in it to look like fright, as though he were poised for a blow that he knew he could not dodge. The porter came back with the drinks, his shining black face broken into a neutral smile as he swayed his way expertly through the car, keeping the glasses level on the small tray in spite of the jarring of the train.

"There we are," the man said, uncrossing his legs and turning away from the woman toward the porter. "That looks good, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does," she said.

The porter pulled over a large smoking stand with a wide metal pan surrounding the ashtray in the middle. The woman crushed out her cigarette while the porter set the glasses down on the metal pan. They rattled noisily with the movement of the train. While the man hunted in his pocket for money, the porter stood with his hands clasped behind him, smiling good-naturedly at the silent boy.

"Did you say a lemonade for the boy, suh?" he asked politely. "Ah wasn't sure—"

"Why, yes," the man said, as though he had suddenly remembered something. "I wanted him to have one. What do you say, David? A lemonade?"

The boy didn't answer.

"The cat seems to have gotten his tongue," the woman said through a scowl of exasperation. "He doesn't seem to know how to talk any more. David,

DEAR MADAM: WE KNOW YOU WILL WANT TO CONTRIBUTE . . .

Christmas is coming,
The geese are getting fat.
Please to put a penny in an old man's hat.
If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do.
If you haven't got a ha'penny, God help you!

Please to put a nickel,
Please to put a dime.
How petitions trickle
In at Christmas time!
Come and Save a Scholar.
Bring the heathen hope.
Just enclose a dollar
In the envelope.
Send along a tenner,
Or anyhow a five,
And let the Friends of Poetry inaugurate their Drive.

Share your weekly ration
With miners up in Nome.
Give a small donation
To build a Starlings' Home.
Please to send a shillin'
For lawyers in the lurch.
Drop a pretty bill in
The offering at church.
Remember all the orphans,
Recall the boys at camps.
And decorate your letters with illuminated stamps.

The Common Colds Committee
Implores you to assist.
They're canvassing the city
And they've got you on their list.
Demonstrate your mettle
For half a hundred Causes.
Fill the yawning kettle
Of the corner Santa Clauses.
Give for holy Charity
Wherever she appears.
And don't forget the Firemen and the Southern Mountaineers.

Christmas is coming,
The mail is getting fat.
Please to put a penny in every proffered hat.
If you haven't got a penny, a ha'pence let it be.
If you haven't got a ha'pence left, you're just like me.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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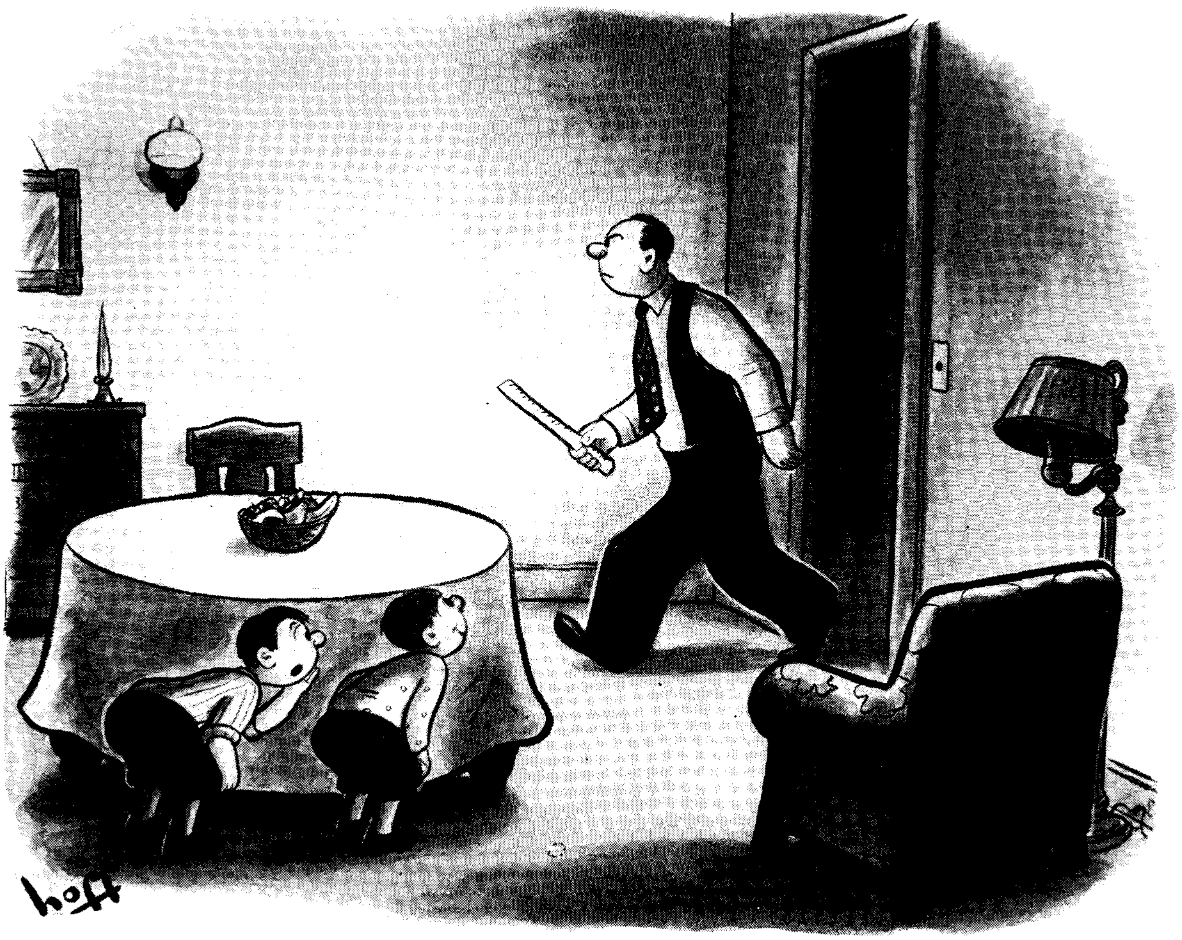

"Careful—he's tricky."

the gentleman asked you a question!"

"I don't want any," the boy said rudely. "I don't want his old lemonade."

The man seemed startled by the boy's vehemence. The mother's face contracted into an expression of anger that brought out the deep, hard creases at the corners of her mouth. The porter saw what was about to happen and spoke before the mother could.

"Ah heard him say the capitals of all those states," he said in a friendly, helpful voice. "Ah wonder if he knows the capital of mah state, Alabama?"

"Sure he does," the man said heartily as he handed the money to the porter. "That's an easy one. What's the capital of Alabama, David?"

"I don't know," the boy muttered. He stared with hatred straight at the man. His little back was arched stiffly.

"Now, David, you stop this nonsense at once," his mother said sharply. "You do know. You've been asked a question and I want you to answer. What's the capital of Alabama?"

The boy's head jerked around until he was staring directly at his mother. But he did not speak.

"David!" his mother snapped. "I told you to—"

"Ah guess he's tahd," the porter said apologetically. He seemed terribly embarrassed by the curiously tense situation his innocent question had created. "Ah guess he's—"

"He is *not* tired," the woman said angrily. "He's just being sullen for some ridiculous reason. David, you answer, do you hear? What is the capital of Alabama?"

The boy's lower lip quivered noticeably in spite of the grip he had on it with his teeth. Still he did not speak.

"Let's forget it," the man said, no longer making any pretense of geniality. He was definitely annoyed. He picked up his drink and took a long pull.

"Very well," the woman said grimly. "If you're going to act like that, David, you can't stay here." She turned to the porter. "Will you please take him to our section and see that he goes to bed at once?"

"Yes, Ma'am," the porter said. He was not smiling now. He looked vaguely frightened. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Go ahead, David," the woman ordered sharply. "Go to bed at once."

The boy's rigid body relaxed, as though the blow against which he had been steeling himself had finally landed. He slipped off the chair, the jacket of his blue cheviot suit bunching up around his hips and his short pants sliding up and away from his naked knees. He put his little hand in the porter's outstretched big one. For a moment he stood there, staring at his mother. There was no longer any doubt about the look on his small, pale face. As the woman picked up her drink and smilingly touched glasses with the big, pink-faced man, the boy looked at her with eyes in which resigned despair and blind terror were evenly mixed. The porter led him through the lounge car, steadying him against the sway of the pounding train. Behind them the man and the woman were laughing and talking and clinking the ice in their glasses. At the end of the car the porter pulled open the heavy metal door. He leaned over the boy solicitously to help him across the threshold.

"Ah'm surprised at you," he said in a soft, gentle, chiding voice. "A smaht boy lahk you not knowing the capital of Alabama."

The boy's teeth came away from his lower lip. He screwed his face into a tight scowl to prevent it from quivering and looked down at the floor of the car.

"Sure I know," he said in a listless, uneven voice that was almost a whisper. "It's Montgomery."

—JEROME WEIDMAN

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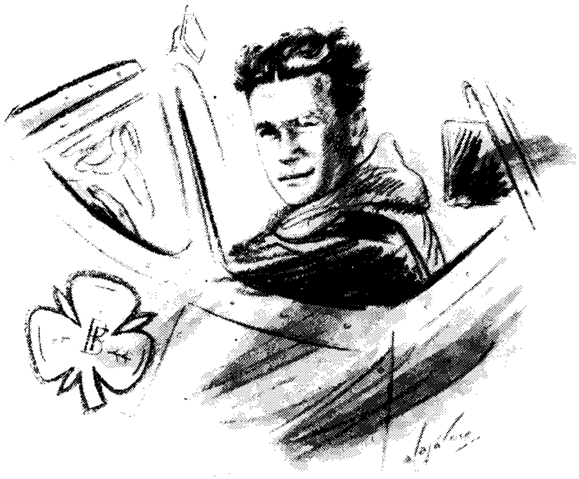
They were childhood sweethearts. The Metro executive has been married twice before.—*Variety.*

Now they're second-childhood sweethearts.

PROFILES

PADDY OF THE R.A.F.



Flight Lieutenant Brendan Finucane

THE few British fighting men who have become popular legends during this war have done so without the connivance of His Majesty's Government. German and Russian communiqués are studded with the names of individual heroes, but even the R.A.F., although garrulous compared to the British Army and Navy, believes fliers should be almost anonymous. Whereas the Luftwaffe would announce that the late Werner Mölders had shot down his ninety-ninth plane—and, incidentally, British airmen would take no stock in his score—the Air Ministry says merely that a pilot attached to one of its squadrons scored his eleventh victory. Weeks later, perhaps when the pilot is due for a decoration, his name will appear in the London *Gazette*, a government newspaper few civilians read. For this reason, a high score is not enough in itself to make a fighter pilot a new personality. He has to have some particularity that the public can remember. Flight Lieutenant Brendan Finucane—Distinguished Service Order and Distinguished Flying Cross with two bars—has established himself in the public mind by being profoundly Irish, so Irish that strangers spontaneously address him as Paddy, which is also what his friends call him. He is neither Ulster Irish nor Anglo-Irish nor public-school-and-Oxford denatured Irish but middle-class Dublin Irish, and so proud of it that he has a big shamrock painted on his Spitfire. It is a shamrock designed by the adoring Yorkshire rigger and Canadian fitter who look after his plane. The shamrock has the initials "B.F." in the centre and is surrounded by thorns. The rigger says he knows that thorns belong on a rose, but he feels they are appropriate, and Paddy agrees with him. The same rigger once, after the pilot had shot down his twenty-first plane, thought he would please him by painting twenty-one little swastikas around the periphery of the shamrock. Paddy got angry at this, saying they were an affectation of elegance, and made the rigger remove them. Paddy is twenty-one years and a couple of weeks old, and has a boyish eagerness to avoid any implication of swank. The way he got his most serious war injury fits in almost miraculously with his public personality; he broke his right foot jumping over a wall at a wake.

Being Irish is not itself a rare distinction in the R.A.F. At least five hundred citizens of Eire wear pilots' wings on their tunics and about fifty have been decorated. What made Paddy identifiable even before the public knew his name was his being both Irish and attached to an Australian squadron. When the Londoner at his breakfast table reads, for example, about a Polish pilot in the R.A.F. shooting down a plane, he has no way of knowing whether or not it is the same Pole he read about last Thursday, but the designation "an Irish pilot officer attached to an Australian squadron," which began to thread its way through the communiqués last June, gave Paddy his public identity. Subsequently the Londoner could follow Paddy's promotions as well as his triumphs, because the communiqués, which early last summer mentioned him as an Irish pilot officer (a pilot officer being the equivalent of an American second lieutenant), later spoke of him as a flying officer and then as a flight lieutenant. The last rank is like our captaincy. Finucane's decorations piled up even faster. He began the summer with a Distinguished Flying Cross left over from 1940, when, as a comparative novice, he had shot down five "certains," as the unquestionably disposed-of planes are called, in the Battle of Britain. As the summer progressed, he added two bars to the cross, and then, just before his birthday, he received the Distinguished Service Order. A couple of days later he broke his foot. By that time he had accumulated twenty-three "certains" and about a dozen "probables." He doesn't try to remember the planes he damages but does not bring down.

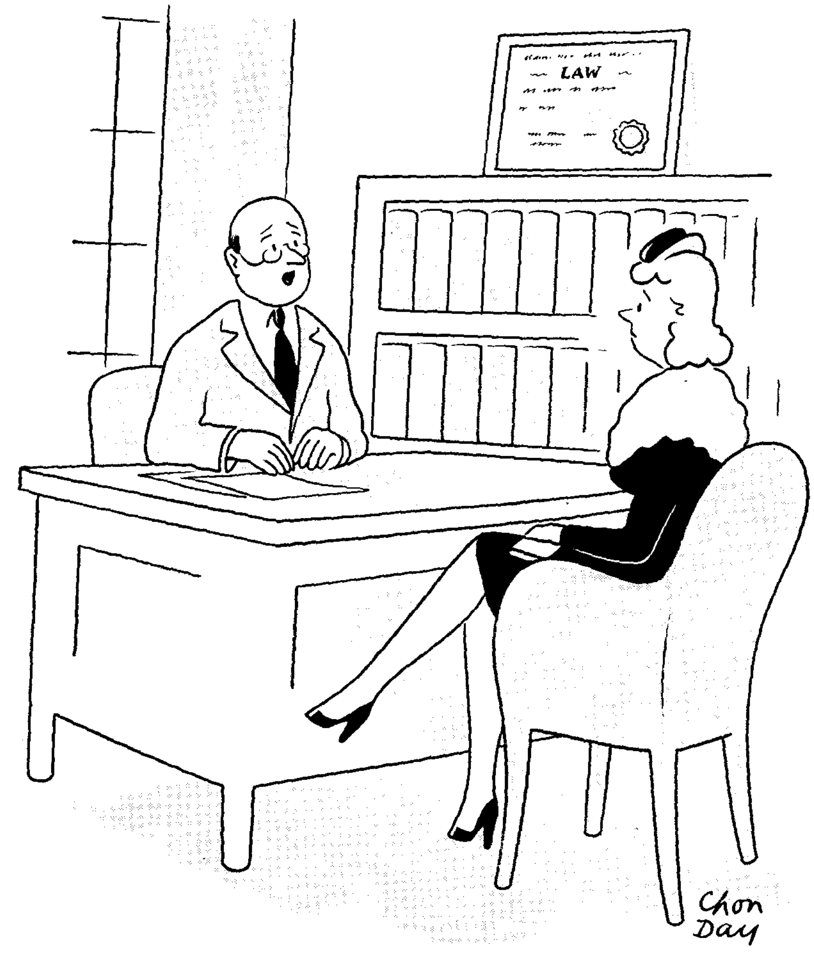
THERE are a good many men in the R.A.F. who think Flight Lieutenant Finucane is the most accomplished fighter pilot of the war, although he has not actually downed the most planes. In support of their argument, they point out that he made almost all his kills last summer and that 1941 was a poorer season for German planes than 1940 had been. Firth, Paddy's Yorkshire rigger, holds this point of view. In 1940, he says, there were "oondreds of jerries—all you'd to do was fly oop in air and poosh booton. But this year, when Paddy wants one, he has to go to France for it." Also, the technique of air fighting has been much refined since 1940. As there has been no general melee this year, German and British veterans alike have had time to teach the new pilots their tricks. None of the other pilots in Paddy's outfit, Squadron 452, had fought before last June, though they were the pick of the first lot to enter training in Australia. They had continued their training in Canada and Scotland. Paddy, who had been in the R.A.F. since 1938, joined them last spring at their first fighter station, which was in England, with the assignment of teaching them by example. They were the high-scoring squadron in England in August and September. They were nosed out by the American Eagle Squadron in October, while Paddy was nursing his foot, as he still is.

The wake at which Paddy broke this foot was expressly an Australian fliers' variant of the rite. All squadron members leave a couple of extra shillings in a kitty each time they settle their mess bills; then, when a pilot goes missing, the survivors drink up what he has left. The day before this particular observance, a sergeant pilot had been shot down over France. He had left two pounds ten, which was enough to finance only a modest wake. That, Paddy says, is why it was emotion and not drink which was responsible for his accident. The sergeant had been a close pal of his, and when, at the party, Paddy came upon a wall, he decided to jump over it, as a gesture of respect. There was a blackout, he says, and the wall looked like any other wall in the same circumstances. However, there happened to be a twenty-foot drop into an areaway on the other side, so he broke his foot. He was consoled a couple of days later by the news that the sergeant was safe in a prison camp. "In a way, the whole party was a waste," he says, "but I don't bear him any hard feeling." The hospital ward to which he was immediately afterward assigned was devoted entirely to R.A.F. leg injuries, and every pilot present, except himself, had been hurt either in a motorbike accident or a Rugby match. This excess of animal spirits may result in the loss of some flying hours, but it is also a sign that the men are in prime condition.

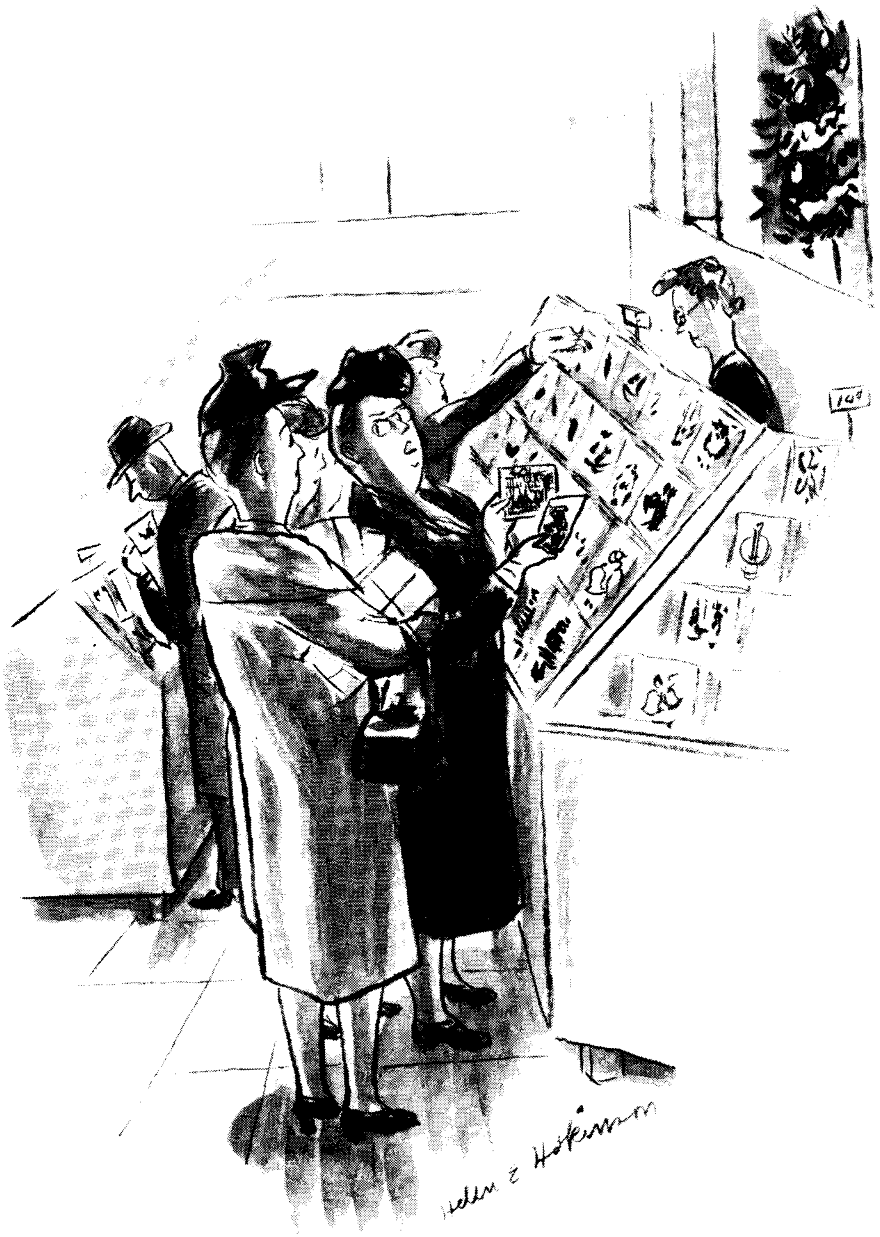
Paddy Finucane is an unusually serious young fighting man except when he is actually in the midst of the Australians, which is perhaps why he likes them so much. One Australian flight lieutenant, called Blue because he has such red hair, says, "We had to teach Paddy to play the fool when he came to us. The poor man had been with an English squadron so long he was trying to act dignified." The Australians, though few of them are older than Paddy—one pilot officer with a magnificent drooping mustache is nineteen—are relatively worldly types. One, upon returning recently from what the fliers call a sweep, remarked that he had shot a German into the Channel and that after the plane had struck, a bright-green stain had appeared on the surface of the water, something he had never seen before. "Heavy crème-de-menthe drinker, no doubt," he concluded. Most of them, before joining the Force, were university undergraduates or students in Australian public schools, whereas Paddy, right before he enlisted in the R.A.F., was an assistant bookkeeper in an office in London. Yet today, on all questions pertaining to air fighting, the Australians defer to Paddy's advice and obey his instructions. When he is flying with them, he sometimes, by radio-telephone, directs four dogfights simultaneously. "Has one of those beautifully efficient minds that work along just one line," a disciple of his says. "He can remember the positions of a dozen planes at once, although they change by the split second. And he has phenomenal eyes. Some fellows say Paddy smells Messerschmitts, but what really happens is that he sees them before anybody else can."

This exceptional vision may be the one quality all great pilots have in common. Once Paddy's mates saw him going after two Messerschmitts 109 F's, of which he downed one. The second plane flew into a cloud and was lost to view. Finucane flew in after it, opened fire while in the cloud, and a moment later flew out of the other side as the German fell out of it, trailing flames. Another time, when the Australians and a New Zealand squadron were taking part in a sweep, Paddy, three miles away, saw some Messerschmitts flying near the New Zealanders and warned them before they were aware of their own danger. He isn't a "suicide fighter," his comrades say. He will sometimes maneuver his section for five or ten minutes before he sends it in to the kill, but when he does, every Spitfire is apt to be on a German plane's tail. "The idea isn't just to get a plane for yourself," Finucane himself says. "You want to see the other fellows get some shooting, too." He derives more pleasure from helping a new pilot to his first certain than out of increasing his own bag. Paddy thinks his squadron is perfect. "All the Australians are mad," he says in a tone of heartiest approbation. "Waggle your wings, and they'll follow you through hell and high."

PADDY is of almost exactly medium weight and height; he is probably an inch too short for the New York police force. He boxed as a welterweight on the R.A.F. team in a match against the combined Scottish universities just before the war began, which means he weighed a hundred and forty-seven pounds, or ten stone seven in the national jargon. He is a few pounds heavier when he isn't in boxing trim, and he has the strong neck, the wide cheekbones, and the broad jaw of a good Irish ring type. He has wavy dark-brown hair, blue eyes, and a pink-and-white complexion that looks like a soap ad; he reddens to his ears when flustered. He was wild about boxing until he turned to air fighting, which he thinks a more exhilarating form of competition, and constantly draws analogies between the two. "Some pilots roll better to their right than to their left," he may say, "the way some boxers move better to one side." Or he says, "You have to take the play from the other fellow, just like boxing. I don't let them dither around." It isn't that Paddy is frivolous or brutal; in his direct way, he has made



"Frankly, Mrs. Wilson, it's hard to say. Plenty of women are sitting on top of the world with alimony and a lot of others are leading the life of Riley on separate maintenance."



"Which do you think is more Christmasy? Tammany Hall one hundred years ago or a panda?"

• •

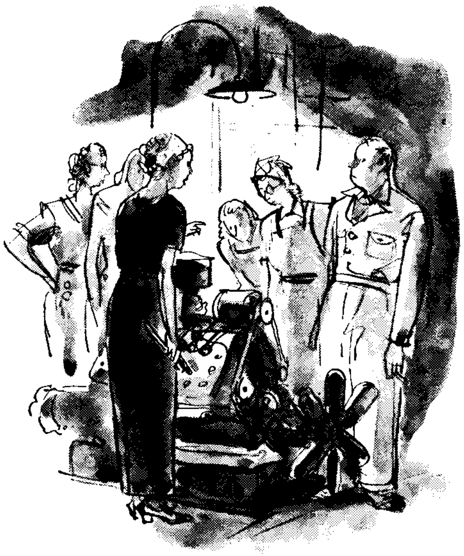
a mental adjustment that he couldn't have bought from a psychoanalyst for under a million dollars. "The personality never enters my mind," he says. "I always think to myself, 'I'm just shooting down a machine.' Some things get you rather angry, though," he adds. "For instance, if they shoot at our chaps after they've bailed out. That's like hitting a man when he's down." He has never seen this happen, he explains, but he has talked to fellows who say they have. He used to like Rugby almost as well as boxing. When the Army beat the R.A.F. at Rugby this fall, 30–3, Paddy took it as hard as missing three Germans. He watched the game on crutches.

He has never been shot down or wounded or forced to bail out, although during the 1940 hurly-burly he got a number of bullets through various Spitfires he was piloting. All last summer his planes went unscathed, a proof of his skill at maneuvering. Pilots like to find a couple of bullet holes in their planes after they get safely back to the airdromes, because it gives them something to talk about at mess. Once this year Paddy landed with holes in the tail fin of his plane, but they proved to have been made by the branches of a tree he had scraped. His rigger and fitter say he was much disappointed. He has never fought in anything but Spitfires, and has had them in all their editions. During the summer he ran through five planes—three early Spits and two of the latest Spit fives. He cracked up two machines on his own airdromes, stunting near the ground. Stunting is an officially discouraged but universal custom among fighting pilots. He is very careful about selecting a plane; he not only puts it through all the tricks he knows but he fires several trial bursts with its cannon and machine guns. If a cannon jams, he gets out instantly and walks away from the machine. Once he has picked a Spit, he leaves it in the care of his rigger and fitter, who work with an armorer, an electrician, and a radio man. Aircraftsmen in the last three categories take care of three planes apiece, so they are not identified with one pilot as a rigger and a fitter are. Finucane does not fancy himself an engineering shark. When he comes in from a sweep, he may say to his retainers, "She's flying left wing down," or "right wing down," but he leaves the remedy to the ground crew. This delights them. Firth, the rigger, who is dark, solid, and snaggle-toothed, says, "When Spit's been in dogfight, she's oopsey." His tone implies that the ordeal is rather like a childbirth for a delicate woman. Moore, the fitter, who is small and blond, says, "Some officers get a big head when they down one or two planes, but not Paddy." They both carry decks of snapshots of Finucane in their pockets.

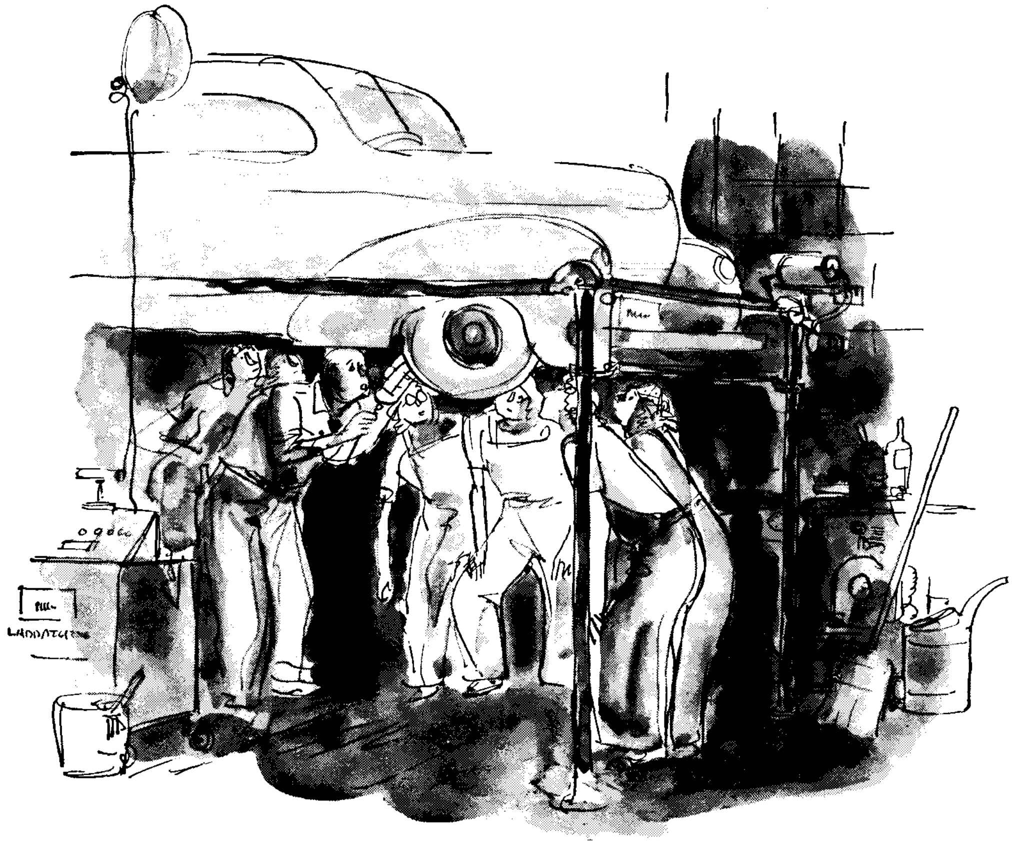
After Paddy has chosen a plane, his shamrock and the letter "W" are painted on it. Each plane in a squadron is identified by a letter, as moviegoers who saw "Target for Tonight" know. Senior pilots usually get low letters, but Finucane insists on his "W," for sentimental reasons. It stands for Wheezy Anna, a nickname he gave his first Spit because its engine made such strange sounds. In those days the R.A.F. was short of planes and young pilots took what they could get. "Wheezy was a good old girl," Paddy says. "I cracked her up so hard I had the mark of the stick on my chest for a month."

WHEN Paddy is on leave, as he is now on account of his foot, he lives with his parents, a small brother named Joseph, and two sisters, Monica and Claire, aged eleven and seven, in Richmond, the London suburb south of Kew. He has another brother, Raymond Patrick, who is nineteen and a sergeant air gunner in the Bomber Command. The house looks like several thousand others in suburban London and America. It is Tudor of a recent vintage, complete with the path of irreg-

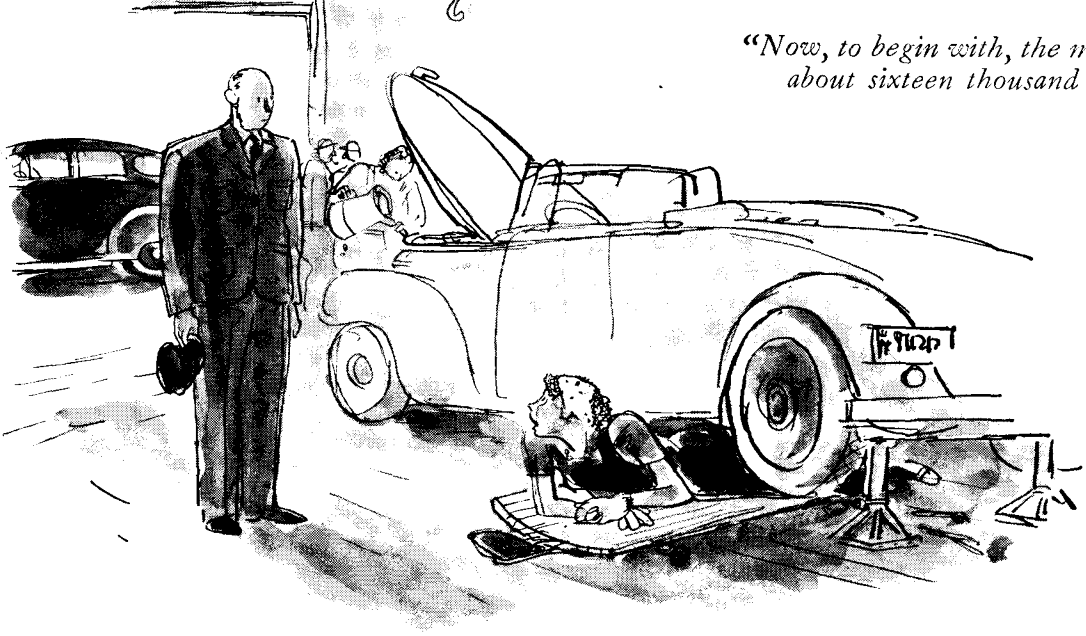
WOMEN'S MOTOR CORPS



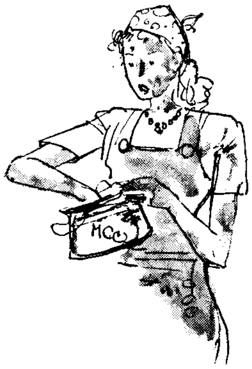
"Do they put in new carbon when they take the old carbon out?"



"Now, to begin with, the modern car has about sixteen thousand parts . . ."



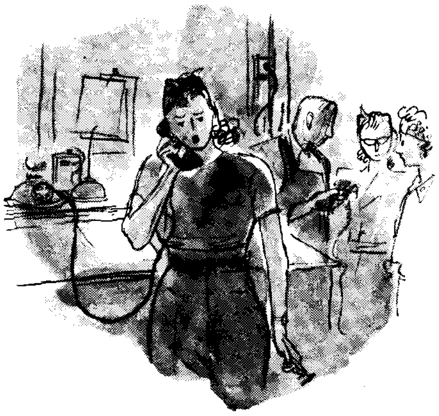
"Call back for me in an hour, Basil. I'm right in the middle of a brake job."



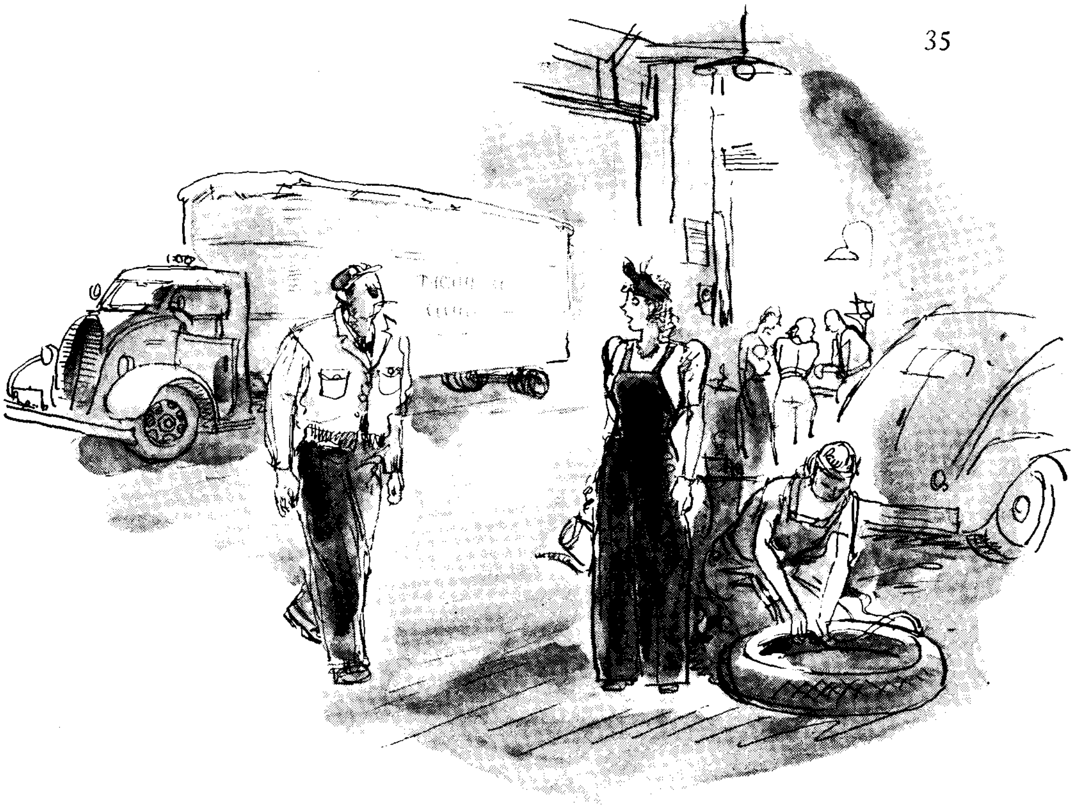
"Oh, where's that lipstick?"

• •

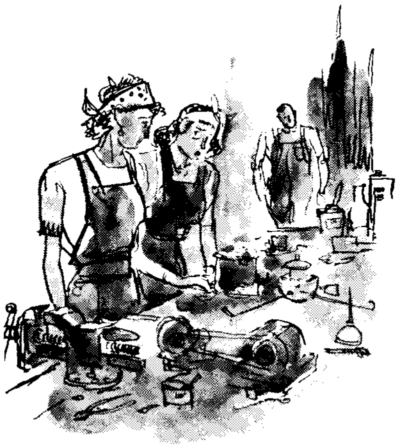
ular concrete flagstones from gate to front door. Paddy's father is a night office manager at an airplane-parts factory that works the clock around. He is black-haired, energetic, witty, and a firm teetotaller. He looks a good deal younger than his forty-nine years and used to be an amateur soccer star in Ireland. Mr. Finucane pronounces his surname "Finewcan," but Paddy says "Finoocan." Paddy, who admires his father, has never developed a taste for beer or whiskey. Recently, in an effort to keep up with the Australians, he has learned to order a bottled drink called Pimm's No. 1, which is like a sweet Tom Collins. Mrs. Finucane is good-natured and hospitable. When Joe, the small brother, gets home from school, his favorite reading is a monthly publication called *Rockfist Rogan of the R.A.F.*, the adventures of a British Superman with a war slant. Rockfist, typically, will jump from his flying plane into that



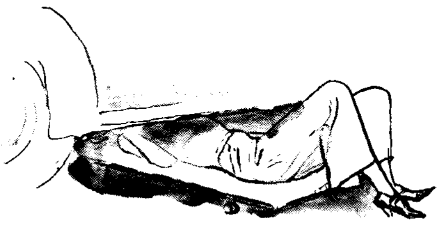
"Please don't keep calling up Mamma—we're taking a generator apart."

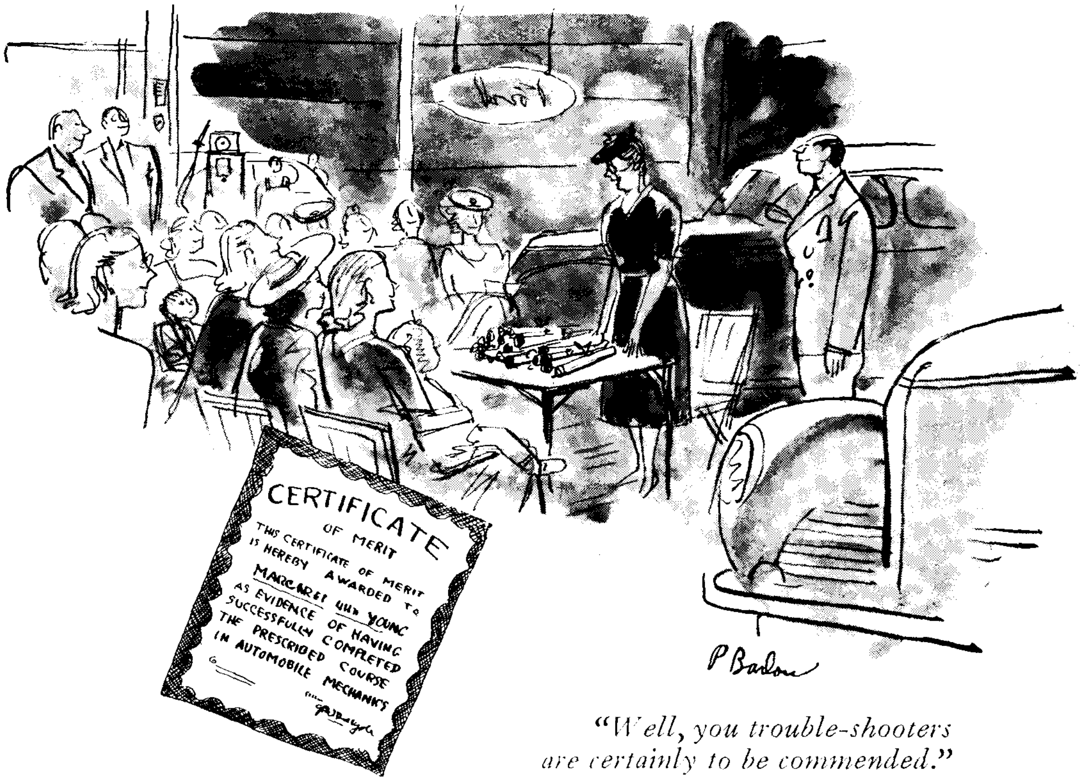


"You Diesel people must feel pretty superior to the rest of us."



"Let's not tell him about using the bobbie pin."




CERTIFICATE
OF MERIT
THIS CERTIFICATE OF MERIT
IS HEREBY AWARDED TO
MARGARET YOUNG
AS EVIDENCE OF HAVING
SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED
THE PRESCRIBED COURSE
IN AUTOMOBILE MECHANICS
P Barlow

"Well, you trouble-shooters are certainly to be commended."

• •

of a wounded brother pilot, drag him from the cockpit, and make a double parachute jump to safety, perhaps lassoing the propeller of a Heinkel on the way down and hauling the crew into captivity. This serial greatly increases Joe's respect for his older brothers. Paddy himself prefers more realistic books about flying. There is a recently published one called "Fighter Pilot," which he describes as wizard, his favorite adjective of praise. He uses it, too, to describe the two Australian flight lieutenants who roomed with him at the airdrome up to the time of his jumping over the wall. One, the red-haired fellow called Blue, is addicted to mystery stories and the other reads poetry, forms of composition which Paddy runs down at every opportunity, out of a spirit of contradiction. The poetical Australian says he knows Paddy has a poetic soul, a suggestion that drives Paddy into a picturesque fury. The mystery-story Australian, who has downed ten German planes, wears the jacks of spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds inked on his "Mae West," as the fliers call their bulbous yellow inflatable life-saving jackets, because these cards are the sign of a fictional detective he admires.

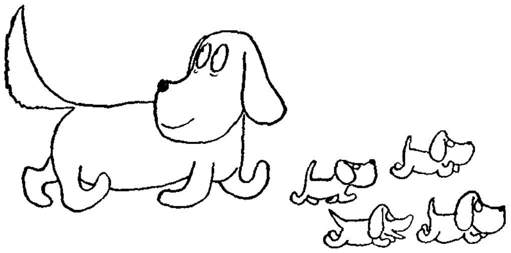
The mantelpiece in the Finucanes' dining-sitting room is decorated with cutouts of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs made by Monica, a large square clock with an inscription saying it was presented to Flight Lieutenant Brendan Finucane by the night staff at the factory where his father works, and a bronze cigarette-lighter in the form of an aircraftsman spinning a propeller. This last is a gift to Paddy from his girl friend. He doesn't think it a good idea to get married during the war, he says, because "someday I might be going on a sweep and I would have it in the back of my head that I wanted to get back that night and that would distract me." Even now, he acknowledges, he sometimes has "a funny feeling in my tummy" just before he takes off, and he is afraid that marriage might make it funnier. He is a devout Catholic and attends Mass whenever he gets a chance. The Australians, he says regretfully, are "free and easy" about spiritual matters. He gives you a feeling that this worries him a little. He is always worrying about the fellows he flies with. Blue says that Paddy once woke him at four in the morning by shouting "Break, Blue! There's a Messerschmitt on your tail!" "I guess he dreams about air fighting all night," Blue says.

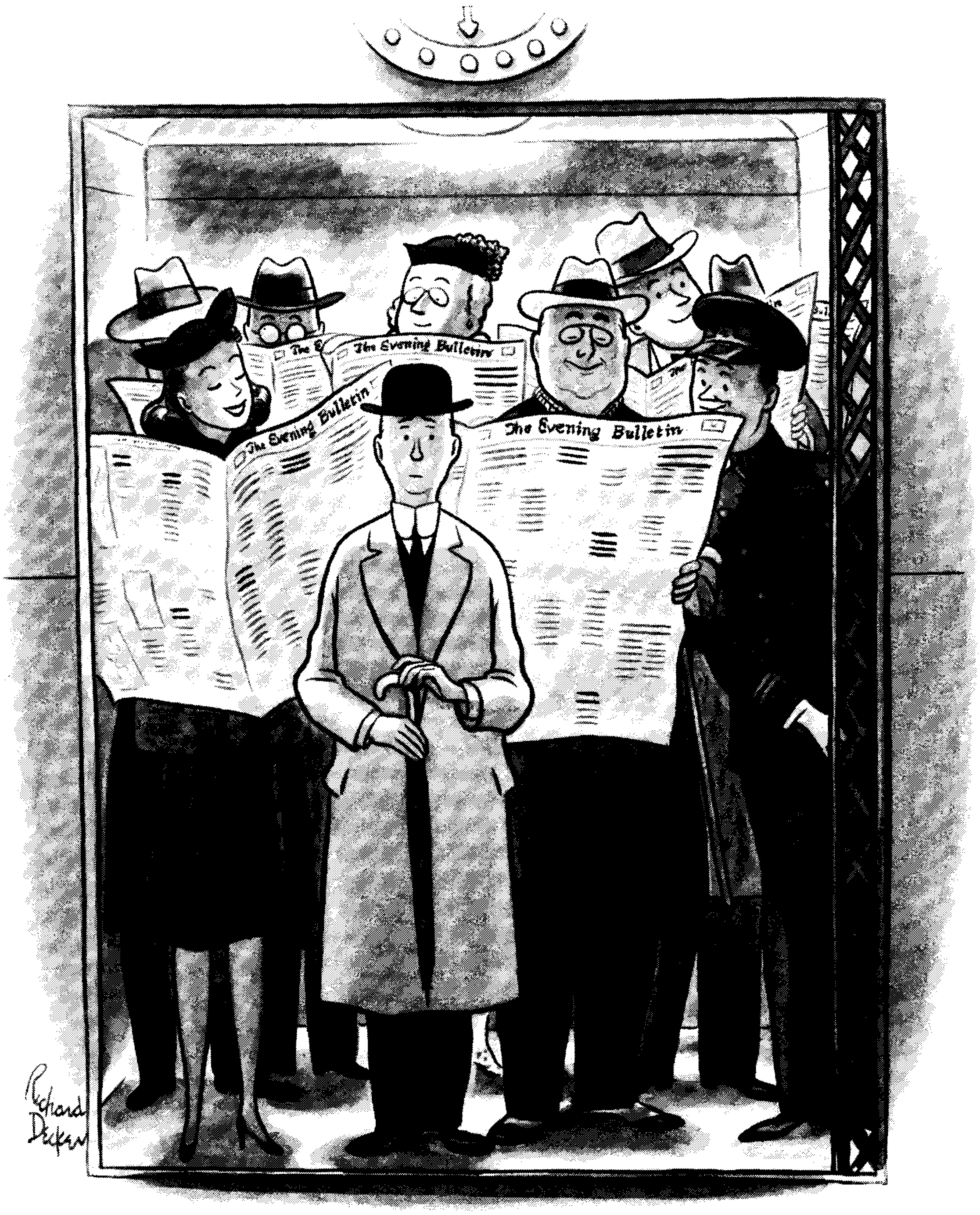
The Finucanes' move from Dublin to Richmond took place early in 1938. In Dublin, Paddy had attended a wonderful institution of learning called the O'Connell School, where the headmaster was a retired Army officer who had held a service boxing title. Like headmasters the world over, this one believed in his own favorite sport as a character-builder. Every morning at eight-thirty, according to Paddy, the boys were turned out under a large shed in the schoolyard and told to whack each other. Paddy developed such a taste for whacking that the future pattern of his life lay clear before him when he came to England; he was destined to be a fighter pilot. He was too young to enlist in the R.A.F. immediately, so he worked without pleasure at an office job until May, 1938. Then, on the precise day that he became seventeen years and six months old, the minimum age allowed, he enrolled for a course leading to a short-term commission. Richmond had seemed somewhat humdrum after the O'Connell School, and the Finucane brothers, during their first few months there, found the English rather "standoffish." After Paddy joined the R.A.F. things went much better. He is still, however, a vocally patriotic Dubliner. Being an R.A.F. officer, he does not go in for political arguments, he explains, but occasionally somebody says something about Eire which betrays a lack of understanding, and then Paddy puts him right.

MEN accepted for the course Paddy took were supposed to put in four years of active service and then pass to the volunteer reserve for six more. That was considered the expedient way to raise a body of fliers for what some people thought might be an emergency. The British did not sufficiently hurry the training of their pilots even after the war began to give Paddy an opportunity to fly in France with the expeditionary squadrons. He did not get into action until June, 1940, a couple of weeks after Dunkerque. He was first posted to the East India Squadron at an airdrome in the south of England. The squadron got its name from the fact that people in India had contributed money for its Spitfires. Most of the pilots were British. That is a fine squadron, Paddy says; he had a good deal of fun there. "First the Germans started pushing over high-flying fighters, and then bombers with fighter escort," he reminisces happily. "There was something doing all the time." On his first flight with a formation in combat, he says, he was so preoccupied with keeping his place in the formation that he "could not see a sausage." The squadron broke up an incursion of eighty German fighters, but Paddy says he wasn't much help. Afterward formation flying became automatic, and then he began to enjoy himself.

In the East India Squadron days, the pilots slept with their flying suits on when the weather was clear, and their planes were kept warmed up constantly. One time, Paddy remembers, the squadron was just taking off when some Heinkels started bombing the field. A number of Spitfires bumped over fresh bomb craters as they got into the air. A bomb dropped directly in front of a pilot named Kenny Hart, and the blast stopped his propeller. He scrambled out and ran for a shelter trench, with bombs continuing to drop about him, while his mates, gaining height, took after the Heinkels. "We shot down a couple of them," Paddy says, "but seeing Kenny run was the cream of it." On another occasion the boys were gathered around a table in the middle of the field, having afternoon tea before taking off for a sweep. Unexpectedly, some Messerschmitts dived on the field and started plunking cannon shells into the tea service. The pilots, conspicuous targets in their yellow Mae Wests, dashed for shelter while the ground defenses had a go at the Germans, who got away intact. "Things like that amuse us when we think of them," Finucane says. He shot down five certains while he was with the East Indias and contributed to the destruction of other enemy planes, and the Fighter Command tabbed him a coming man.

There is nothing unorthodox about Finucane's methods. The secret seems to be that he does everything exactly right, and a fraction of a second before his opponent. A fighter pilot aims at his adversary by means of a small, electrically operated arrangement called a reflector. When the enemy shows in the re-





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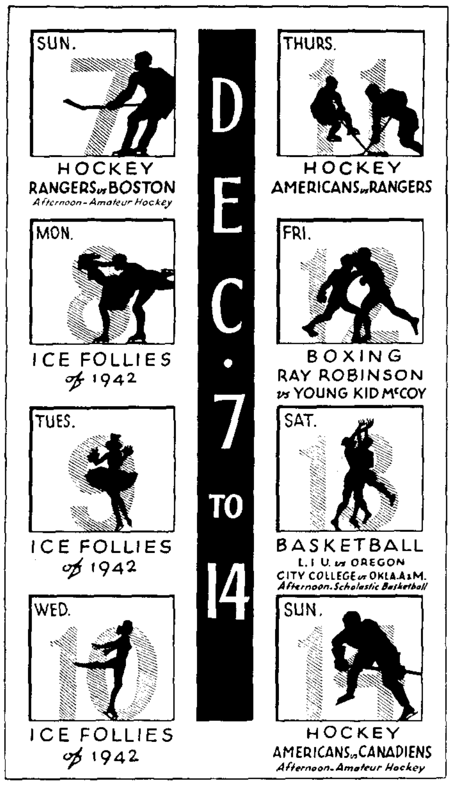
DEC. 7 TO 14
SUN. 7 HOCKEY RANGERS vs BOSTON Afternoon-Amateur Hockey
MON. 8 ICE FOLLIES of 1942
TUES. 9 ICE FOLLIES of 1942
WED. 10 ICE FOLLIES of 1942
THURS. 11 HOCKEY AMERICANS vs RANGERS
FRI. 12 BOXING RAY ROBINSON vs YOUNG KID McCOY
SAT. 13 BASKETBALL L.I.U. vs OREGON CITY COLLEGE vs OKLA.A.&M. Afternoon-Scholastic Basketball
SUN. 14 HOCKEY AMERICANS vs CANADIENS Afternoon-Amateur Hockey

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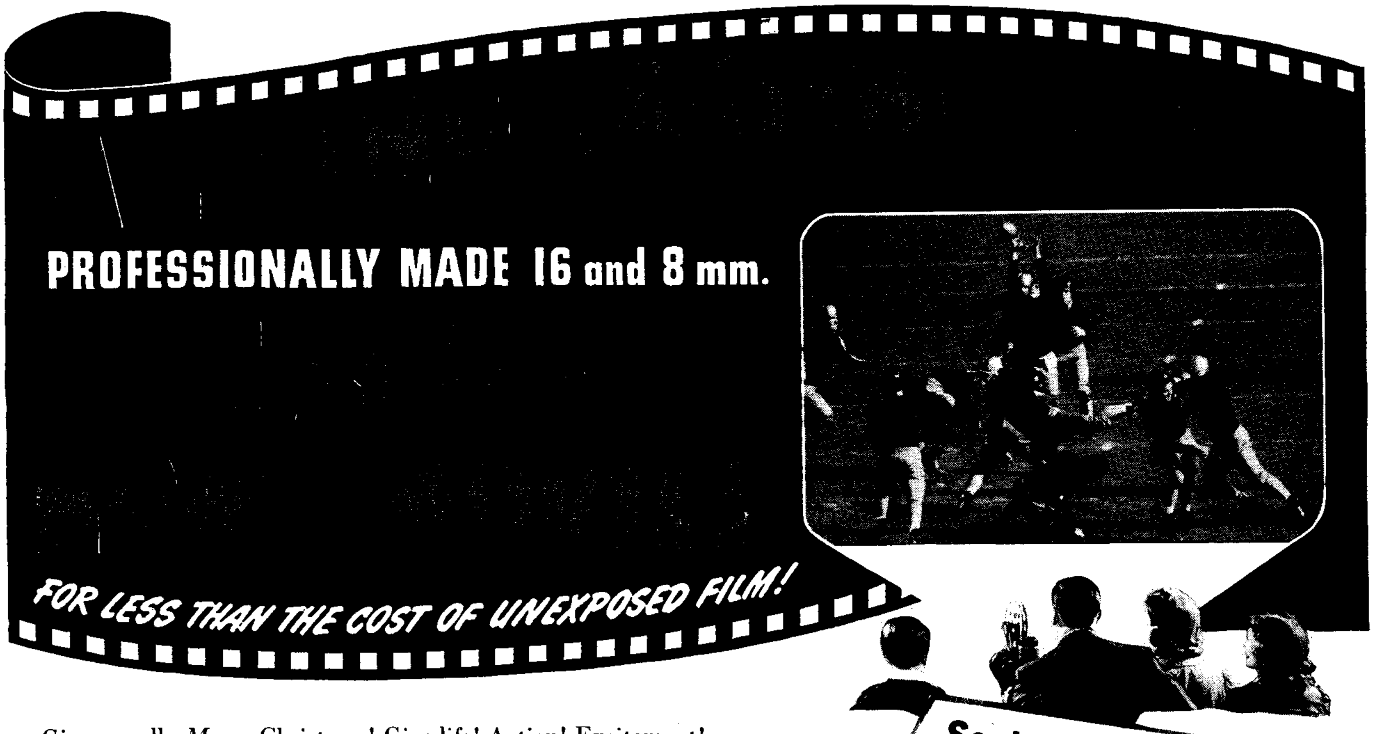
flector he is in line with the guns, although, of course, he may be at a quite impractical range. There are two ideal shooting positions: one close behind the other plane, the other head on. Paddy prefers the first. The inconvenience of the second is that you are at the same time in line with the other fellow's guns. Polish pilots like this position. Even if you are hit, they say, you can ram the German before it is possible for him to pull out. You are therefore certain of your German. Paddy has a high regard for Polish pilots, but his mind does not run in the same channel.

The most difficult style of attack is called deflection shooting. This means firing as an enemy plane flies across your path. The angles of approach, rates of climb or descent, and speeds of the two planes all enter into the instantaneous guess the pilot must make as he pushes the button which operates the cannon and machine guns. Inexperienced pilots usually fire behind the other plane. Old hands have a tendency to fire in front of it. Paddy is a wizard shot, but he does not consider that deflection shooting pays. "Sometimes you take a long squirt at something that way and see bits fly off it, but you don't see it crash," he says. "What you want to do is get on their tail, close in. I give them a squirt in the tank and if they break up, I'm quite happy." A squirt is the burst of cannon and machine-gun fire that results from pressing the button and holding it down a couple of seconds. Paddy gets on the other fellow's tail in various ways: by pouncing, if he has an initial advantage in height; by waiting for the German to dive and then getting him as he pulls out; or by facing him at a safe distance and then circling him, as a mongoose goes around a cobra, finishing up at the back of his neck. A Spitfire can out-turn a Messerschmitt, although it cannot out-climb one. By practicing rigid economy in shooting, which is usual with him, Paddy once was able to down three German fighters in a single trip and arrive back at his airdrome with a quarter of his ammunition. It was his best afternoon's work. The squadron, collectively, got eight. The Australians had been "squatting on top of the bombers" that afternoon; that is, flying just above some Blenheims which were going to France for a daylight raid. A big formation of German fighters had dived from a great altitude, ignoring the Spitfires and going straight for the bombers. They dived right past the bombers without getting any. Then, as the Messerschmitts pulled out of their dives, Paddy, who was commanding the whole squadron that day, led the Spits above and at them.

Paddy has no personal feeling against Germans. His contacts with them have been limited. He remembers once seeing a couple at the Dublin Horse Show, and last August, after the East Indias shot down a Dornier near their airdrome, he and some other pilots went over to a hospital to visit the wounded German pilot and observer. "They had never flown together before," he says. Crews in the British Bomber Command rehearse their teamwork many times before they go out on a serious job.

Paddy's assignment to the Australian squadron was a masterpiece of psychology, as well as a good technical selection, because the Australians might have taken less kindly to a more formalized version of the British officer. At almost any time five or six of them are likely to be found around a table in one of the squadron's huts playing poker and saying, on any provocation, "Ectualleh." One boy will say "Two cards," and the dealer will say "Ectualleh?" The next will say "I'll have three," and the dealer will say "Ectualleh?" again. Then another will say "I'll stand" and the dealer will shout "Ectualleh!" and they will all roll on the floor with laughter because they believe that a certain type of Englishman never says anything but "ectualleh." Their own favorite interjection is "bloody oath," which they consider more spirited and democratic. They also say "very *crook*" when they mean put-out, and "fair dinkum" to indicate good faith. By this time Paddy is so steeped in their patois that it is sometimes hard to tell whether he is talking Irish or Australian. All the Australians are given to puns, and Paddy, who affects to be above them, used to run around punching the punsters on their biceps. One night some Australians went out and painted kangaroos all over his Spit's shamrock, an outrage which excited him for days. The Australians love to tell Finucane stories, and they think he is wonderful.

When Paddy is to go on a sweep, he usually sleeps late in the morning and then takes an extremely hot bath. Most athletic trainers say hot baths are enervating, but Paddy says they just make him feel relaxed. He then has tea and goes to receive the day's orders from the commanding officer. Last year R.A.F.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fighter squadrons generally had the mission of intercepting German bombers. This year they escort British bombers to France and protect them from enemy fighters. In a sweep, which may involve a dozen squadrons, each has a special rôle. Sometimes the Australians fly closely above the bombers, sometimes they fly beneath or among them ("on the deck"), and sometimes they go very high, looking for Messerschmitts in ambush in the sub-stratosphere. The last is the assignment that Paddy likes best. The conventional order that goes with it is "Seek out and destroy." The only mission he really dislikes is a Balbo, which is an R.A.F. term for a reconnaissance in formation without any particular object. It is named after the late Italian aviator, who always flew high and never hurt anybody.

There are days when no large general operation is planned and the planes go off in pairs, flying very high, looking for some object of innocent merriment, like a little train on a *chemin de fer départemental* that may be carrying German Army supplies, or a lorry loaded with middle-aged Landsturm men on a road. Coastal steamers are particularly agreeable sights to them. When they fix on a target, they come plummeting down as straight as a stalk and squirt twenty-millimetre cannon shells just to see what will happen. Paddy remembers that one time he hit a steamer and it flew to pieces with a report which was heard on both sides of the Channel. "It must have been full of ammo," he says. The best day's sport he ever had resulted from another patrol. He and a pal were flying high and got into a cloud bank. Suddenly the cloud dissolved and they saw that they were sitting in among twenty Messerschmitts. "Twenty was a wee bit too many," Paddy says, "because we had the height and the sun against us, so I said to my mate, 'Come on along and beat up some gun positions,' and we left. We got down to about ten thousand feet and ran into another forty Messerschmitts, so we gave them a squirt to help them on their way and continued. Then, way down below us, just over the Channel, we could see two Messerschmitts attacking a lone Spitfire. We went along down and each shot one of them into the water. That brought me pretty low, and I was just above the surface when I saw cannon shells splashing into the water in a steady stream, so I could figure that one of the big bunch of jerries had followed me on down and was in back of me. It is a very good position to be in in a

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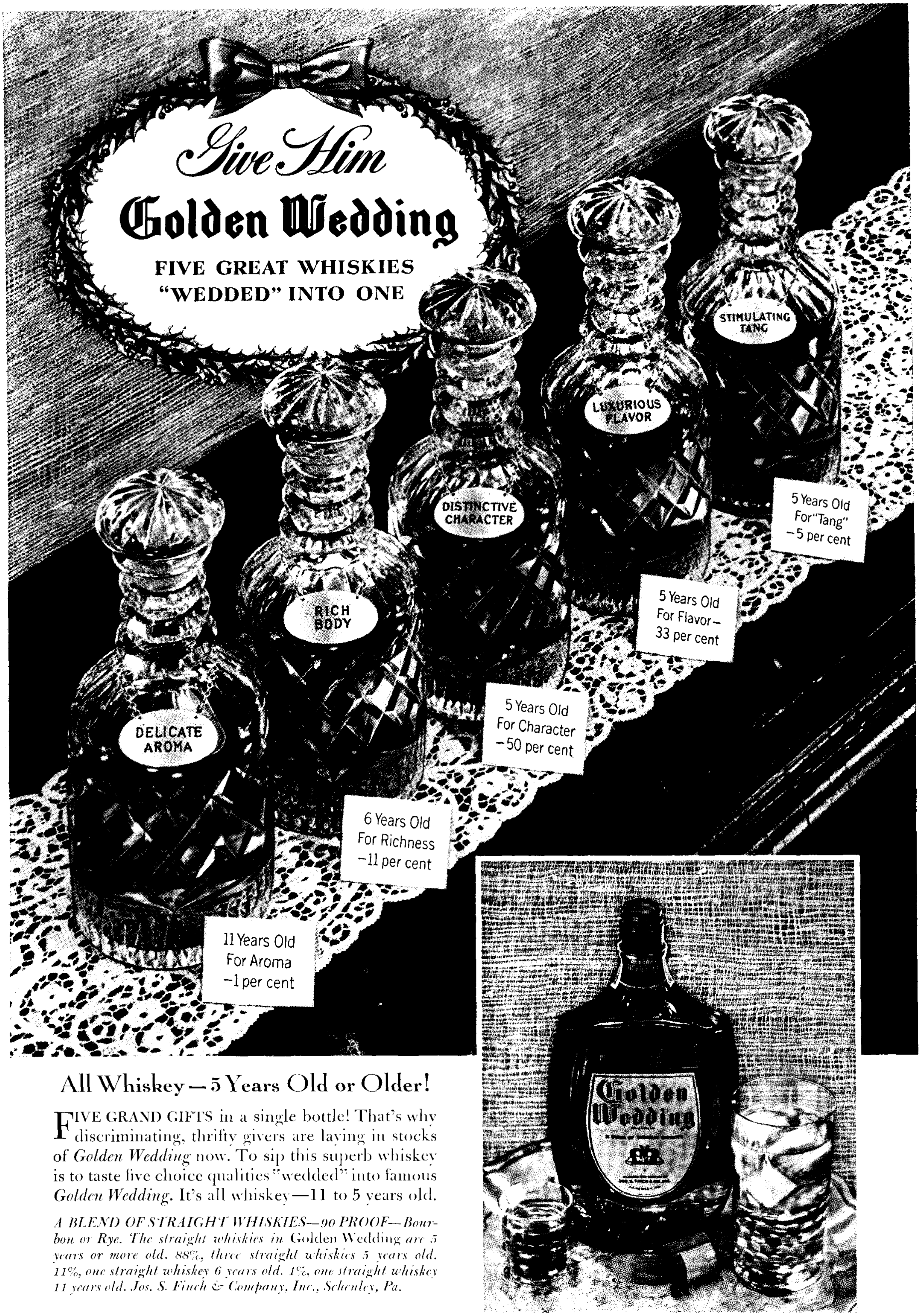
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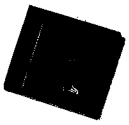

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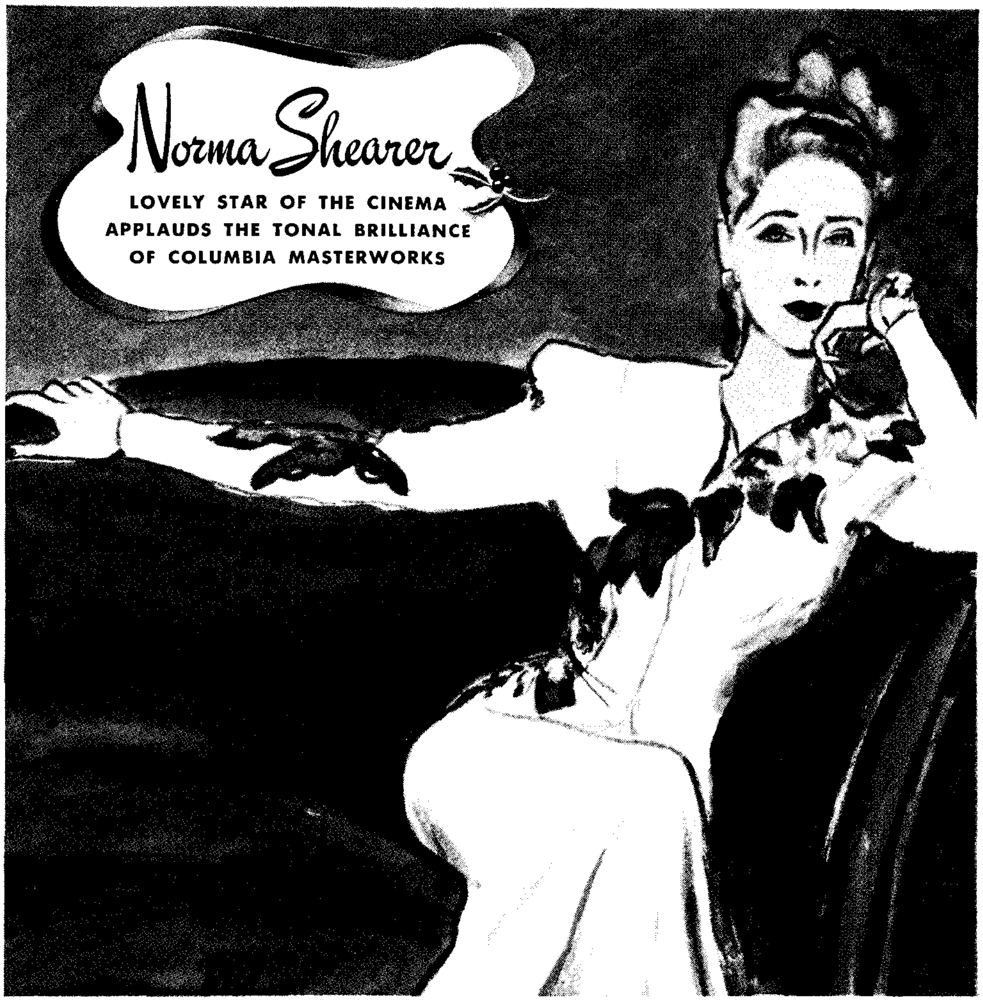

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fight, because you can judge the angle of fire by the splashes, and then you know where your man is. As the angle gets smaller, you can figure he's getting in line with you. Just before that happens, you give a quick turn. If he tries to follow, he goes in the drink, because he won't be able to pull out quick enough. If he doesn't follow, you whip up behind him, and there you are. I got him and went home quite happy, with the other lad."

PADDY doesn't know what he will do after he goes back to active duty, or rather what the Fighter Command will tell him to do. He may get a new outfit to whip into shape next spring, by which time, other R.A.F. officers say, he is fairly sure to be a squadron leader. What he would like most is to travel to the Middle East, or anywhere else, even if it's only by bomber. "My brother Raymond Patrick has all the luck," he says. "He goes to Bremen and other fascinating places every week, but I hardly get out of the country." His pet scheme, which the Fighter Command probably won't endorse, is to get to the United States as the pilot of a Catafighter. A Catafighter is a land plane carried on a merchant ship and launched from a catapult whenever one of the big German flying boats appears. The pilot shoots down the flying boat and then tries to get to the nearest land on the petrol he has left. If he can't make it, he lands in the water and hopes for the best.

"That would be wizard," Paddy says. "Free passage and all. Besides, I have an aunt and uncle and three cousins in Detroit, all named O'Callahan."

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

According to Miss Inez Robb, the brilliant International News Service writer who is reporting happenings at the New York convention of the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association, Twentieth Century science has produced a machine that will keep the skin you love to touch as clear, firm, and smooth at sixty as it was at sixteen.

If that is true and if at long last women can have eternal youth or a reasonable facsimile thereof, there ought to be an abundance of rejoicing in Hollywood.

Ann Sheridan, Betty Grable, Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young and the host of other lovely young women may go on playing schoolgirl rôles till the end of their days.

But why should the rest of us who live in Boston and other realistic cities be seriously concerned?—*From an editorial in the Boston Daily Record.*

Why, indeed?

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"Have you heard about the new RCA Victrola that plays records on both sides without turning them over?"

Christmas Gifting

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, else the human brain might crack under the perplexing problem of what to give whom.

But this year, hardworking engineers in the RCA Laboratories have brought into being an extremely happy solution for family remembrance at Christmas-Tide—the new Magic Brain RCA Victrola, that plays records on both sides without turning them over. With this ingenious machine, one can provide his family not only with a source of unending delight but can cut himself in on the deal.

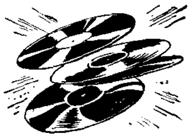
WITH the new RCA Victrola—the model number is V-225—one can entertain himself with two uninterrupted hours of recorded music, with a minimum wait between the automatic record-changes and with no concern about what will happen to treasured records as a result of enforced acrobatics—the records change quietly and gently and are removed, when finished, as tenderly as a baby is put into its crib.

How does this remarkable mechanism work? You'll find a demonstration the best answer. But to prepare you, here are a few details. The Magic Brain's Tandem Tone Arm plays the topside of records with its upper arm—the lower side with its under arm. For topside playings, the turntable

(Advertisement)

(Advertisement)

rotates in the conventional manner. For the lower side, it automatically reverses. Played records immediately vanish from sight.



The Magic Brain stops, of its own volition, when the last record has been played. There are other Magic Brain wonders, too. No needles to bother with. No annoying "needle chatter." Longer record life. Tone that *lives*. And—the cabinet is designed so no lid-lifting, with its attendant ornament-moving, is necessary.

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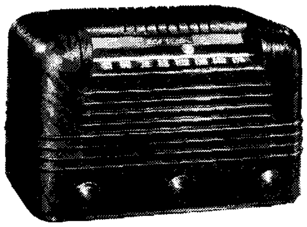
SMART GIFTS FOR SMART PEOPLE



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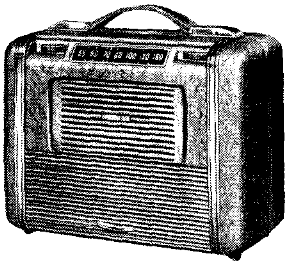

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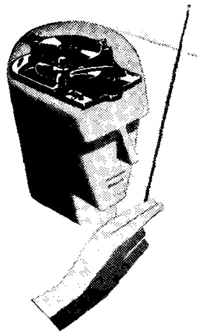

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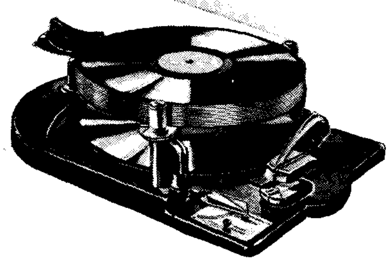

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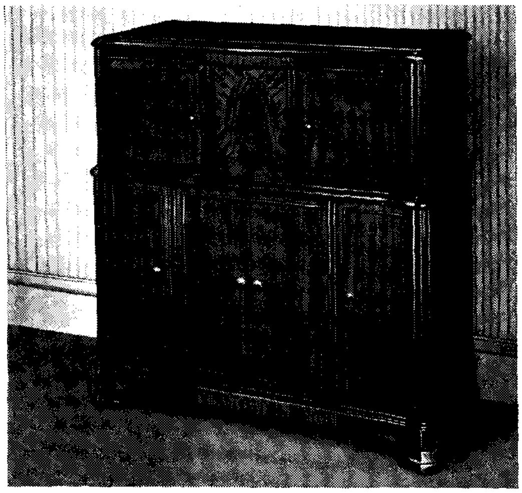

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THE THEATRE

ANTS AND GRASSHOPPERS

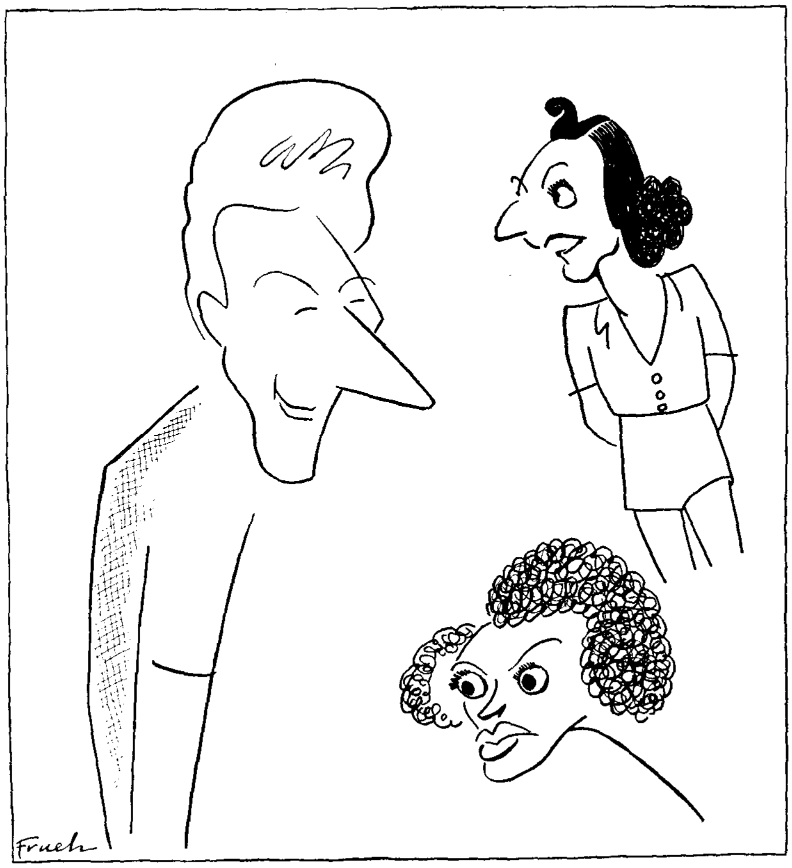
SOPHIE TREADWELL, who once wrote an original and grimly fascinating treatise on sex called "Machinal," has turned her attention to the good earth. This work, "Hope for a Harvest," is, I'm afraid, a little too superficial and feminine to appeal to such melancholy realists as John Steinbeck and Stuart Chase. Not for Miss Treadwell are the dismal intricacies of soil erosion, crop rotation, and the delicate balance of production and use; not for her the conception of the all-devouring tractor, turning men off the land and the land over to the banks. Her simple message is courage, industry, and a wide variety of produce: plant your little piece of ground with enough different kinds of fruits and vegetables, tend them diligently, and your reward is sure. As you can see, the piece at the Guild Theatre is pretty rudimentary economics, and unfortunately it is also a fairly dull and unlikely play.

To fit her agricultural theories to the stage, Miss Treadwell has invented the case history of a California farmer named Elliott Martin, who has fallen on hard times. The descendant of pioneers who once owned and successfully tilled a fertile valley, this man has gradually succumbed to the superior enterprise of Italian and Japanese immigrants and at the rise of the curtain is found operating a filling station, an occupation the author clearly regards as worse than death. His degradation is also manifest in a habit of listening to cowboy songs on the radio, his possession of an Italian mistress, and the neglected condition of his daughter, a pregnant girl who takes flying lessons. In contrast to Mr. Martin and his odd brood (Grandma is saving up her egg money to get a permanent wave), we have Joe De Lucchi and *his* family, who, by relentless toil and a certain amount of sharp practice, have come to own practically all the land in the neighborhood and are making a damn good thing out of it, too.

Things are going from bad to worse with the Martins when Carlotta Thatcher, a fuzzy but indomitable thinker and a widow, returns from Occupied France. Although her previous farming experience has apparently been limited to the Left Bank, this lady resolutely goes to work on the situation and, assisted by a remarkable series of coincidences, succeeds at length in straightening it out. The aviatrix, though another man is responsible for her condition, marries one of the De Lucchi boys, thus dissolving the old family feud; the land passes into a sort of coöperative ownership; Martin and Mrs. Thatcher revive their ancient romance and plan to spend the twilight of their lives together, rotating their crops and, I suspect, reading back numbers of the *Country Gentleman*. I have only the deepest respect for Miss Treadwell and the highest admiration for her motives, but I can't help feeling that the soil is not exactly her theme.

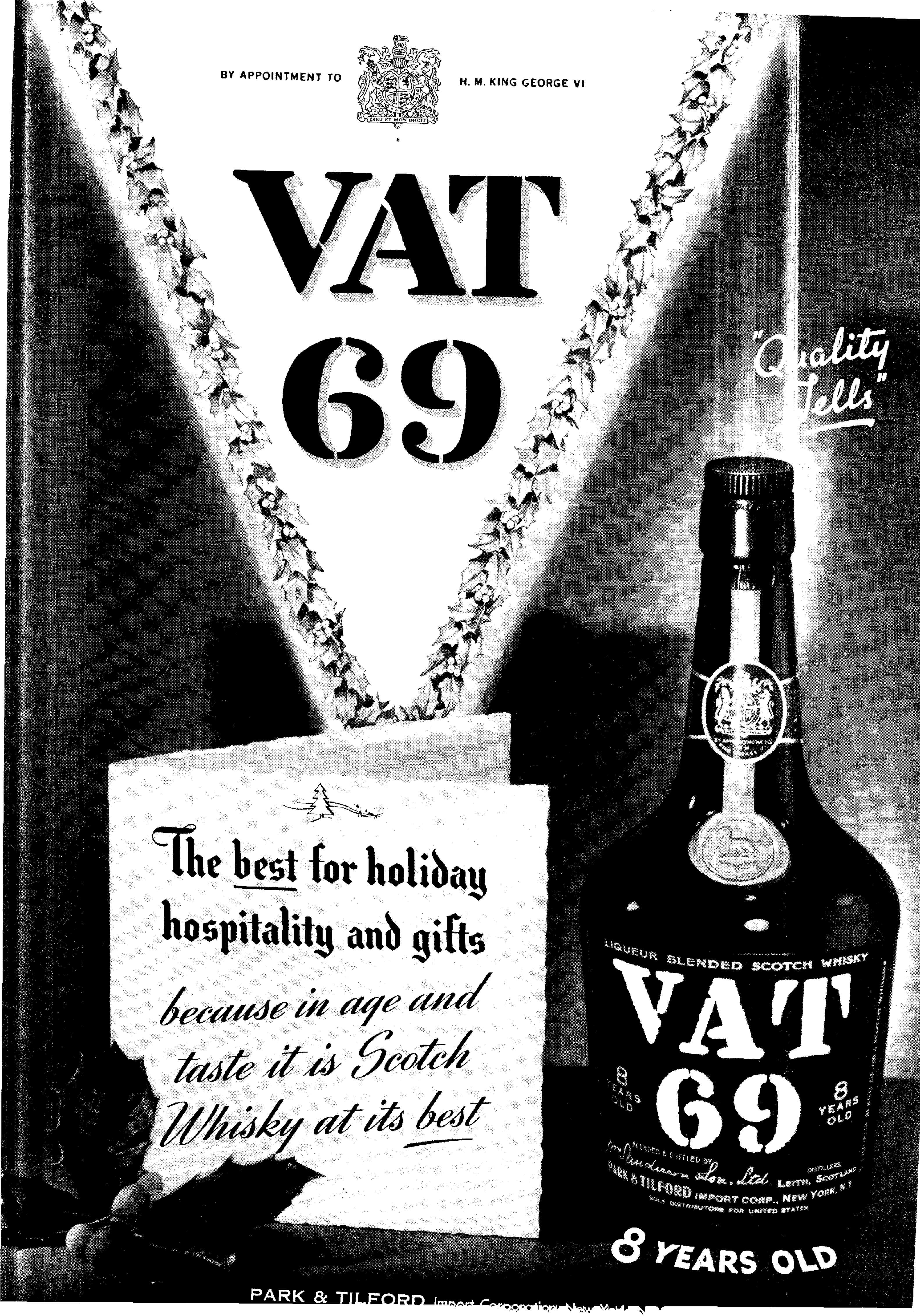
Moving-picture actors on the stage are generally something of a disappointment to me, perhaps because I subconsciously expect them to be a little larger than anybody else and constructed somehow out of rather more expensive materials, but I am obliged to make an exception in the case of Fredric March, who has managed to dig an authentic, three-dimensional character out of an extremely unpromising script. The others, including Florence Eldridge, Judy Parrish, and Alan Reed, are also considerably better than their material, while Doro Merande, in a sort of interpolated vaudeville act, actually made me laugh for a moment or two somewhere in the third act.

ON the night when I should have been down in a theatre on West Twelfth Street, observing the opening of a drama in seventeen scenes, I went to the Zale-Abrams fight at Madison Square Garden. There was no excuse for this, except that it seemed apt to be better entertainment. There is no excuse whatever for reporting on prizefighting here, except that I find it continuously interesting, something not always true of the theatre of Shakespeare and Bernhardt. I like fights and I like the mysterious people who go to them. Across the aisle a man sat reading *PM*. Now and then he looked up at the ring, but most of the time he just



"LET'S FACE IT!"

Well, the man with the long nose is Danny Kaye and he's supposed to be in love with Mary Jane Walsh, the girl in the short pants, but it seems that Eve Arden—all right, the hell with it. Anyway, they're all in the musical comedy at the Imperial.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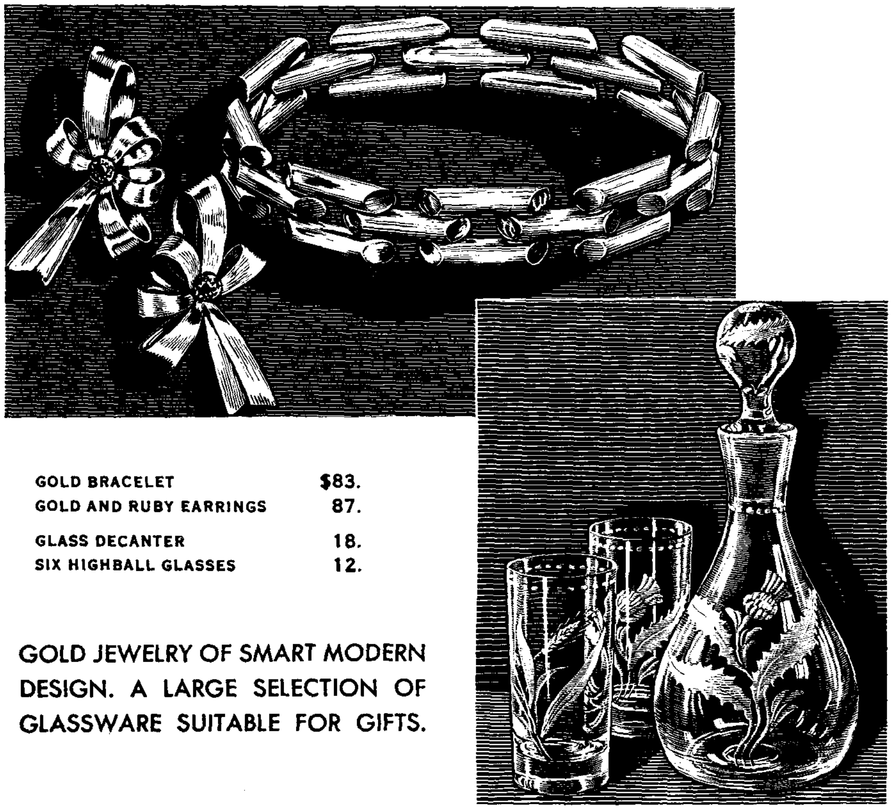

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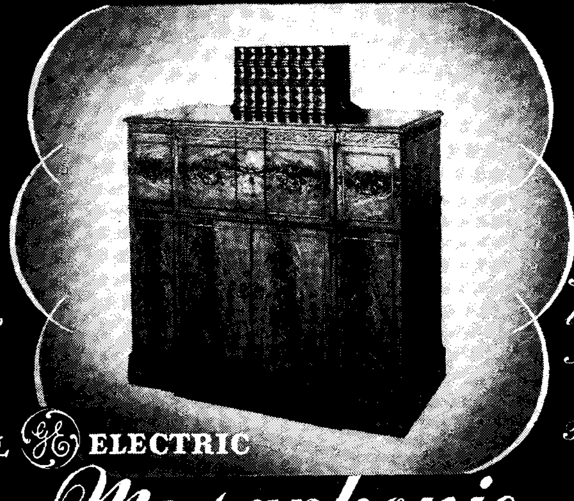

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read. There were no holes punched in the ticket stub he wore in his hat, so it was reasonable to suppose he had paid five dollars and seventy-five cents to sit there and not watch. A little further forward, probably in the seven-fifty section, Mrs. Jules Brulatour, the most indefatigable first-nighter in history, discussed the conflict with her husband, employing the French tongue. If I'm not mistaken, she was wearing her mink. Dr. John F. Condon, who disposed of fifty thousand dollars one night in a graveyard, stood in a runway and watched dimly. My neighbor, clearly an expert, tried to explain certain technical matters to his girl, but she was occupied with her own thoughts.

"It seems sort of queer, him being a Jewish sailor," she said, referring to Abrams, "but of course I suppose a lot of them are."

It was a good fight. Zale, a Polish miner, was knocked down in the first round and took a count of nine, but after that he was pretty much in control. He hit up from a crouch and Abrams, usually a clever boxer, seemed puzzled and discouraged.

"Back to the Navy, bum!" the fiery critics in the gallery began to shout after six or seven rounds, but Abrams was obviously doing his best. When the loudspeaker announced that Zale was the new middleweight champion of the world, nobody objected, although a good many people had bet two to one the other way. Downstairs in the lobby, as I was on my way home, a friend of mine who works on a tabloid pointed out several well-known Broadway characters—pale, impassive desperadoes, any one of whom would be delighted to rub out your grandmother just for the hell of it. Altogether, it was quite an evening and a nice change from the Theatre Guild.

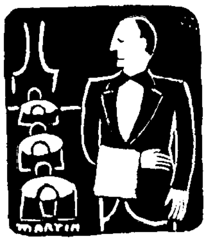
THE play on Twelfth Street was called "The Days of Our Youth" and it dealt with life in a Middle Western college, and when I finally did get down there, I found it much better than I had expected. The author, Frank Gabrielson, has whole volumes to learn about construction and a good deal about restraint, but he has a nice ear for undergraduate speech and considerable feeling for confused adolescence. I'm afraid that "The Days of Our Youth" is much too amateur in execution to warrant an excursion to the Studio Theatre, but Mr. Gabrielson is probably a man you ought to remember. When he gets his mind tidied up a little more, he ought to write some pretty good plays.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

TABLES FOR TWO

Travelogue

IT seems that Germany's gift to local night clubs, deviously speaking, is Madame Claude Alphand, who sings at Le Petit Palais on West Fifty-sixth Street, the new home from home for the French. Mme. Alphand is a Parisian, the wife of a former *inspecteur de finance* of the Bonnet government, who is now director of economic affairs for General de Gaulle in London. She differs from other entries in the feminine-vocalist field in that she uses her married name, that her French, being native, doesn't sound as though she'd learned it for the occasion, and that Virgil Thomson has spoken highly of her dark chest tones. Her recent début at Le Petit Palais was her first professional appearance, her singing before that having been purely for the entertainment of the Alphands' fashionable and political friends in the old country. Right now she has quite a following among that nostalgic set of expatriates and former foreign correspondents who have been sniffing hopefully about the city in search of authentic reminders of pre-Vichy days. Be her chest tones as they may, Mme. Alphand has one nifty voice and doesn't have to lean on the old personality to get by. Her repertory—or -oire—should suit anybody who goes for French songs at all, being a mixture of folk and popular, with a large helping of torch.



Other entertainment at the Palais is furnished by a Hungarian violinist, a two-piano team, and Oscar Karlweis, who has probably shaken off the title of the Maurice Chevalier of Central Europe by now. *In re* food, the chef is a specialist in provincial dishes. Wines to match are recommended by another specialist to any guests who are humble enough to take advice on the subject. The Palais is petit, at that, but not as cramped as a number of Fifty-second Street spots, and is not one of those *caves* which always seem to fill up with smoke as soon as the first customer strikes a match. The color scheme is red, white, and blue, to cheer natives and exiles alike.

A foreign place of a different brand is El Chico, which has, of course, been down there in the Village for quite a while now but which uptown wanderers may make the mistake of forgetting about. Even those who can take Latin shows or leave them alone—me, for instance—have been known to admire the offering at El Chico. One attraction is the Padilla Sisters, who sing Mexican songs in the same sort of close harmony as the Andrews girls or the Merry Macs. Then there's Antonio de Córdoba, a flamenco dancer with one of the most excitable pairs of heels in town. He dances with Victoria Barceló and alone, and in either case stamps around the floor with his feet going like drumsticks. Teresita Osta dances solo flamenco to the Toreador song, which never fails to knock the audience deader than a toro. The show ends with the cast picking partners from the tables and giving them a quick whirl. It's a funny thing that Latin night clubs never seem to be frequented by Latins, and this is just as true of El Chico as of the forty-five thousand other Mexican, Spanish, and South American places in town. Probably no more than a twenty-fifth of the clientele of any of them understands the language. I have a strong, unfounded hunch that the South Americans are all off somewhere listening to Glenn Miller and sitting out the rumbas.

There's a sort of confusion of tongues at the Maisonette, in the Hotel St. Regis. The name, as you see, implies French, but there are one or two samovars standing around and a man who sings Russian songs. The feature attraction, Miss Eve Ortega, uses French and some Spanish, with even a verse now and then in English. The orchestra is a "tzigane" orchestra (as in "Stand and drink a toast once tzigane"), which the dictionary says means "gypsy"—from Hungary, to boot.

SPIVY'S ROOF is American (North). The incidental piano music is mostly from Broadway shows—some of it going back, I'm glad to say, to early Kern and Gershwin—and the songs sung by Miss Betty Bryant are not even in dialect. Miss Bryant, who recently finished entertaining congressmen at the Mayflower in Washington, is nevertheless as pert and melodic as ever. She does "September Song" better than Walter Huston did in "Knickerbocker Holiday," to understate a little, and she works in such middle-aged pieces as "I'm in a Dancing Mood," thereby demonstrating a policy, I hope, of choosing songs not because they are either sentimentally old or right

O. SOGLOW
QUIZ

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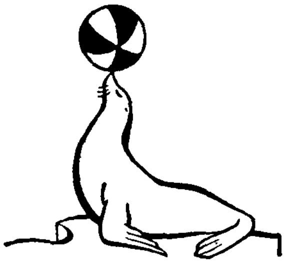

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If you really enjoy skipping around from whiskey to whiskey, then you'd better skip Carstairs White Seal. One sample and you settle down for keeps. Because what's the use of roaming once you've hit upon *The Perfectly Balanced Blend?* Created for "The Man Who Cares" by Carstairs — a name of character since 1788.

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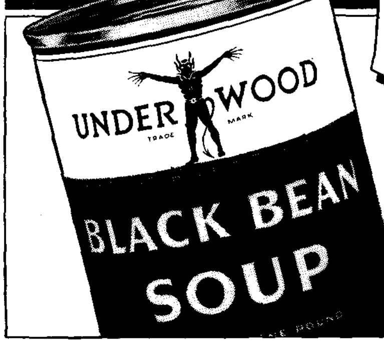

This savory soup is a sheer delight in more ways than one. Matchless as a First Course, its dark, rich goodness is equally popular at lunch-time . . . or *any*time when you want a quick, easy, satisfying meal. Serve it with a slice of egg, one of lemon, a spot of sherry. Wm. Underwood Co., Watertown, Mass.

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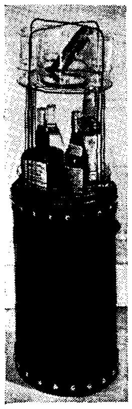

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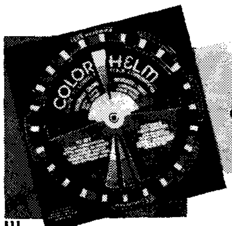

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up to the minute but because they have pretty tunes.

A confused guest at Spivy's, when I was last there, asked the room at large, "Where is this Spiffy, and when is he going to sing?" What this proves, if anything, is that word of La Spivy's vocalizing has spread farther than the knowledge of her gender or the spelling of her name. She started to build her present following when she was working at Tony's, and a lot of it has followed her to the Roof. If you haven't heard her stuff at either place, you should be told that it is written just for her and that its distinction lies in the lyrics and in the shouting delivery of them by Spivy, who accompanies herself boisterously on the piano. Until a new shipment comes in, she's getting along with the ones about the wife of an acrobat, the lady who brought culture to Buffalo in the nineties, the bearded lady and the surrealist, and a few others, all, as she says, very sad. If she leaves any of these out during an evening's performance, her fans yell until they get them, and some seem to want her to start over again when she's done them all. There are even tentative stabs, now and then, at audience participation, although everyone is asked, before each number, to be reverently quiet. Incidentally, on these cold nights, Spivy, being rugged, continues to make her entrance from the balcony outside. —D. E. L.

•

MONMOUTH—Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Covell announce the engagement of their daughter, Muriel T., to Ralph Wilson of Bangor.

Miss Covell is employed by the Department of Health and Welfare at Augusta. Mr. Wilson is now on maneuvers with the 103rd Infantry at Louisiana.

Susceptibility to tickling is partially under the control of the will. Considerable resistance can be developed.—*Lewiston* (*Me.*) *Daily Sun.*

Especially when somebody is way down in Louisiana.

•

WE BEG HIS PARDON

The Sentinel on Wednesday published an item to the effect that Chester L. Delp had been awarded a degree as Bachelor of Science in Architecture at the University of Michigan at the completion of the summer session, and the heading of the story was very misleading, as it stated C. L. Delp Gets Divorce. It should have read C. L. Delp Gets Degree. We very much regret the error, and ask Mr. Delp's pardon.—*Morrison* (*Ill.*) *Sentinel.*

You sure this fellow's name is Delp, D-e-l-p?

Prince Matchabelli

Prince Matchabelli

FOR A LOVELY LADY AT CHRISTMAS, A ROYAL GIFT FROM YOU

1. CHRISTMAS STAR . . . Three one-dram Crowns of Perfume, Duchess of York, Ave Maria, Katherine the Great, in star-shaped box. $4.00.

2. COLOGNE . . . Duchess of York, Ave Maria, Katherine the Great, and other beloved fragrances. $1.00, 1.50, 2.50.

3. SNOWBALL . . . One-dram Crown of Perfume, favorite fragrances, in snow-flecked ball. $1.50.

4. [illegible] . . . Smart four-ounce flacon exquisite cologne, peppermint striped box. $1.00

5. COMPACT AND LIPSTICK SET . . . Black or White enamel gold-crown-embossed Compact [illegible] matching Automatic Lipstick. $3.75

6. PERFUME . . . Duchess of York, Ave Maria, Katherine the Great, and other [illegible] fragrances. $3.50 to 35.00

7. CHRISTMAS SET . . . Duchess of York Perfume and Cologne, Abano Bath Oil, gold [illegible] Compact, matching Automatic [illegible] $[illegible]

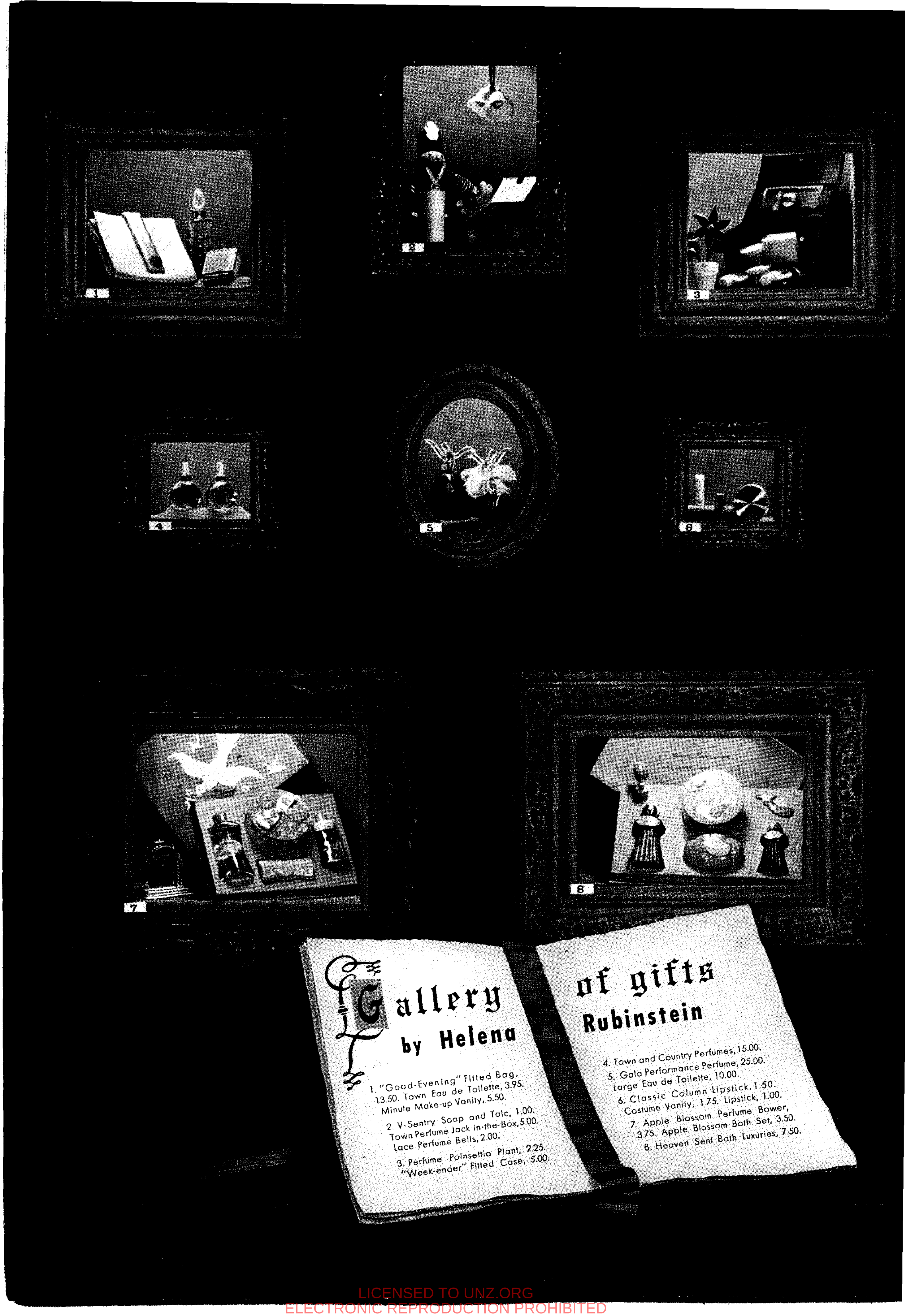
8. [illegible]

9. [illegible] . . . One-dram Crown [illegible] favorite fragrances. $[illegible]

10. [illegible]

[illegible]

PRINCE MATCHABELLI · [illegible] FIFTH AVENUE [illegible]



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2. V-Sentry Soap and Talc, 1.00. Town Perfume Jack-in-the-Box, 5.00. Lace Perfume Bells, 2.00.

3. Perfume Poinsettia Plant, 2.25. "Week-ender" Fitted Case, 5.00.

4. Town and Country Perfumes, 15.00.

5. Gala Performance Perfume, 25.00. Large Eau de Toilette, 10.00.

6. Classic Column Lipstick, 1.50. Costume Vanity, 1.75. Lipstick, 1.00.

7. Apple Blossom Perfume Bower, 3.75. Apple Blossom Bath Set, 3.50.

8. Heaven Sent Bath Luxuries, 7.50.

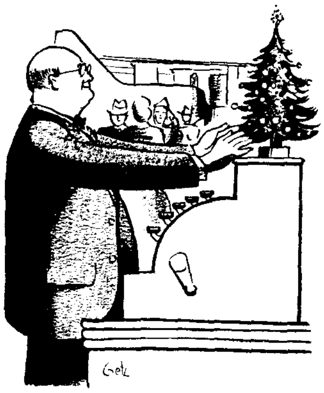
THE MAN FROM MANHATTAN

"PET, Millie? What sort of a pet?" Mrs. Barton was, at best, rather vague on the telephone, and Millie Dunne's call had interrupted her in the midst of that shivery moment when a prospective hostess stands alone in a room with ice and alcohol and carefully plumped-up cushions, hoping that things will go well. "Did you say it was a new pet, dear?" she asked Millie.

"Enderby Pett, Enderby Pett, Enderby *Pett!*" Millie could have been accused of screaming. "I said I was bringing Enderby Pett over for dinner, if you didn't *mind!* Surely you're *not* going to tell me you've never heard of Enderby Pett."

"Oh, of course." Even Mrs. Barton's quiet country existence was not out of reach of Enderby Pett's famous syndicated column, in which he discussed the international situation with the offhand impatience of a man summoned from his bathtub by the telephone, and paraded his remarkably sparse enthusiasms, which included two barrooms, a play that ran two weeks in 1928, and a prizefighter who had mysteriously won Mr. Pett's unpredictable affections by losing all his fights. "Oh, yes, Enderby Pett," Mrs. Barton said. "But, Millie, the Coopers and the Emory Fowlers and the Mortimer Chases are dining here, and I'm really afraid—"

Millie Dunne gasped, or sobbed, in quite a frightening way. "Rosalie Barton, haven't I done *dozens* of favors for you? Didn't I give you first choice out of Lady's last litter? I'm bringing Enderby Pett, and that's all there is to it. You can very well lay two extra places at that enormous table. My goodness, it's *Monday*."



Mrs. Barton decided to ignore the baffling reference to the day of the week and concentrate on revising her plans for her dinner party. "Are you bringing Jim, too?" she asked.

"*Jim!* Jim will be lucky if I ever go anywhere with him again. I told him to stay in the city tonight and consider himself well out of it. *Jim!*"

Mrs. Barton sighed. "Well, it will be very nice to have you and Mr.—Mr. Pett," she said, politely. "We'll be dressed, you know, dear."

A sound like a snarl came from the telephone. "And *we'll* be wearing the same shirt we had on Friday night, when we came out from the city," Millie said. She hung up abruptly, just as Mrs. Barton was murmuring, "Seven, then?" After several moments of serious thought, Mrs. Barton concluded that Millie must be undertaking some sort of very severe diet. "So foolish," she said aloud, in the chiding manner of an old and privileged friend.

MR. PETT turned out to be a youngish man, indeterminate except for a complexion like a weathered brick wall. Mrs. Barton looked, with fearsome interest, at his shirt, but it seemed no more rumpled or less fresh than the rest of Enderby Pett. It was, as a matter of fact, rather hard to focus on Enderby Pett; he seemed to melt into the background of Mrs. Barton's chintzy living room. When he was introduced to Mrs. Barton, he gave a desperate, far-off cough, like an anemic seal, and stared past her at the tray of cocktails.

Mrs. Barton tried to introduce Enderby Pett to Mr. Chase, and then to Lydia Cooper, but neither introduction seemed to take; Enderby Pett merely coughed, dissolved in some secret misery of his own. Mrs. Barton found herself chatting with him, tête-à-tête, as he drank his first three cocktails. It was, at that, a short conversation.

"Are you staying out here, Mr. Pett?"

"I guess so," Mr. Pett murmured, hollowly. "It certainly seems so."

Mrs. Barton had the feeling of picking her way among bits of broken glass. What*ever* was Millie Dunne up to with this young man? "I suppose you must find Long Island rather quiet, after—after—" She had intended to turn this into a graceful compliment to Enderby Pett's literary reputation, but, in mid-sentence, this suddenly seemed too big a chore to go on with. "After the city," she said.

"Huh!" Enderby Pett said, or perhaps he just coughed.

It occurred to Mrs. Barton to wonder whether Mr. Pett was not finding the cocktails a little too strong, but she could not be sure that they were affecting him. Poor Charlie, her late husband, had displayed no such symptoms when he returned from fraternity banquets; he had merely wanted to sing. "Millie's such a dear, isn't she?" she said, starting all over.

"I guess she's all right," Mr. Pett said, suddenly articulate. "But that house—don't you hate those awful little suburban houses with hedges and little round flower beds?"

"Why, yes," Mrs. Barton said, a trifle coldly. Her own house had a hedge and little round flower beds, and she considered "suburban" a wholly gratuitous insult to the middle reaches of Long Island. But Enderby Pett was her guest.

"And a cast-iron deer." Mr. Pett coughed with inexpressible irony.

"Yes," Mrs. Barton said again. She and Millie had bought their cast-iron lawn deer at the same time. She had a fleeting moment of thankfulness; Enderby Pett couldn't possibly know that she and Millie had pet names for the deer.

ENDERBY PETT did nothing so positive as turning his back on his hostess; it was simply that, presently, she was aware that he was on the other side of the room, mixing a shakerful of Martinis. Millie Dunne, who must have been waiting for the opportunity, pulled her into a corner. "You *see*," she hissed. "Since Saturday morning it's been like this. I'm a *madwoman*, Rosalie! We've *got* to get him back into New York!"

Mrs. Barton, miserably aware that she was neglecting the Coopers and the Emory Fowlers and the Mortimer Chases, was also aware that Millie was in a bad way.

"But, dear," Mrs. Barton said, "how did he ever—"

"Never *mind!* We may not have much chance to *talk!* Could I borrow your car? Could Cassidy drive him in?"

"Why, of course, if you—" But Millie had gone and Enderby Pett again stood before her with a full cocktail glass. It was, she thought, like "Alice in Wonderland." *Had* Millie, before she darted away, breathed, "No ping-pong"? No ping-pong. It flitted through Mrs. Barton's head that, at her time of life, women were likely to have hallucinations.

Enderby Pett was now feeling somewhat more expansive. "These are good Martinis," he said, distinctly and without coughing. Mrs. Barton smiled. No ping-pong. She put ping-pong firmly out of her mind, and said, "I'm so glad."

"But I'm drunk as a bunny," Enderby Pett said, it seemed proudly. "I've been drunk since Friday night—

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and damn hard work it's been in your friend's little house, I can tell you. You practically have to seduce the cook to get a drink before seven o'clock in the evening. But I did it. And I won eleven straight games of ping-pong from that awful little husband of hers last night, drunk or not."

"Ping-pong!" Mrs. Barton jumped nervously.

"Why, yes," Enderby Pett said, calmly. "Didn't she tell you? I met this monkey in Tony's—I *guess* it was Tony's—and he began yammering about how we should play ping-pong. Never saw him before in my life. But you know how it is. So he took me out to the country in his awful little car with his awful little chauffeur, and we played ping-pong, I guess till six or seven in the morning. Geez, you'd think he could have found a table somewhere on Manhattan Island. But no. So here I am."

"Well—"

"The question is," Enderby Pett cut in, "how am I going to get back?"

Mrs. Barton thought, in a hurt way, that he and Millie needn't have *plotted* so hard just to borrow her car. She was always glad to do favors for her friends. "Why, I'd be glad to have you driven in, any time you like, Mr. Pett," she said.

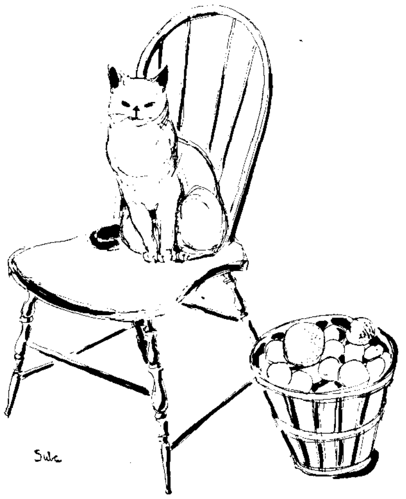
Mr. Pett coughed. He looked like a martyr being dragged to the stake. "No," he said.

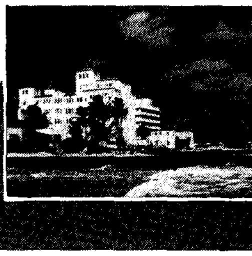
"But I'd really be *delighted*—"

"I don't go over bridges," Mr. Pett said. Mrs. Barton looked at him in dumb astonishment. "I don't go over bridges," he repeated. "Makes me nervous. Doctor says no reason forcing myself over bridges. So I don't go over bridges."

Mrs. Barton's brain clicked into high gear. "In that case, Cassidy can go around by—"

Enderby Pett interrupted her with an upraised forefinger. "Don't go under





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tunnels, either," he said. "Doctor says no reason to force myself under tunnels, either."

Finally, Mrs. Barton's social poise forsook her. She simply wanted information. "Then how," she began, "how did you—"

"Stinking drunk," her guest said. "Blind." He looked at her in a pleased way, like a man who has just expounded a difficult conundrum. "So how am I going to get back?"

A maid appeared in the doorway, noiselessly articulating the words "Dinner is served." Mrs. Barton again remembered the Coopers and the Emory Fowlers and the Mortimer Chases, but she was past caring what they thought about her. The scene moved faster and faster. Millie Dunne appeared at her elbow, and gabbled, "You see, Rosalie? We've got to do something."

Mr. Pett, who had flitted across the room to pour himself a seventh Martini, pointed at Millie Dunne. "Your husband can't play ping-pong, and I bet you can't, either. We'll play after dinner. No hands, I can beat you."

"What do you mean, 'we,' Millie?" Mrs. Barton cried, impulsively. But Millie, smiling an utterly false smile, had gone into the dining room with Enderby Pett. "Damn!" Mrs. Barton muttered. It was, for her, a very strong word.

—Russell Maloney

•

... and Mrs. Alice LeGrande, 31, was injured seriously by a man using a hammer less than a mile away.—*Manchester (N.H.) Union.*

It's getting so you can't tell where the next blow's coming from.

•

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—*Wilmington (N.C.) Morning Star.*

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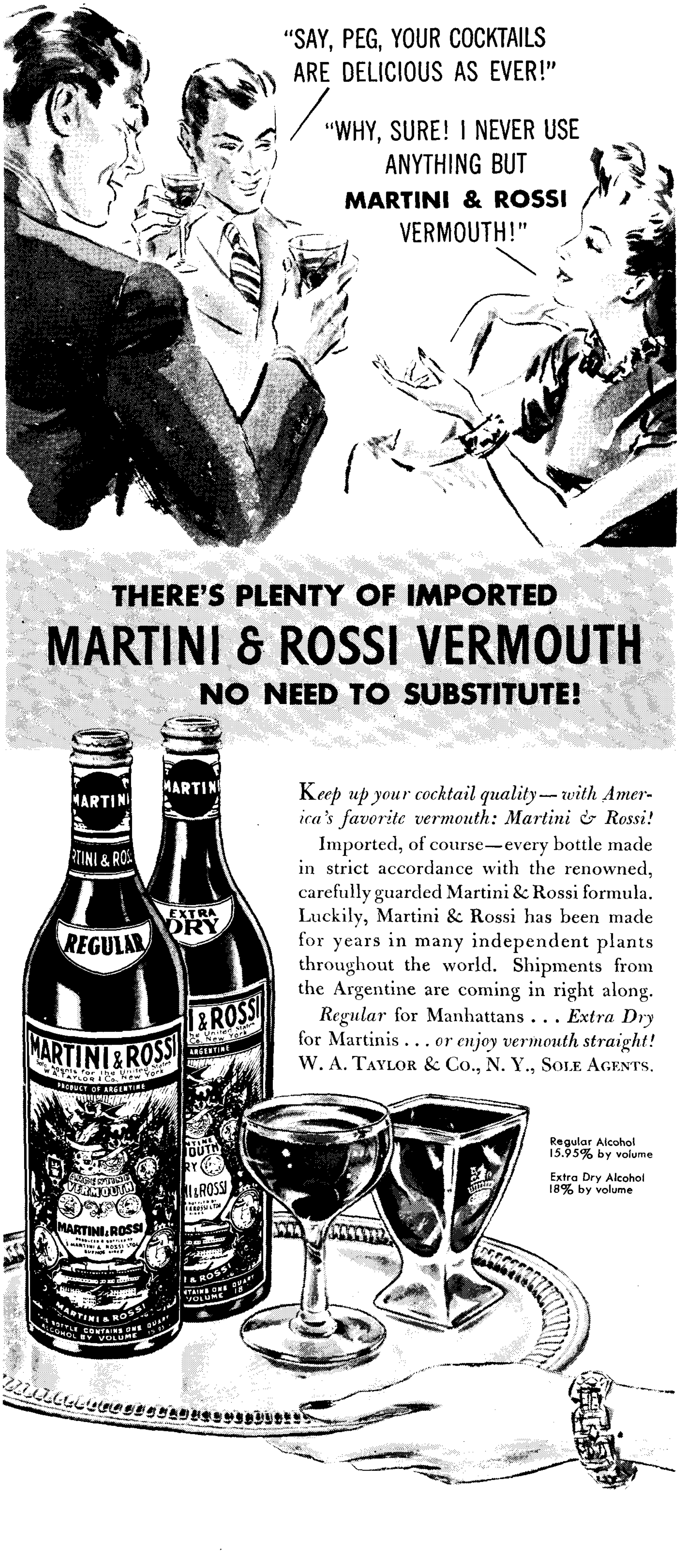
•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Abilene (Texas) Reporter-News*]

The Rev. Willis P. Gerhart, rector of Heavenly Rest Episcopal Church, will continue his review of George B. Gilbert's book, Forty Years a Country Preacher, at 7:30 Sunday evening at the church. He began the review last Sunday. At request, he will finish it Sunday night.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ANNALS OF CRIME

THE CORPSE OF A. T. STEWART

ALEXANDER T. STEWART was buried on April 13, 1876, in the family plot in the churchyard of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, three blocks from his Great Iron Store. Though a London newspaper spoke of the funeral as a "gaudy show," New York's press considered it a meet tribute to a public-spirited citizen and a heavy advertiser. All the local papers called him "the merchant prince." For a day and a half he had lain in state at his residence at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, which the newspapers, as usual, referred to as "the marble mansion." The name of Stewart stood for the latest and best. Suitably, therefore, the *Herald* was able to tell its readers that "instead of in the ordinary ice coffin, the body lies in one of the new fashioned preservers. . . . Without coming in contact with any part of the body the ice is so arranged as to create and sustain a uniformly cold temperature, which is so free of moisture that the garments of the dead are perfectly dry."

The day they buried Mr. Stewart it was hard to buy a flower in New York, ex-Judge Henry Hilton having spoken for so many. Hilton was in charge of the funeral and had sent a card of invitation to President Grant. The President telegraphed his regrets, but fifteen thousand others presented themselves at St. Mark's Church, which seats eight hundred. A Cabinet officer, the Governors of New York and of Massachusetts, and two ex-Governors of New York were pallbearers.

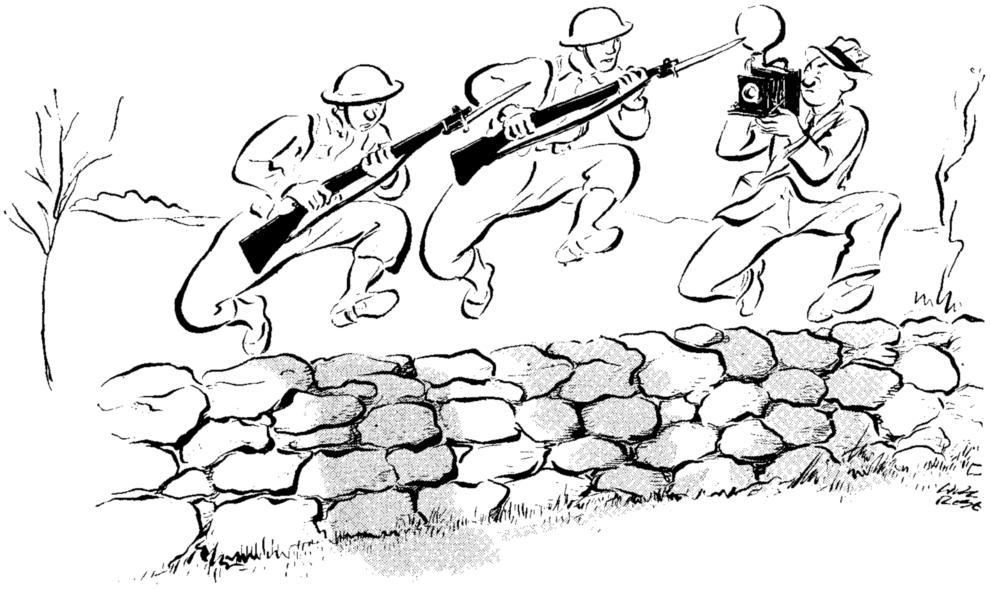
This enterprise on Hilton's part was understandable, for of late years no other person had spoken with his authority in the fabulous business affairs of A. T. Stewart. Hilton was Mr. Stewart's lawyer. He had grown up and grown rich in the shadow of the merchant, serving him all his own professional life except for a term on the bench. He had married a cousin of Mrs. Stewart and had become the quaint old merchant's closest friend—perhaps his only close friend. Hilton's had been an intimate view of the expansion of the Stewart fortune. During the Civil War he had seen that wonder of the age, the Great Iron Store, rise on the block enclosed by Ninth and Tenth Streets, Broadway and Fourth Avenue. The forebodings that in summer the metal walls would make the place an oven had not been realized, nor had the more exhilarating expectation that McClellan would take Richmond. Two floors below and five above the ground stood the cool Iron Store, incontestably the largest and finest retail merchandising emporium on earth. Judge Hilton had seen a vast wholesale business built up, with purchasing agencies in every part of the world; mills and factories acquired; rivals driven to the wall; and the surplus millions of the proprietor poured into real estate until A. T. Stewart was New York's richest landlord after John Jacob Astor.

THERE was no second generation to inherit these riches, the Stewarts' two children having died in infancy. The close-mouthed little old man who had come to America an orphaned Irish boy had never mentioned a kinsman of his own. None was mentioned in his will. He left a million dollars to Judge Hilton, and other bequests, none of them more and most of them less than twenty thousand dollars, went to other old associates and employees and to a few of his wife's relatives. The remainder of the thirty-odd-million-dollar estate was bequeathed to the seventy-three-year-old widow, with Hilton in control as managing executor.

Hilton did not wait to receive his million-dollar legacy. Three days after the funeral he transferred his right to it to Mrs. Stewart in return for the Great Iron Store, its stocks of goods, its wholesale branches, factories, mills, and good will—seemingly the biggest New York bargain since the Dutch had bought Manhattan from the Indians.

Presently, though, the bargain began to appear not so great as it had looked. Old Mr. Stewart had made the creation and administration of his mercantile empire seem a simple undertaking. He scorned setting down memoranda because he carried an incredible sum of details in his head, and he could find time while walking through the store to instruct a bundle boy in the art of wrapping a parcel neatly and without wasting string. Hilton, who had served no apprenticeship at wrapping parcels, soon found himself at a disadvantage in the larger problems of a merchant's calling. Difficulties of management began to afflict his bargain-bought possessions. Moreover, a cloud of alleged Stewart kin, here and abroad, popped up to contest the will. They imputed improper influence to Hilton. The attorney for one group of them was Elihu Root. The mantle of the world's greatest merchant seemed to set askew on the distinguished-looking ex-Judge, whom the common speech began to demean as "that lawyer who got all old Stewart's money." A spiritualist relayed to Mrs. Stewart a supposed message from her late husband: "I see the fatal mistake I made on earth; I placed my confidence in persons unworthy of it and I caution you to beware."

These things wore on the *amour-propre* of the new master of the house of Stewart. One of his most disastrous bungles was a decision to withdraw the firm's business from Joseph Seligman's banking house and other Jewish concerns. A year after the founder's death, Hilton quarrelled with Seligman over this policy and as a result managed to have Jews excluded from the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, owned by the Stewart estate. In consequence, Jews began to withdraw their patronage from the store and its wholesale organization. This soon had serious effects. A. T.



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Master Gift Set, 5-oz. pinch-bottle each, After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, Scalp Stimulant; maroon plaskon Bowl of Shaving Soap; matching container, After-Shave Powder; Men's Soap **$5.00**

"High Hat" Decanter, 16-oz., Eau de Cologne or After-Shave Lotion **$4.00**

Gift Shaving Set, maroon plaskon Bowl of Shaving Soap; matching container of After Shave Powder **$1.75**

Men's Toilet Soap, 3 cakes . . . . **75¢**

MIDDLE ROW—*left to right:*

After-Shave Powder, maroon plaskon container . . . . **75¢**

Shaving Soap, matching bowl **$1.00**

Gift Set, 5-oz. pinch-bottle After-Shave Lotion; maroon plaskon container, After-Shave Powder; Men's Soap **$2.00**

Gift Set, maroon plaskon Bowl of Shaving Soap; 5-oz. After-Shave Lotion **$2.00**

"The Three Musketeers," new Military presentation, closed; pinch-bottle each, After-Shave Lotion, After-Shave Powder, and "Tanbark" Cologne **$1.95**

Men's Hair Dressing, 5-oz. **$1.00**

Shaving Cream, lather or brushless . . . **50¢**

LOWER ROW—*left to right:*

"Zipit" Travel Case, Tan Cowhide (Illus.); or Olive Green Genuine Leather with Military Insignia; fitted with After-Shave Lotion; Brushless Shaving Cream; maroon plaskon container, After-Shave Powder; military brush; scissors; nail file; comb; containers for toothbrush and razor . . **$7.50**

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"The Three Musketeers," Hunt presentation; pinch-bottle each, After-Shave Lotion and After-Shave Powder, with Eau de Cologne or Scalp Stimulant; or After-Shave Lotion, with Eau de Cologne and Quinine Hair Lotion **$1.95**

Gift Set, Lather Shaving Cream and 5-oz. pinch-bottle, After-Shave Lotion **$1.50**

Stewart had always bought for cash, and the fact that the store's cash balance was steadily diminishing was becoming a problem when a new tribulation fell on the head of the man of property.

THE Hilton town house was on Thirty-fourth Street, next to Mrs. Stewart's. At nine o'clock on the morning of November 7, 1878, George W. Hamill, sexton of St. Mark's Church, rang the Hilton doorbell. When he was let in he was so beside himself with excitement he could hardly speak. Brought before Judge Hilton, he gasped, "The vault's been robbed, sir. Mr. Stewart's body has been taken away. I'm sorry."

Hilton received the astonishing news in silence.

"All gone," stammered the sexton. "No traces left that I can see."

"You say you are *sorry?*" the lawyer-merchant said, pouncing on the single word in his most menacing cross-examining tone.

"Why, yes, sir. Very sorry, of course."

"*Sorry*, eh? That's singular."

The past hour had been a hard one for the aging sexton. Judge Hilton's reception of the startling intelligence had not helped any. "Singular?" Mr. Hamill repeated, as if bewildered. "Will you come and look for yourself, sir?"

"I'll go down to Police Headquarters," said Judge Hilton.

On the way, however, he stopped at the churchyard. What the sexton had said was true. The vault was open and the body gone.

As Superintendent of Police Walling was out of town, Hilton talked to Inspector Dilks. The Judge was sure Hamill or his assistant, one Francis Parker, was involved. Only they and himself, the Judge said, knew where the Stewart vault was. When Dilks suggested that the marker above ground would indicate the location to anyone, Hilton replied that the marker had been moved ten feet from the vault after an attempt had been made to steal the body a month before. This was news to Inspector Dilks, who asked for more details. Hilton said that on October 8th, Hamill had reported the slab closing off the entrance to the Stewart vault had been clumsily lifted and replaced. Hilton had bought a new lock for the graveyard gate and sunk the slab three feet below ground beneath a covering of sod, relocating the marker so as to confuse the ghouls should they return. Furthermore, he had engaged Michael Burton, night watchman at a livery stable across the street, to keep an eye on the churchyard. Nothing happened and so, on November 3rd, the services of Burton had been dispensed with. Three nights later the grave was robbed.

Visiting the scene, Inspector Dilks was obliged to admit as a primary mystery the fact that the grave had been opened without anyone's having seen the vandals. St. Mark's burying ground was a small place, hemmed in by Eleventh Street, Second Avenue, Stuyvesant Street, Tenth Street, and the church. These streets were on the beats of two policemen, who had passed the little cemetery a dozen times during the night. The churchyard stood from three to five feet above the level of the surrounding sidewalks and was enclosed by a formidable iron fence. (A week before, a boy, climbing that fence to retrieve a baseball, had fallen on one of the pickets, suffering an injury from which he had died.) The Stewart vault, on the Second Avenue side, was not over twenty-five feet from the sidewalk and about on a level with the eye of a passer-by. The street lamps had burned all night. From midnight until dawn a thin, sleety rain had made it disagreeable out of doors without greatly impairing visibility.

On the brink of the opening by which the robbers had reached the vault lay a rope and the broken lock of the churchyard gate. In the vault were a short-handled shovel and a dark-lantern. Apparently the ghouls had lain prone on the turf and worked a hole to the sunken slab covering the subterranean vault. On the shelves of the vault were coffins containing the bodies of the two Stewart children and two relatives of Mrs. Stewart. Only the merchant's coffins had been touched. Mr. Stewart had been buried in two coffins, one inside the other and enclosed in a heavy cedar box. The lid of the box had been unscrewed. The first coffin, a lead one, had been cut open with a knife. Clasps and hinges of the inside coffin, containing the body, had been forced. The silver name plate on the inside coffin had been removed and taken away; one of the gold-plated handles had been unscrewed, but only the screws and the ornamental silver screw caps fitted over them were taken; a triangular piece of velvet had been cut from the casket's covering.

Hamill explained that the rope was his, saying he and his assistant, Parker, had used it to descend into the vault on discovering that the grave had been entered. As to the shovel and lantern, the sexton said he had never seen them before that morning. A detective noticed a letter "B" made with a blue pencil on the Eleventh Street side of the ceme-

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tery fence and two small pieces of paper pasted to the fence on the Stuyvesant Street side. A line stretched by the detective from one marked paling to the other passed over the opening to the vault. Hamill denied knowledge of the fence markings. He and Parker offered alibis which Dr. Rylance, rector of St. Mark's, who had officiated at the Stewart funeral, helped substantiate, to Hilton's evident annoyance. The sextons were not arrested, nor was Burton, the watchman, whose alibi also stood up.

The odd fact that Mr. Stewart's body had not been embalmed enabled the police to trace the exit of the resurrectionists from the graveyard. It was evident, from stains on the ground, that the ghouls had borne their burden to a willow which stood near the church, and laid it down; they had put it down again right beside the church portico. Then, after they had traversed the rectory lawn, the body had been hoisted over the fence into Tenth Street, the quietest and least used of the thoroughfares bordering the church property.

JUDGE HILTON offered $25,000 for the recovery of the body with evidence to convict the ghouls, and next day a dozen suspicious persons were reported to the authorities. A young clerk in a downtown hardware store identified the shovel and the lantern as having been sold a month before to a well-dressed stranger, about 5 feet 10 inches tall, weight 150, with a smooth face, dark hair, dark eyes, and a twisted mouth. Charles M. Middleton, a manufacturer of embalming fluid, told of a call he had received on October 7th, which was the day before the first mysterious visit to the Stewart grave. "Will your preparation do what it says here?" the visitor had asked, unfolding a Boston newspaper. The paper reported a demonstration Mr. Middleton had made in Boston on a long-unembalmed corpse, mummifying it with injections of his fluid. When Mr. Middleton said the account was truthful, the caller offered to buy a quantity of the fluid. "Are you an embalmer?" Mr. Middleton asked. "No," the man replied. "Are you connected with a medical college?" The man said no, he wanted the preparation for a friend. Middleton said he could sell only to an embalmer or a doctor. He described his caller as 5 feet 10 inches tall, weight 150, with smooth face and dark hair and eyes. Middleton said that the man talked from one side of his mouth, but that this may have been put on.

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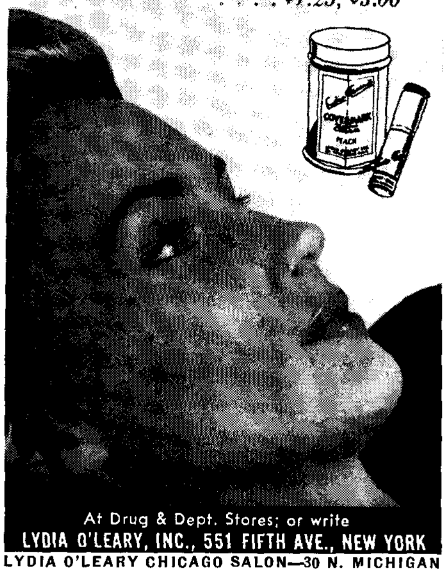

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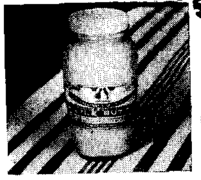

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This combination of delicious native Vermont products is truly "a gift for gourmets" and a bargain at the price!

- One 10 lb. maple cure cob smoked ham.
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PREPAID FOR JUST **$6.75** *East of the Mississippi*

York and in other states. Now and then someone had a hard time explaining what he was doing on the night of November 6th, but it always turned out that he was calling on someone else's wife or something like that. Not one of the suspects was identified by the hardware clerk or by Mr. Middleton. Suspicious-looking trunks and boxes were reported in New Jersey, on Long Island, upstate, in Pennsylvania, and in Washington, D.C. Some of them were seized. A trunk in Philadelphia contained the body of a man, but the man was not A. T. Stewart.

In about three weeks the story disappeared from the newspapers and a rumor began to seep around that the body had been secretly bought back from the ghouls. One day the *Sun* and the *Star* printed carefully vague accounts of the "recovery." The retrieved corpse, these said, had been placed in a vault in Greenwood Cemetery, to await the completion of the crypt of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, which was being built at Garden City with money donated by Mr. Stewart; Hilton had "paid heavily" for the body; secrecy was being observed to forestall other possible attempts at robbery. So the *Sun* and the *Star*.

Newspapers which had held off printing the same story at Hilton's request were vexed, as were the police, to whom the supposed recovery had not been officially reported. Reporters for the scooped papers sent a joint note to the inaccessible widow of the late merchant, and received this reply: "I can say nothing about the matter and refer you to Judge Hilton." Hilton brusquely disclaimed responsibility for what the *Sun* and the *Star* had printed. Yet if he were not responsible, others close to Mrs. Stewart were. The scooped journalists learned that the recovery story had emanated from a sister of Mrs. Stewart and from the widow's physician. Confronted with this, Hilton confidentially confirmed the recovery report and asked the papers please to say no more about it. But he made no communication one way or another to the police, with whom he had not got on any too well from the first. This did not improve their relations.

ACCORDINGLY, there was a bit of satisfaction at headquarters in the surprise Superintendent Walling received on January 28, 1879, from an old friend, Patrick H. Jones. Jones was a criminal lawyer and a former Postmaster of New York. He laid on the Superintendent's desk a small express parcel and a letter written in what seemed clearly to be a disguised hand. The parcel contained a screw and four screw caps, a small piece of black velvet, and a triangular-shaped brown paper. The letter, postmarked Montreal, contained a hundred-dollar bill offered as a retainer to "establish the relation of counsel and client" between Mr. Jones and the writer. Then it proceeded to identify the articles in the parcel. The screw, screw caps, and velvet were from the coffin of A. T. Stewart. The triangular paper was an exact pattern of the cloth cut from the casket covering. The writer said he had possession of the body, which he would return in case "the relatives of Mrs. Stewart will talk business." The letter concluded:

> If any additional proofs are required the plate [the silver name plate from the coffin] will be sent you upon inserting the following "Personal" in the New York *Herald:*
>
> "Canada—Sent P.—Counsel."
>
> Then you will hear from me again.
>
> Very respectfully
> HENRY G. ROMAINE

Jones turned the articles over to Walling and took a receipt for them. At the Superintendent's suggestion he inserted the personal. Walling established the authenticity of the screw and caps. The cloth matched that on the coffin. The paper pattern fitted the patch cut from the covering by the ghouls.

Presently Jones received from Romaine a second letter, dated Boston:

> I decided to express the plate from this city, and thus avoid the discovery and publicity which would certainly follow the examination of the package by the Customs officials of the Dominion. Having satisfied the representatives of Mrs. Stewart of its genuineness, you will await further instructions which will be forwarded after the insertion of the second personal:
>
> "Canada—Will do Business—Counsel."

The plate came, and Walling, hastening to Boston, learned that it had been brought to the express office by a woman muffled to the eyes.

With this information, his letters, and Walling's receipt, Jones called on Henry Hilton. The Judge flushed and grew confused.

"Suppose I told you the body is now on Long Island?" said Hilton.

"I would not believe you," said Jones, adding that he would venture that the remains would not be recovered unless someone listened to what Romaine had to say.

"I'll have nothing to do with it," Hilton said, finally.

But next day he changed his mind and asked Jones to insert the will-do-business personal. Punctually came a

"This year I'm just going to give everybody kittens"

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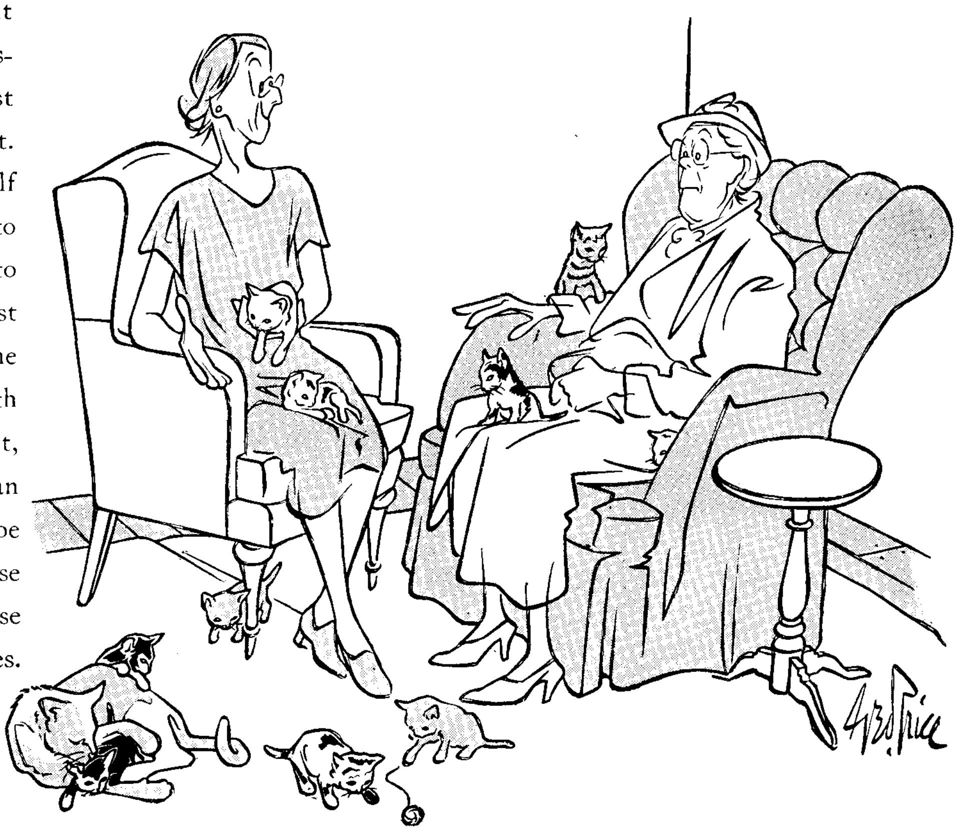

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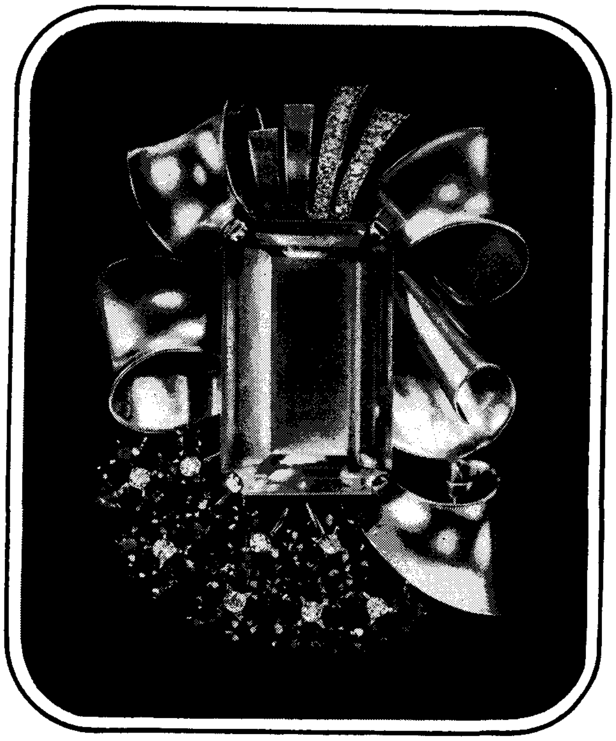

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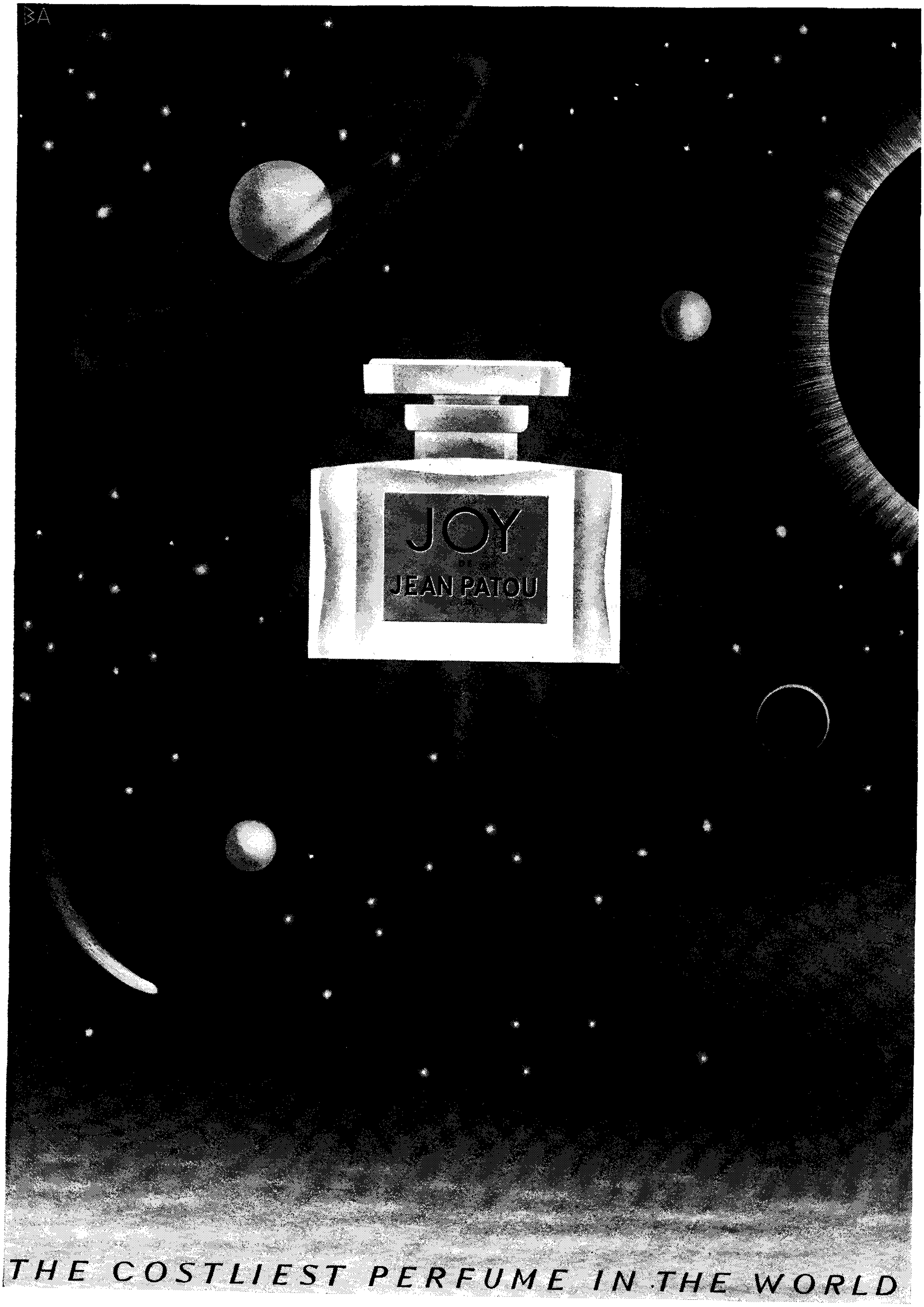
businesslike letter from Romaine. The body would be delivered to Jones and Hilton within twenty-five miles of Montreal in exchange for $200,000. The money should be paid to Jones in advance and held by him until Hilton had identified the remains. Jones was to communicate these terms to Hilton and inform Romaine of the decision through a *Herald* personal.

Hilton exploded when he saw the terms. What especially seemed to anger him was this cool impertinence from the letter-writing ghoul: "It is simply a question at issue between the man who possesses A. T. Stewart's body and the man who possesses A. T. Stewart's property." Judge Hilton had heard enough about the man who possessed A. T. Stewart's property without having it thrown in his face by a grave-robber. He declared that Romaine could not possibly have the body, leaving an opening for the inference that it had been recovered some time before, as the papers had said. Jones inserted this personal:

> CANADA—PARTIES REFUSE to consider the terms proposed and decline any negotiations through "Personals." COUNSEL

Jones and Superintendent Walling put their heads together. They learned that Mrs. Stewart truly believed the body had been found. How to ascertain the basis of this belief posed a problem. The simple and sorely tried old lady, immured in her marble mansion, was beyond the reach of Patrick H. Jones—and seemingly of Superintendent Walling. But Jones found another attorney who had access to Mrs. Stewart. This lawyer called at the Thirty-fourth Street palace with Jones's exhibits in his Gladstone bag. At first Mrs. Stewart refused to inspect them. "The body has been recovered," she said. Finally she did look at what the lawyer had brought and heard the story of Jones's interviews with Judge Hilton. She said she would see the Judge about it.

This brought matters back to where they had been in the first place, for Hilton's ascendancy over the widow was still complete. He convinced her that Jones's story was all a fraud; that the body had been, in fact, recovered. Mrs. Stewart breathed easier again, though she had some definitely black ideas of the character of Patrick H. Jones. Admitting the authenticity of the coffin fixtures Jones had turned over to the police, Hilton claimed Jones knew the identity of the robbers and that the sending of the plate from Boston was a stratagem of which he had guilty knowledge. To substantiate this theory, Hilton hired two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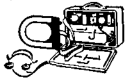

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private detectives to shadow Jones, a circumstance of which Jones was almost immediately informed by one of them, who happened to be an old friend of his.

Jones let Hilton stew in his own juice until it became clear that the double-crossing shadow men were going to produce no result. Then Jones sent a man to urge Horace Russell, Hilton's son-in-law, to try to get the Judge to deal realistically with the situation. Gradually Hilton cooled off. Privately he admitted the corpse had not been returned. The deception he excused as an artifice to soothe the mind of the widow. Now he hoped to get the body back without letting her know. Accepting the hypothesis that the body was hidden in Canada, he consented to negotiate with Romaine through Jones. A physician conveyed to Jones Hilton's offer of $25,000 for the restoration of the corpse. Hilton stood pat on that figure, which Jones communicated to Montreal by a personal in the New York *Herald*. The ghoul turned down the offer.

This happened in April, 1879, five months after the robbery of the grave. A little later a *Herald* reporter got wind of what was going on. Jones gave the reporter his confidence to a certain extent and the newspaperman kept his facts bottled up for two months. Then, on August 13th, when Jones had heard nothing from the man in Montreal for four months, the *Herald* sprang the story in a four-column account under the head "UNRECOVERED!" It was the local news beat of the year.

After Judge Hilton had performed the painful duty of confessing his deception to Mrs. Stewart, he relieved himself in a newspaper interview charging that Jones knew all about the robbers and was a party to attempted extortion. "The letters," he said, "never came from Montreal. They were written in this city. Why are the supposed originals and the copies [which Jones's emissary had shown to Mrs. Stewart] on the same kind of paper?"

A *Herald* man compared the copies with the originals in the police files. They were not on the same kind of paper. Jones wrote Hilton an open letter promising not to sue for defamation if the Judge would only "tell the truth." Hilton stopped making accusations and nothing new was added to the macabre story for three years.

In the summer of 1881 a small boy delivered a crude landscape painting, done in oil, to Fuller's Private Detective Agency, 841 Broadway. On a spot in the picture was written, in what seemed to be a feminine hand, "Cypress Hills. Stewart is buried here." The boy said he was playing in Union Square when a woman had given him some money to deliver the parcel. Fuller never found the woman, but he did find the scene represented in the painting—a lonely and undeveloped spot in Cypress Hills Cemetery, over in Brooklyn. He communicated with Hilton, then sojourning at Saratoga, and Hilton sent a representative to assist in digging operations. No body was found.

In 1882 a professional grave-robber who had tried to steal Abraham Lincoln's body persuaded the Chicago police to get him a furlough from prison on a promise to find Stewart's remains in return for a pardon. Hilton investigated clues supplied by this man, who, it turned out, knew nothing about the Stewart job.

The next news, for a change, concerned the Iron Store. By 1883, its annual turnover had dropped from $25,000,000 to $3,000,000. The firm was broke and went into voluntary liquidation.

In 1884 a recurrence of the rumor of the recovery of Mr. Stewart's body failed to get much newspaper notice. Inspector Byrnes said to the reporters, "I will not tell you what I know and it's useless to try to pump me." The reporters, who had pumped dry wells so often, seem not to have tried again. It is probable that this is where they overlooked a bet.

With nothing tangible to rest on, the story that the body had been recovered nevertheless obtained a certain amount of tacit acceptance. When Mrs. Stewart died in 1886, the *Tribune* spoke of her burial in the crypt of the Cathedral at Garden City, where her husband's remains "are supposed to rest."

Two years later, in 1888, Walling, who by that time had retired as Superintendent of Police, published his memoirs. He said that A. T. Stewart's body indeed reposed beside that of his wife in the Cathedral crypt beneath fourteen feet of cement. He gave an account of its recovery, without mentioning a date, which must have been between 1882 and 1884. Ignoring Hilton, Walling went on, Mrs. Stewart had reopened negotiations through Jones. The robbers consented to settle for $20,000. A young relative of Mrs. Stewart, whom Walling did not name, drove a one-horse wagon at night to a forsaken spot in Westchester. At three in the morning, a masked horseman appeared and gave an agreed-on signal. The relative followed the rider up a lane. They came upon a wagon blocking the way. Another masked man appeared. "Here it is," he said. "Where's the money?" "Where is the proof of identity?" asked Mrs. Stewart's messenger. The man produced a triangle of black velvet. Examined by dark-lantern, it proved to be the piece that had been cut from A. T. Stewart's coffin in 1878. A sack containing the body was lifted into the messenger's vehicle. "Come on, hurry up," said one of the masked men. Mrs. Stewart's kinsman produced the money. He waited while the robbers counted it by lantern light.

That is Walling's story. It lacks satisfactory corroboration or successful contradiction. There is no record of any comment by Jones or Hilton. No relative of Mrs. Stewart, or any other person, ever admitted the rôle of courier to Westchester. The archives of the Cathedral of the Incarnation have nothing to say on the subject, leaving without documentary confirmation the inscription one reads on a certain costly tomb in the crypt to the effect that Alexander T. Stewart is buried there. The name of Cornelia M. Stewart is also inscribed on the tomb, and the fact that her remains repose in the crypt is supported by the Cathedral records. But there is no such record of Mr. Stewart's interment there, and the only evidence corroborating Walling's statements that it occurred is the story Adam Pfleging used to tell. Adam Pfleging, a Civil War veteran with a Confederate bullet in one of his legs, was night watchman at the Cathedral during its construction. When the Cathedral was completed he became its first verger, a post he held until his death many years later. He said that one night during his tenure as watchman, two men, bearing proper credentials, entered the unfinished structure with a "package," which they proceeded to stow in one of the burial vaults. Later, when the crypt was done, the "package" was moved there. On her death, Mrs. Stewart was buried in the same spot, and presently the graceful tomb one sees today was erected. Adam Pfleging's assumption—which in later years he expressed in terms of positive conviction—was that the "package" contained the much-travelled corpse of A. T. Stewart. As a boy attending Sunday school at the Cathedral, Horace Staples, the present verger, heard this tale from Adam Pfleging. Mr. Staples today can point out to visitors the vault which his predecessor indicated as the one in which the body reposed pending the completion of the crypt.

The fact that no Cathedral record

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attests to the burial of Mr. Stewart's bones in the crypt is not conclusive evidence that they do not lie there. The supposed interment took place before the consecration of the building and before such records were begun. Proper Episcopal ceremonies were held over Mr. Stewart's remains when they were buried at St. Mark's. This made it unnecessary to hold services at the time of the Cathedral interment, if there was one, or to enter in the diocese records a note of such services, which would constitute credible proof of the final disposition of the body.

That on one hand. On the other, one of the best-advertised items of "proof" that the body rests in the crypt is wholly specious. This "proof" points to the chimes of the Cathedral, which, according to a story of indefinite origin which has been printed off and on since 1890, are in fact a burglar alarm to guard against a repetition of the theft of Mr. Stewart's body. As the story goes, electric wires surround the coffin in the crypt, any disturbance of which will set off the chimes and arouse the countryside. So thoroughly was this story believed thirty years ago that *had* the chimes gone off in the middle of the night the neighborhood probably would have sprung to arms. Actually, there is nothing to the tale at all, and never was.

JUDGE HILTON died in 1899, comfortably rich again as a result of a new fortune left to him by Mrs. Stewart. There had been a lawsuit over this bequest, but it had failed, as had those earlier suits to break Mr. Stewart's will. Henry Hilton would have died millions better off than he was except for his rather touching and persistent efforts to revive the glories of the Great Iron Store under the successive managements of old Stewart employees, of Hilton's sons, and, again, of Hilton himself. Reorganization had followed reorganization, Hilton shovelling in money all the time. Once he borrowed $1,250,000 from Hetty Green. In 1896 he gave up, selling the shrunken shell to John Wanamaker of Philadelphia. After twenty years of misadventure the store was in the hands of a merchant once more and A. T. Stewart could rest easy in his grave, wherever it was.

—MARQUIS JAMES

•

On one occasion the head of a department, one of Harvard's finest professors but a man with ideas of his own . . .—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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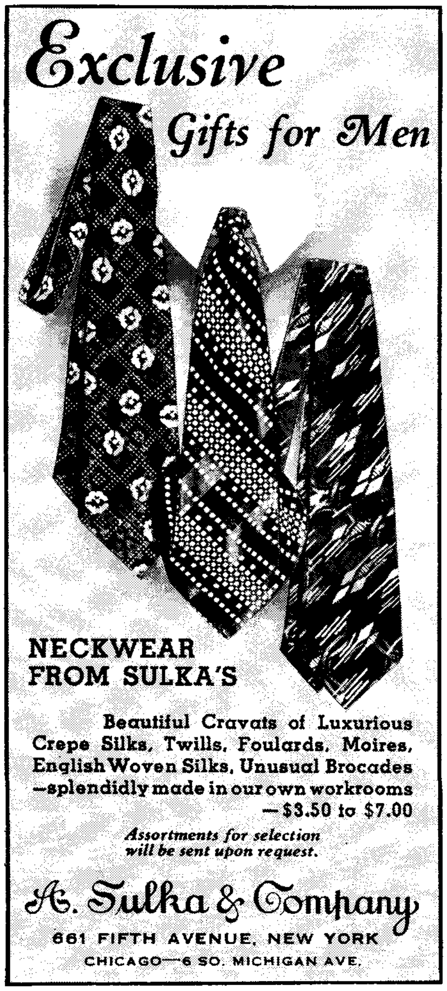
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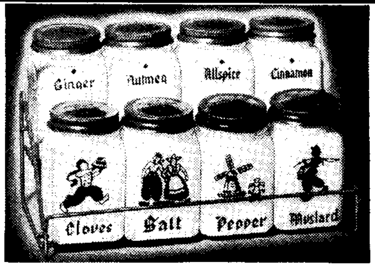

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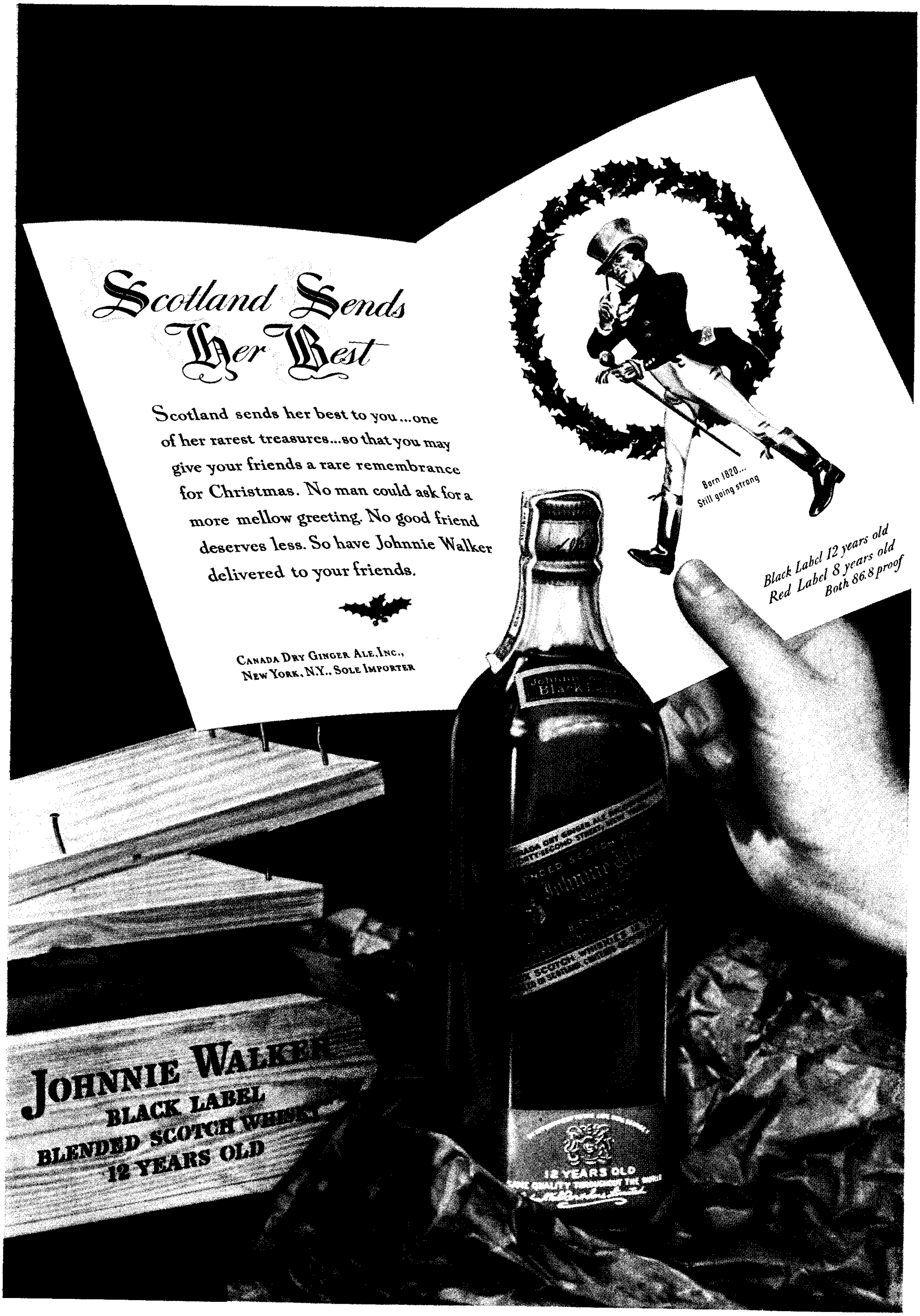

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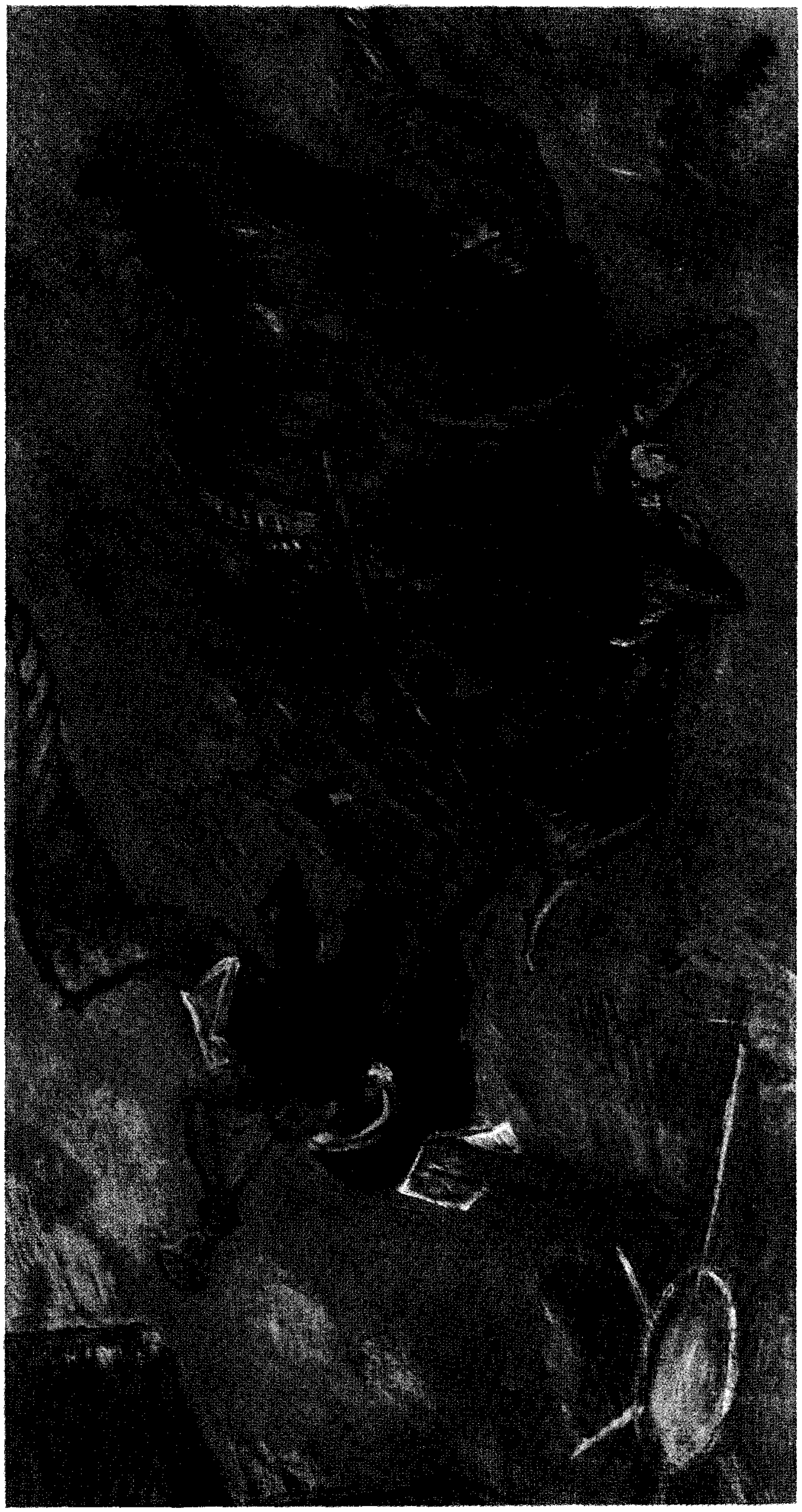

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The Capehart and the Capehart-Panamuse

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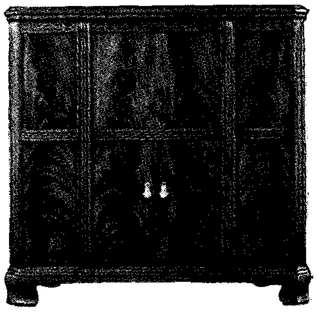

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LETTER FROM LONDON

November 30 (by cable)

THE first public reaction to the news of the joining of the Libya battle seemed to be one of unqualified relief. Finally, after all the uneasy months of discussion and speculation, a British army was facing a German army—not, to be sure, on a European battlefield, which Stalin would have found more useful, but at least apparently not at a disadvantage. It was this last point which seemed to go slap to people's heads. There was such welcome novelty in the absence of the usual apologetic newspaper editorials, which have so often pointed out that, although greatly outnumbered in men and material, the British forces could be relied upon to give a good account of themselves. This time the papers exultantly went to the other extreme and more or less implied that since the R.A.F. had control of the air, the Eighth Army of the ground, and the Navy of the sea, the battle would be in the bag within a week at the latest. Unfortunately, this impression was backed up by the statements from the Cairo General Headquarters and by the Prime Minister's comparison of the struggle with a sea battle in which "all may be settled one way or the other in the course of perhaps two hours."

When it became obvious that this one was not going to be settled for a great many hours and when the papers suddenly started talking about a tough struggle still ahead, the sense of letdown was inevitable and painful. Britons somewhat justifiably grumbled that a little less official flag-waving at the start might have been a better idea. Before long, most people were suffering from the depressed hangover which follows early elation. Although the news of the recapture of Rostov raised their spirits, there was grave anxiety over the general Russian situation, which is obviously far more critical than the Libyan campaign. Even if the decisive desert battle, when it comes, does end in a success, it won't greatly ease things for the Soviet, observers here seem to feel, unless the British are able to keep going and not stop until they're in southern Italy.

ALTOGETHER, the mood of the past week has been one of uneasy suspense, though Londoners seem pretty sure that General Cunningham and the Navy still have a trick or two up their sleeves. The blasting broadside delivered in Parliament by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, for whom the public has much the same affection it ordinarily reserves for an elderly but still formidable battleship, effectually diverted attention from what was happening in Libya to what was not happening in Whitehall. According to Sir Roger, Whitehall was failing to provide a properly vigorous military direction of the war. A smaller man might have hesitated to bring such charges at a moment when he himself was open to spiteful sniping, having recently been dismissed as director of the Commandos, or shock troops, by the very machine he was criticizing. That, however, is not Sir Roger's way, as he has proved from time to time by such snorting pronouncements as his criticism of the Norwegian campaign and his defense of Leopold at a juncture when the British were naming the Belgian King the Rodent No. 1 of National Rat Week.

Sir Roger's recent words carried conviction to the millions of people who were tired of wondering why, if a full-dress expedition wasn't feasible, someone didn't get busy on a series of rapid raids on important military objectives, raids which would be thorns in the Nazi flesh and valuable incentives to the occupied countries. Sir Roger only gave expert confirmation to the inexpert but profoundly felt popular notion that the War Office as well as the Government has a surplus of stuffed shirts. Mr. Greenwood's reply contained the remark that the Admiral's criticisms must not be allowed to divert Parliament's mind from the real business on hand of winning the war, which seemed queer to the humble public, who had the impression that this was just what their gallant old friend had been talking about.

Certainly the unrest over certain members of the Government's personnel is no less definite than it was, though it's had to die down some in the face of the uncompromising refusal at the top to do anything about it. In the Hampstead by-election, which has just been contested, three out of the four candidates advocated the removal of the "men of Munich." All four, however, came out strongly for support of Churchill and the maximum effort against the Nazis. The by-election had its funny aspects, such as the antics of the Communist Party, which denounced the three independent candidates and asked

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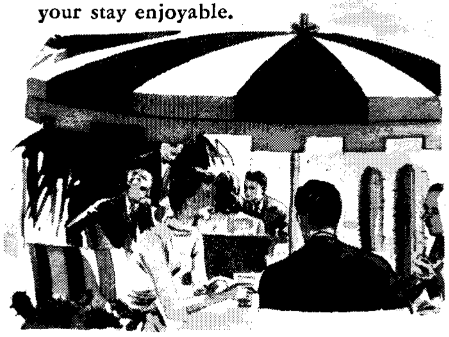

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for support of the Government man because the times demand national solidarity, but which also registered approval of the independents' stand for the removal of the "old gang." The polling was interesting because it revealed that nearly half the electors of this residential constituency had taken themselves elsewhere. Those who were left returned the Government candidate by a comfortable majority.

MR. CHURCHILL recently gave his blessing to a remarkable French-language periodical called *La France Libre*, which celebrated its first anniversary to the accompaniment of a shower of good wishes and of generous praise from its fellow-reviews, like the *Nation* and *Nineteenth Century*. Its editor, André Labarthe, used to be a well-known journalist in France and also taught science at the Sorbonne. He started up here, with little official encouragement, on credit given him by a friendly printer. Now his review has the largest circulation of any periodical of its kind in Great Britain. Although it's in French, not more than ten per cent of its twenty-two thousand subscribers are French, according to Labarthe, who has just completed an arrangement whereby he will send copy to the States by air mail and have an American edition printed in New York. The current anniversary number contains contributions from Dr. Beneš, General de Gaulle, and General Sikorski, besides a letter from the Prime Minister which contains at least one unmistakable bit of Churchillian phrasing. "On the soil of England," Mr. Churchill writes, "*La France Libre* keeps the bright flame alive for that sure coming day when all good Frenchmen will once again be free to think and write the truth as they see it." —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The 1942 *Social Register* is about to be unveiled to a panting public. It should be out in a week or ten days.

We called to ask that one of the first—one of the very first—copies off the press be rushed over to PM. We said we'd pay for it. But a woman who described herself as a manager said we were out of luck. It seems the first books have been spoken for, for oh simply months. We'll just have to stand in line.

"Or if you happen to know a subscriber who is getting one of the first copies . . ." she suggested.

Well, we don't.—*PM.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Week at the Opera

FLASHLIGHT bulbs and the eyes of autograph hunters popped in the lobbies as the Metropolitan Opera season began. For sightseers, there were Name People all over the place; for operagoers, there was a performance of "The Marriage of Figaro." In personnel, this was approximately the same "Marriage of Figaro" that had been offered for the past few seasons, but the old pace was missing. Maybe some of those concerned had read that this year is the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's death and decided that joy ought to be confined.

Next came Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," officially a revival (it had been out of the repertoire for a season), conducted by Bruno Walter. The Metropolitan "Orfeo" of recent years has been an excellent sample of dramatic and musical collaboration, and the 1941-1942 edition maintained the standard. Mr. Walter, who had demonstrated his ingratiating way with this music at a concert version of the opera with the Philharmonic-Symphony some years ago, was again the composer's friend, delivering charming sound and convincing tempi. A little unpremeditated entertainment was supplied in the "Inferno" scene, when over-illumination converted the eerie waving of pale hands into visible setting-up exercises. The Elysian Fields, as previously, had a refrigerated look, and the Happy Spirits of the ballet were more hapless than happy. Aside from such details, this "Orfeo" was about everything that an admirer of the work could have wanted, with Mme. Kerstin Thorborg's superb Orfeo for extra good measure.

"Der Rosenkavalier," the third of the week's productions, had a beautifully modelled orchestral performance under Erich Leinsdorf's direction, and a flock of first-rate individual contributions from the singers. The staging, however, was obviously unfinished business, which wasn't much help to an opera that needs a complete theatre job. There were two débuts, one by Kurt Baum, who intoned the song of the Italian tenor with just the right orotundity. It was a bit that made one eager to hear more of Mr. Baum, who has a good, large voice and really sings. The other début was by Gerhard Pechner, who disposed of the comedy of the Notary like an experienced trouper.

Donizetti's "L'Elisir D'Amore," which hadn't been heard at the Metropolitan since 1933, returned on Friday evening in a rather gentle performance that was hopped up whenever Salvatore Baccaloni was onstage. The substantial Mr. Baccaloni did more than carry his own weight, so to say; he carried the show. Miss Bidu Sayao was attractive and vocally effective, and the Messrs. Bruno Landi and Francesco Valentino were good stylistically, if nothing much more than that. Miss Mona Paulee made her début as Giannetta, singing an unimportant rôle in a fresh voice that "carried."

The last of the week's newcomers was Jan Peerce, the Alfredo of an animated "La Traviata" at the Saturday matinée. Mr. Peerce is a newcomer only in a Metropolitan sense, of course. His excellent tenor voice has won him a following about town, and it was a pleasure to find him at last at the Opera. He seemed to be somewhat tied up vocally at first, but it wasn't long before he was singing freely and with plenty of dramatic meaning. His acting was O.K., too. A success? Sure!

The Metropolitan's first week wound up that same evening with "Madama Butterfly," a fine, all-round presentation, stirringly conducted by Ettore Panizza, who also had taken charge of the afternoon's "La Traviata."

Not all of the artists heard during the week were in good voice, but that didn't go for the prompters. Except in "Der Rosenkavalier," they sang with a bang.

THE Metropolitan was in Philadelphia Tuesday night, and the Philadelphia Orchestra was in Carnegie Hall, where Sir Thomas Beecham delighted an audience that should have been larger with exhilarating performances of symphonies by Haydn and Mozart and of Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra" overture. The novelty was Virgil Thomson's second symphony, which, although an ingenious and often entertaining work, somehow didn't keep up to the promise of its opening "Allegro Militaire."

CHARLES COOKE, a member of *The New Yorker* staff, likes to play the piano and hopes to get you to doing it, too. If you read his "Playing the Piano for Pleasure," you probably will be

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RECORDS FOR CHRISTMAS

IF you're figuring on presenting album sets of records, try to find out whether your friends' phonographs have record-changers. In case you aren't up on such matters, people with changers place a stack of records on a mechanism above the turntable of the phonograph, and as each disc finishes playing, the next drops down over it. For a friend who hasn't a changer, get the ordinary coupling.

Specifically, Victor Musical Masterpieces sets are usually available for both types of machine, the designations M and DM representing, respectively, ordinary albums and those for record-changers. Columbia's corresponding letters for its Masterworks albums are M and MM, and, in the case of its two-disc album sets, X and MX. Machines with slide changers have been discontinued and so have the AM albums of records made to go with those changers; if you're giving discs to someone who owns a slide changer, the best thing is to buy DM albums, which, with a little reshuffling now and then, will do.

Our familiar suggestion that gift records be bought with the understanding that they may be exchanged becomes increasingly important with the years. Most dealers are used to that week-after-Christmas exchange session, and there shouldn't be any trouble about setting things up so that people can swap albums.

If you want to get away from the material in the current releases, there's a juicy opportunity in old discs, mostly vocal, recorded by artists of other times. A good source is the Collectors Record Shop, 825 Seventh Avenue (53rd).

Because there's so much interest in conductors this season, there is appended herewith a group of suggestions for gift packages, each containing one or more album sets or single discs conducted by some maestro who has been seen in action about town in the past year or so. These recordings are representative performances rather than a library of "the best music." If the recipient you have in mind has a predilection for any particular director, one of the following may be the answer:

JOHN BARBIROLLI (with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony): Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Cappriccio Espagnol" (*Columbia X-185*) and Schubert's Symphony No. 4 (*Victor M-562*).

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM (with the London Philharmonic): Mozart's Symphony in

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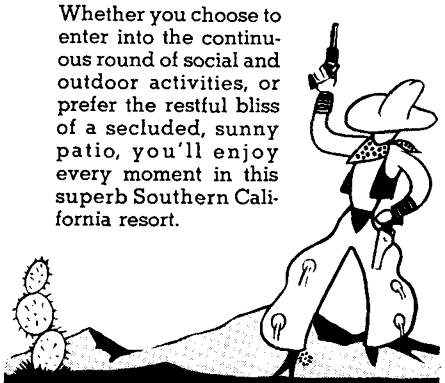

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E flat, No. 39 (*Columbia M-456*), and Act IV of Puccini's "La Bohème" (*Columbia M-274*), the latter with soloists.

Nadia Boulanger (with vocal and instrumental ensemble): Madrigals and other selected works (*Victor M-496*).

Fritz Busch (with the Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company): Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" (*Victor sets M-812, M-813, and M-814*).

Walter Damrosch (with the National Symphony Orchestra): Airs de Ballet from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," and Bach's Gavotte in D, from 'Cello Sonata No. 6 (*Victor 7321-22*).

Antal Dorati (with the London Philharmonic): Bizet's "Jeu d'Enfants" (*Victor M-510*).

Eugene Goossens (with the Cincinnati Orchestra): Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 (*Victor M-790*) and (with the London Philharmonic) "La Boutique Fantasque," arranged by Respighi from Rossini melodies (*Victor M-415*).

José Iturbi (with the Rochester Philharmonic): Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 (*Victor M-801*) and Mozart's Piano Concerto in D minor (*Victor M-794*). Iturbi is piano soloist as well as conductor in both of these.

Hans Kindler (with the National Symphony Orchestra): Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 3 (*Victor M-747*) and "Two Sixteenth-Century Dutch Tunes" (*Victor 18071*).

Serge Koussevitzky (with the Boston Symphony): Debussy's "La Mer" (*Victor M-643*) and Copland's "El Salón México" (*Victor M-546*).

Efrem Kurtz (with the London Philharmonic): "Gaîté Parisienne," based on Offenbach melodies (*Columbia X-115*).

Dimitri Mitropoulos (with the Minneapolis Symphony): Mahler's Symphony No. 1 (*Columbia M-469*) and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4 (*Columbia M-468*).

Eugene Ormandy (with the Philadelphia Orchestra): "Dido and Aeneas" suite, by Purcell (*Victor M-647*), and Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloë" suite, No. 2 (*Victor M-667*).

Wilfred Pelletier (with the Metropolitan chorus, orchestra, and soloists): Verdi's abridged "Otello" (*Victor M-620*) and (with the Montreal Festivals Orchestra, Les Disciples de Massenet chorus, and soloists): Fauré's "Requiem" and Mozart's "Ave, Verum Corpus" (*Victor M-844*).

Fritz Reiner (with the Pittsburgh Symphony): Bacchanale, from "Tannhäuser" (*Columbia X-193*), and Strauss's "Wiener Blut" waltz (*Columbia 11579-D*).

Artur Rodzinski (with the Cleveland Orchestra): Weinberger's "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" (*Columbia X-161*) and Berg's violin concerto, with Louis Krasner as soloist (*Columbia M-465*).

Alexander Smallens (with the Decca Symphony Orchestra and soloists): Selections from Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" (*Decca A-145*) and Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf" (*Decca A-130*).

Fritz Stiedry (with the New Friends of Music Orchestra): Haydn's Symphonies No. 67 and 80 (*Victor M-536*).

Frederick Stock (with the Chicago Sym-

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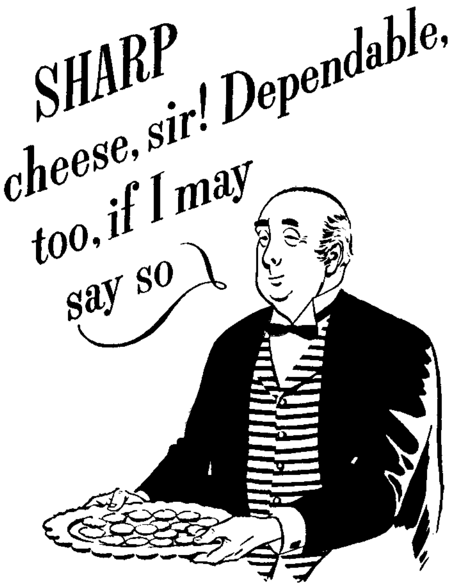
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phony): Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" (*Columbia M-421*).

Leopold Stokowski (with the All-American Youth Orchestra): Love Music from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" (*Columbia M-427*) and (with the Philadelphia Orchestra) Saint-Saëns' "Carnival of the Animals" (*Victor M-785*).

Igor Stravinsky (with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony): His own "Petrouchka" suite (*Columbia X-177*) and "Le Sacre du Printemps" (*Columbia M-417*).

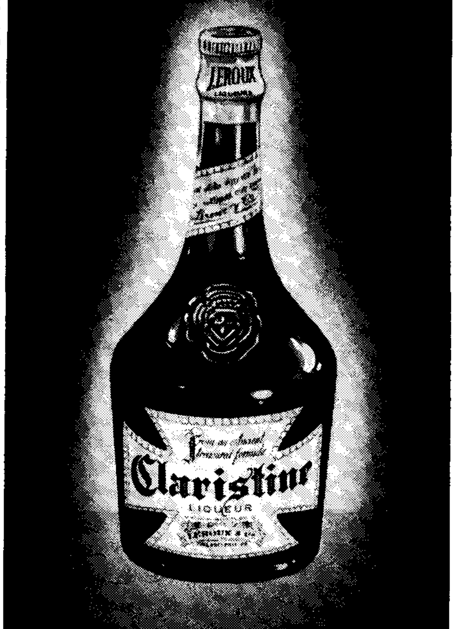
Arturo Toscanini (with the N.B.C. Symphony): Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 (*Victor M-765*) and Mozart's Symphony in G minor, No. 40 (*Victor M-631*).

Bruno Walter (with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony): Schumann's Symphony No. 3 (*Columbia M-464*) and (with the Vienna Philharmonic, Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, and Emanuel List) Act I of Wagner's "Die Walküre" (*Victor M-298*).

WHEN it comes to popular records as gifts, you'll probably find yourself thinking in terms of albums rather than single discs. This considerably restricts your choice, but it still leaves you liable to several hundred wrong or lukewarm guesses. It's all so much a matter of personal taste that we hesitate even to mention our choices, but perhaps among the following you'll see something which seems to be right up some friend's alley. Perhaps, too, arranging them in categories—swing, sweet, boogie-woogie, blues, Latin-American music, and vocal records—may help. Thus:

Swing: One of the best ensembles in the business is John Kirby's Sextet, and on Columbia C-45 it is heard in typical performances—precise, energetic, and full of good taste. Properly speaking, Kirby's brand of music amounts to salon swing, but it lacks none of the pepper and go of the hottest of the hot, if that counts for anything. In any case, in this album the band plays a hurry-up version of an excerpt from the Tchaikovsky "Nutcracker Suite," which they call "The Bounce of the Sugar Plum Fairy," besides "Double Talk," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "20th Century Closet," "Then I'll Be Happy," "Serenade," and "Coquette."... If it's the fiery, improvisation kind of swing you're after, you might look over Decca's album 242, which offers the bands of Joe Venuti, Fletcher Henderson, Buck Washington, and others in a variety of sizzling stuff. There's hardly any point to mentioning the titles, for these boys use the songs merely as springboards to their own capers, but here, just for fun, are three: "Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day," "In the Rough," and "Doin' the Uptown Lowdown."... It would be a good idea, too, to inquire about the album of Columbia Hot Jazz Classics, which are reissues of old-time honeys.

Sweet: Artie Shaw's orchestra can't be classified exclusively as either a swing



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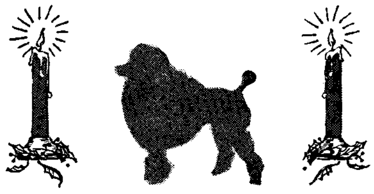

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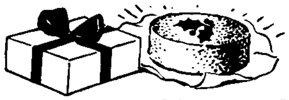

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or sweet group, because almost every one of its recordings possesses some of both styles. The long-run effect, however, is probably sweet, and that's why we're listing here a perfectly swell album (Victor P-85), which includes several of the band's best accomplishments. There are "Begin the Beguine" and "Frenesi," both of which are something, as well as "Stardust," "Dancing in the Dark," and others.... On Victor P-76, Leonard Joy conducts a fine house orchestra in a series of good old sweet numbers—"Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses," "The Glow Worm," "Two Guitars," "Nola," "Roses of Picardy," and such.

Boogie-Woogie: About all you have to do is go up to the salesman and say, "Let's have a boogie-woogie album," for it's hard to be stung. At any rate, most of the recordings we've heard happen to have been good, but if you want one suggestion to start you off, you might try Victor P-69, which presents Ammons and Johnson in items with such lively titles as "Walkin' the Boogie," "Movin' the Boogie," and "Cuttin' the Boogie."

Blues: One of the must sets of the season's blues discs is Victor's "The Birth of the Blues" (P-82), in which the Dixieland Jazz Group of N.B.C.'s famous Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street gives out with the best-known compositions of W. C. Handy. The ensemble, in a neat and telling manner, offers "St. Louis Blues," "Memphis Blues," "Beale Street Blues," "Aunt Hagar's Blues," and more.

Latin-American: It almost seems as if everything in this branch of dance music begins and ends with Xavier Cugat and his orchestra, so here's a heavy recommendation for his Columbia album of congas (C-74), which contains a handsome collection of pieces that are either intrinsically congas or are made so by the superior ministrations of the players.... Cugat & Co. have also turned out a fine job on the rumba in Columbia C-54.... The tango is well represented by Ramon Littee and his orchestra in Columbia album C-15, which gives you such choice works as "La Cumparsita," "El Choclo," and "Caminto," besides five others.

Vocal: Gertrude Lawrence, on Victor P-60, sings several numbers from "Lady in the Dark," assisted by a male quartet and an orchestra, all under the direction of Leonard Joy. It's smooth work, and mighty appealing too. . . . For contrast, you'd do well to look up the set of reprints of recordings by the late Bessie Smith, who was rated in her time as the best of the blues singers (Columbia C-31). . . . Then you might investigate the Teddy Wilson-Billie Holiday set (Columbia C-61), which gives a true picture of the modern viewpoint on the relation of soloist and orchestra, emphasizing give-and-take between the two.

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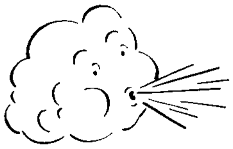
What explains the fanatic loyalty Calvert Reserve arouses in lovers of Manhattans? Why, this extra-luxury whiskey has the unique gift of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in a mixed drink. You'll find its superb "soft" flavor in no other whiskey. Today, try a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve... *"the choicest you can drink or serve."*

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

WENT STEPPING LAST NIGHT

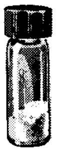
Brisk as a breeze today!



HOW DOES SHE DO IT?

Last night she saw to it that her highballs were mixed with White Rock.

Before going to bed and again in the morning, she had a glass of plain White Rock.



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COCKTAIL SAUCE
SHRIMPS, OYSTERS, CLAMS
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COCKTAIL SAUCE

All hands reach for Snider's Cocktail Sauce

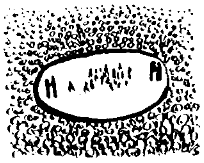
PICKS UP THE FLAVOR IN YOUR FAVORITE SEAFOOD

Tasty addition to French Dressing . . . Delicious over croquettes

FOOTBALL

All's Well That, Etc.

THE bookmakers, always the wisest handicappers of the lot, knew what they were doing when they made Navy a 7–2 favorite over Army instead of offering the more exuberant odds of 5–1 up to 10–1 that you could find last week in the public prints. Nothing unusual about that; Army has been underestimated in the newspapers all season, having been wrongly picked by most of them to lose to Columbia, Notre Dame, West Virginia, and Yale. Guessing of that sort, as one of the Fourth Avenue handbook operators remarked last Saturday morning, don't hardly leave you with what to get to Florida for the winter. Accordingly, plenty of people must have been surprised at the performance Army put on over the weekend against what was very likely the best team in the East. Those who recalled that, with the exception of the addition of Ralph Hill to the backfield, this was the same Army team which looked so dismal all last season must have wondered darkly just what had been happening at West Point before Earl Blaik took over the coaching. Myself, I will always wonder why, after Navy had scored with such ease at the start of the second half, Army chose to let Navy have the ball instead of keeping it a while. Navy, cheerily accepting the unexpected opportunity, knocked off another touchdown—and the game too, as it turned out—before the team lost its momentum. Actually, thirteen minutes of the half elapsed before Army ran its first play from scrimmage.



NAVY will miss Emery Larson, whose tour of duty as coach at Annapolis ended with the Army game. Navy will also miss, as it happens, Larson's son, fullback on this year's Lawrenceville team, and a star at backing up the line and punting. The sons of Naval Academy graduates habitually go to Lawrenceville and then to Annapolis, and they habitually play an acceptable brand of football, too. Young Larson's eyes, it seems, are not quite up to Navy standards, however. My interscholastic spy reports that Harvard, another team which did well enough for itself this fall, will get him instead. . . . Among those I will miss next year will be Bert Stiff, Penn's plunging fullback and football's most engaging gum-chewer. Stiff invariably went on the field with approximately ten sticks of gum in his cheeks, which gave him a rather mumplike appearance while he was getting his mouthful of rich, juicy goodness under control. Occasionally, when he called the numbers before the centre snapped the ball, he seemed to me to be having a little trouble handling both jobs. . . . Good-neighbor item: Dick Schmon, who will succeed Bobby Peters as captain of the Princeton team next year, is a Canadian. . . . The gabble about Army playing Navy somewhere else instead of the Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia is mostly wishful thinking, or not even thinking. Some time ago the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is nothing if not businesslike, had a heart-to-heart talk with the proper authorities before going to the expense of electrifying the five miles of track from its main line down to the stadium, so the match will be held there for at least another half-dozen years. . . . The penalties in the Army-Navy game necessitated a good deal of arm-waving. After one play, the officials had to signal that one team had been offside, that the other had been guilty of clipping, and that each captain had declined the penalty awarded his side. Or so I thought; the announcer pondered the problem for an unhappy moment, then muttered that he gave up. A friend of mine, brooding on a celebrated and idiotic decision in an earlier game this fall, has a suggestion to offer. Henceforth, when an official wishes to indicate that he doesn't know why he is assessing a penalty, he shall signal that fact not by issuing a statement to the press the next day but by immediately taking the three sideways steps of the conga shuffle and ending up with a vigorous shake of the shoulders.

—J. W. L.

●

WHICH LUCEPAPER D'YA READ?

Jeep came into the American language as the name of a quasi-rodent appearing in the Popeye comic strip and endowed with extra-terrestrial powers. Used by soldiers, it is their name of endearment and seal of approval on any particularly satisfactory piece of equipment.—*Life, November 3rd.*

Most common designation: "jeep," an all-inclusive Army nickname for anything insignificant, from a raw draftee to a tiny observation plane.—*Time, November 3rd.*

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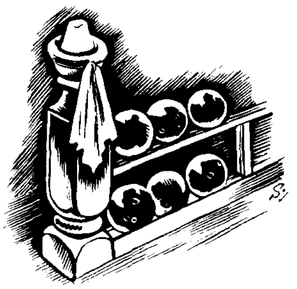
SCHOOL DAYS AND INFLATION IN GERMANY

READING over the meagre reports on present-day living conditions in Germany and wondering, like everyone else, what the true state of affairs is, I am reminded of the time, back in 1923, when I lived in Bonn and watched the Reich go through the aftermath of a lost war. The group of Germans I met then must, as a class, be almost extinct by now, for I was attending a school for the daughters of the Prussian aristocracy. The tremendous discipline of what had been till then the ruling class in the face of suffering, illness, and starvation, though it often appeared to a youngster like me as unnecessary and almost ludicrous, made a deep impression on me.

At that time the French occupied a part of the Rhineland, including Bonn and excluding Cologne, which was occupied by the English. The rapid fall of the mark was creating such financial chaos that it was found expedient to chalk up hourly, outside the banks, the corresponding dollar value, and the shopkeepers raised their prices accordingly. For families with a fixed income the situation became desperate, and only by selling household goods and personal belongings did some of them satisfy immediate wants, but for anyone with *valuta* (foreign currency) the situation became a very profitable one. It was five years after the armistice and the food supply was no doubt luxurious compared with the war years, but to a foreigner like me, fresh from the flesh pots of France, our school diet seemed close to starvation.

I was a Dane, and because I belonged to a nation whose language is little spoken outside Denmark, my family had thought it advisable that I learn to speak a few more languages as a part of my preparation for life. I had already studied at a *lycée* in Paris before I went to Bonn to learn German and also to attend the lyceum there. To get the full benefit of German associations, I wanted to live in real German surroundings, so from several prospectuses a boarding school was selected—as it turned out, a very aristocratic one. This institution was so steeped in blue blood that my being a commoner nearly prevented my being accepted. However, I had tangible assets that tipped the scale in my favor, because no matter how plebeian my blood, I was, from the German point of view, a *valuta* princess.



THE principal of the school, Fräulein von Levetzow, had once been a lady in waiting to the German Empress. Later she had been governess to the Princess Sachsen-Meiningen, and after her charge married Adalbert, one of Kaiser Wilhelm's sons, Fräulein von Levetzow had taken over the education of the children of that union. When they outgrew her pedagogic reach, the grateful Hohenzollerns pensioned her off with this school, a haven for girls of the nobility. It was not a school in the ordinary sense. Teachers came there to give private lessons in special subjects, but most of our education was gained from the outside—from the local lyceum or from the university.

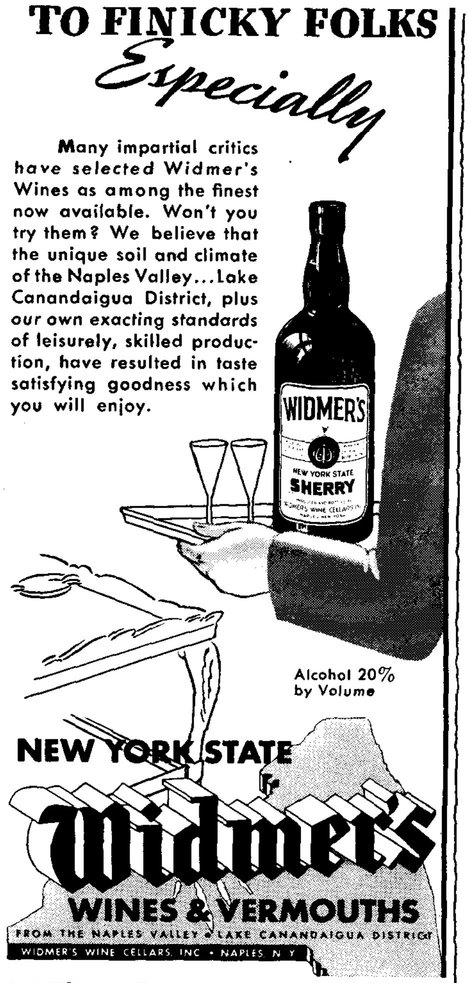
When I knew her, Fräulein von Levetzow was a rigid disciplinarian and an excellent teacher. In the past she had coached many of her boarders for their entrance examination for the lyceum, which almost all of us attended. But as conditions became more unstable she had to spend the better part of her time juggling the finances and the menus. She was naturally a great snob and after she had become quite fond of me she was able to convince herself that a distant relative of mine belonged to a very distinguished German family. Since I had by then become fond of her, too, I never disputed the point. She was small and stout, with piercing steel-gray eyes, but in spite of her excess weight, everything was angular about her, including her hair, which was combed up high as though to accentuate the squareness of her head. Whenever I see a picture of von Hindenburg, I am reminded of her.

Aside from the servants, Fräulein von Levetzow had only one assistant, Gräfin. We always heard her mentioned as "poor Gräfin," which she certainly was, both in worldly goods and in mind. She came from an illustrious family, but her three brothers had been killed in the war and the estate had passed to a distant branch of the family. A sister, crazed by the family misfortunes, had committed suicide and a very bewildered Gräfin was all that was left of the younger generation. She was a tall, washed-out blonde but, in spite of the drab clothes she wore, rather elegant. Her long upper lip almost covered the lower, which gave her a peculiar sulky and childish expression. Her eyes, the color of cornflowers, were almost always vacant and slightly rheumy. When she was forced to concentrate they looked like the eyes of an infant trying to focus on a moving object. Gräfin had the thankless job, for which she was ill prepared, of supervising our studies. She had scant knowledge of French and English and she could never be convinced that a square root did not belong to the vegetable kingdom. She was as stubborn as a mule but we all loved her. Another important task of hers was to take us out for airings. For hours and hours we would walk in double file along the Rhine, enjoying the scenery, but with the disastrous result that we always returned to school ravenous.

That year Fräulein von Levetzow boarded only a dozen pupils. The titles of the eleven German girls ranged from countess down to plain von, but every one of them had a mention in the *Almanach de Gotha*. With one or two exceptions they were extremely fat—a flabby, unhealthy fat—and they either suffered from gland trouble, recurrent colds, digestive difficulties, or the other sorts of ill health nine years of food deficiency might rouse in a growing youngster.

Fraulein von Levetzow's was a pleasant-looking four-story house on a wide street which ran along the bank of the Rhine. Each window had a narrow balcony outside it, decorated with geraniums, and since there were no restrictions on water, the geraniums were the healthiest living things in the establishment. The rooms were large, with high ceilings and blue walls, and all the furniture was painted white. The bed and table linens were heavy and expensive, every piece embroidered with Fräulein von Levetzow's seven-pointed coronet. Since the pillow slips were marked in the centre, I would often wake up with the impression of the seven-pointed crown on my cheek. The tableware was not of the same grandeur, because silver and other metals had had to be contributed to the national melting pot during the war years. Manipulating the substitute table service was a delicate matter, as fork and knife had a tendency to curl up around your fingers at the slightest pressure.

OUR meals were conducted with all possible decorum. In the morning we would file into the dining room, where Fräulein von Levetzow presided at the head of the table, ensconced behind a huge Bible and a pair of awe-



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inspiring eyeglasses. In turn each of us would drop into a deep curtsy before her, left knee almost touching the floor, and then bend over her hand and press a kiss upon it in mid-air. This feat of equilibrium was always an ordeal to me; I would either bang my knee hard on the floor or bang my nose against Fräulein's hand. Evidently, one should be born to that sort of thing. We would then get into our seats, sitting up straight with hands folded. When we were all posed at attention, Fräulein von Levetzow would read a long, very long chapter from the Bible, follow it with a short prayer, and close with a few ad libs to God on just what should be done with the pigs of a French nation. By the time this lengthy ceremony was completed, our gastric juices were overflowing, and we were happy to start in on our breakfast. Day in and day out it consisted of the same menu: five slices of very thin pumpernickel, slightly on the stale side because it cut more economically stale than fresh. This bread was made of perhaps fifty per cent barley, the other fifty per cent being a not unpleasant mixture of what might have been sawdust and bark. We were allowed to spread one piece with margarine, the rest with apple butter. The apple butter was the bane of our lives and unlike anything I have ever seen elsewhere. It had the consistency of very thick molasses and in color was so deep a purple that it was almost black. At the end of a meal our teeth were a nice bright purple and the minute we got up from the table we would dash upstairs to scrub them white again with toothpaste and salt before going off to the lyceum for classes.

We all returned from the lyceum at noon to partake of Fräulein von Levetzow's dinner. This meal, preceded by a short prayer, did not contain much stimulus: it consisted of a soup, concocted out of something mysterious, plus two vegetables or—on treat days, when we had rice or noodles—one vegetable. No bread. Afternoon tea—with three slices of pumpernickel apiece—was quite a social affair. Usually guests would drop in, and in turn we all had the opportunity of learning how to preside graciously at a tea table. Supper was the least liked meal. Twice a week we had "*Himmel und Erde*," the misnamed "heaven and earth," which was simply mashed potatoes and applesauce spiced with fried onions, all messed together on a plate. At first try, this dish was quite palatable, but with repetition it became nauseating. Other staple supper dishes were rice and applesauce or noodles and ditto. Saturday was our red-letter day, because we had meat. It was a wonderful sensation to sink teeth into something tough, but we were never allowed to gorge ourselves, because the scraps had to be saved for the Sunday stew. The overworked servants would be sullen on Saturday and liked to show their feelings by shuffling their feet noisily. They had spent the morning taking turns in endless waiting lines at the butcher's, only to obtain what always proved to be a sorry piece of meat.

The meals were nicely served and usually edible if you could stand their monotony. But mishaps did occur, mostly because staples were bought in large quantities. Margarine was bought by the case. For the first couple of weeks a batch was pleasantly tasteless, but as time went on it became definitely rancid. Bags of noodles, rice, and flour were also hoarded overlong. I remember vividly one dinner at which we were served a soup thickened with flour. After eating most of the soup, I noticed some strange-looking things on the bottom of my plate. If they were noodles, they certainly were the tiniest I had ever seen. Evidently I wondered about it audibly, because I immediately got a swift kick from my neighbor. There was silence at the table for the rest of the meal. Dinner over, the girl kindly informed me that the little things were weevils, quite harmless, and why should I get so squeamish all of a sudden? I was violently ill then and there, and for days afterward I barely touched the food at table and lived on chocolate and ersatz cakes from the nearby pastry shop.

Another time the school was in an upheaval because Fräulein von Levetzow had announced that her brother on the ancestral East Prussian estate was sending a gift to the school—a ham, an honest-to-goodness entire ham. Its arrival was heralded for weeks and every one of us anxiously watched the post, wondering just how much the postal officials would carve off the ham in transit, since it was their custom to exact this

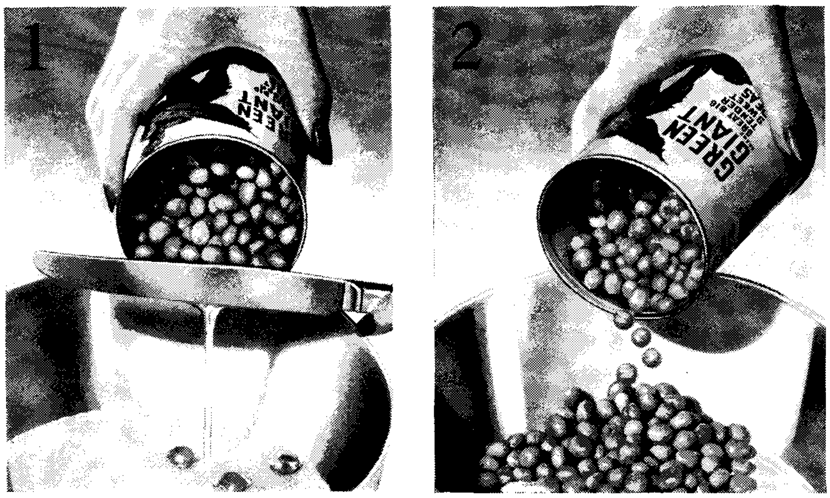
sort of tribute. At last the ham arrived—intact. A party was arranged for the occasion. We were all dressed to the teeth and quivering with the anticipation of tasting succulent slices of smoked ham. The table, for once, groaned under the weight of pickles, sauerkraut, preserves, bread, and margarine. The ham, gaily festooned with late autumn leaves, was placed with much ceremony before Fräulein von Levetzow. As she picked up the carving utensils, a hush fell over the prospective diners. She cut off a tentative slice. It was all fat, but no matter; the pink meat would appear closer to the bone. She carved more and more, but still it was fat. In fact, the whole ham, from the skin to the bone, was nothing but clear gray fat, without a suspicion of pink meat. It was evident that even pigs had to subsist on ersatz food, and that they too had no meat on their bones, just flabby fat. But even so, everybody except myself gorged on the pure fat and all the faces but one around the table were happy ones.

IF food seems to be the leitmotif of my German memories, it must be excused, because food was the matter uppermost in everybody's mind. It is only fair to say that while Fräulein von Levetzow struggled to feed our bodies she did not neglect our minds and saw to it that we became acquainted with the higher arts. For a ridiculous sum, even in marks, we could enjoy plays, lectures, and concerts, and Bonn, Beethoven's birthplace, commemorated that stroke of luck by providing excellent music.

We attended the opera at Cologne, an hour from Bonn, fairly often, and the trip always took on the appearance of a picnic. To feed the flock of girls in a restaurant was out of the question, and yet we had to have some sort of refreshment after a heavy dose of Wagner. When such an excursion was planned, we were accompanied not only by our mentors but also by boxes of food. During the intermission of the opera, instead of parading up and down in the foyer, we would retire to the opera's restaurant and unpack a great array of bread and wurst, and, if flush, order milk or coffee. Munching our plebeian meal, we would watch with jaundiced eyes the fashionable promenaders, especially the "occupation crowd"—the English officers in their natty dress uniforms accompanied by their elegant wives.

We had dancing lessons, too. An effeminate, graceful little man would prance into the school once a week and

Best Way to Serve Green Giant Brand Peas



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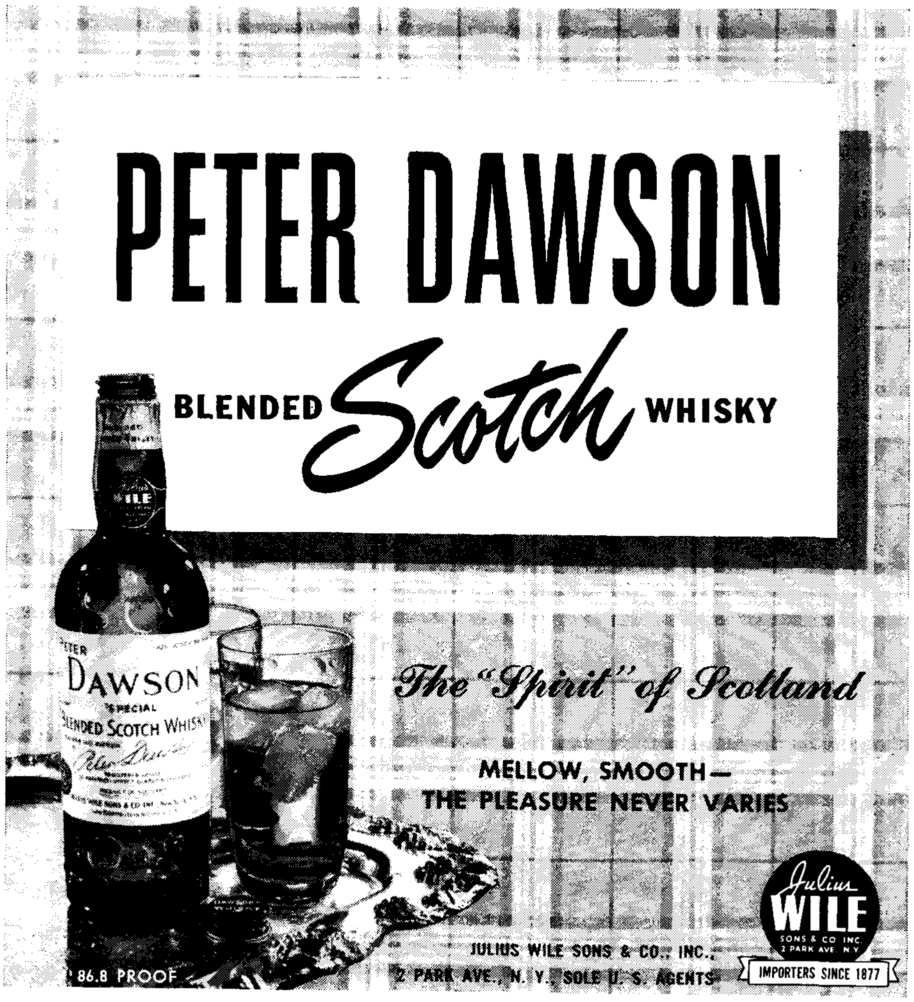

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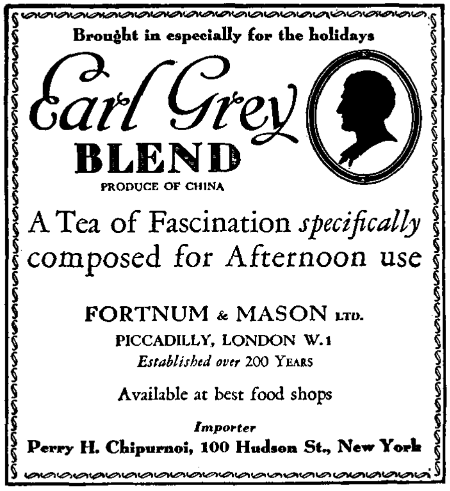

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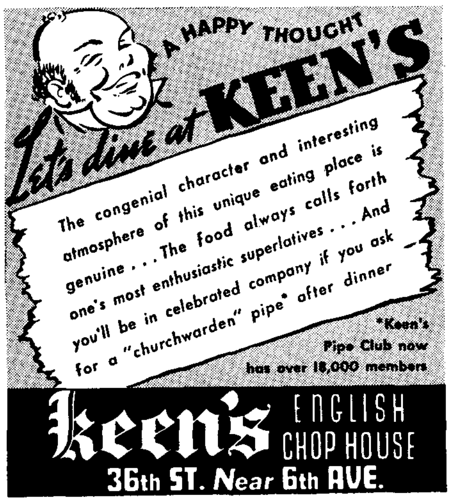

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go to work on his unresponsive material. I have forgotten what sort of dances we learned, but what I can't forget is that little man's mania for suppleness. In retrospect I can sympathize with him in his hopeless efforts. The girls were clumsy, stiff, and ungraceful, and quite uninterested in anything terpsichorean. One by one he would get his victims down, bend them this way and that, and push their heads backward to the floor, until every joint creaked. All of us, including the teacher, would perspire freely. Sometimes a pupil would burst into tears over this humiliating manhandling. Gräfin, who also attended the class, was the only one who really enjoyed it, though she was the least apt of us all. As a climax to our lessons a dance was arranged. To get masculine dancing partners was a simple matter: Fräulein von Levetzow took a list of boys who belonged to local fraternities, picked out names, checked them with her much-thumbed *Gotha*, and mailed out the invitations. Everyone accepted. The dance came, and a suitable number of nice young men attended. True, some of them were gawky and pimply, but a lot of them had the coveted scars across their faces or on their scalps, shining through their close-cropped hair. To a German girl there is nothing more fascinating than a student disfigured with ugly duelling scars.

Gräfin had looked forward to the dance with the anticipation of a child. A couple of days before *der Tag* she caught a cold and Fräulein von Levetzow informed her there was little chance of her getting well in time to attend the dance. But Gräfin locked herself up in her room and had pails upon pails of boiling water brought up. Once I managed to peek in and saw her sitting with her feet in a mustard bath, a rag wrapped around her throat and her nose stuffed with mentholated vaseline. On the night of the dance, there was Gräfin, slightly wan, her nose faintly red, but on the whole cured. Though she wouldn't admit it afterward, the evening must have been something of a disappointment to her, because even if the boys did their duty by her, their faces plainly showed that dancing with her was an ordeal. Many of the other girls suffered a similar fate and spent the evening sitting against the wall sweetly dressed in white dresses and colored sashes and looking very glum. The party refreshments were certainly not original. There was a very watery fruit punch and, for more substantial nourishment, baked rice smothered with apple sauce. This dish was reserved for great occasions and without fail the cook would get flustered and burn the rice. This time it was thoroughly scorched.

As my year's stay at the school drew to a close, Germany's financial situation became fantastic. Day by day the worth of the mark depreciated, sometimes dropping to a tenth of the previous day's value. Fräulein von Levetzow strove valiantly to keep the school going, manipulating the finances so that at least we were fed and appearances were kept up to some extent. About this time our house pet, a sleek and fat cat, disappeared. As we had seen some tramps lurking around the neighborhood, we never bothered to look for the pet and knew that somebody must have had at least one good meal. School fees were due each month and the parents whose estates were close to Bonn began to pay the bills in goods—that is, in food, which must have been a great relief to Fräulein von Levetzow. Though the subject of money was not supposed to be brought up among well-bred people, this taboo was eventually lifted. I was surprised one day to have Fräulein von Levetzow ask me whether I could arrange to pay my board weekly instead of monthly, and on a rising scale in accordance with the lowering of the mark. To this I readily agreed, for I was already profiting enormously from my foreign exchange. When the situation grew even worse, I let Fräulein von Levetzow have money from my bank daily. The "landed" girls soon caught on to the possibilities of barter. I remember when Waltraut, one of my boon companions, saw a dream of a hat—probably designed for the occupation trade—in a fashionable shop window and decided that she must own it. She marched into the shop, quite sure of herself, although she didn't have a penny in her pocket and wasn't likely to get hold of any money. An elegant saleslady greeted her. Waltraut pointed to the hat and asked the price. She was told that it cost an absurd amount, running into millions. Waltraut should have been overwhelmed and slunk out of the shop, but quickly, before she could lose her courage, she asked the saleslady whether it would be acceptable to pay for the hat with a sack of potatoes. The saleslady paled and ran for the manager. Waltraut's ebbing courage failed her and she fled for the door, but before she could reach it the manager caught her. Indeed, indeed, it would be a very acceptable agreement, and when did she want the hat, and when could the manager get the potatoes? Waltraut said that the overseer at her father's estate would ship them on the morrow (whether Papa knew of this transaction, I don't know) and by the next day the trade was completed, both parties, I am sure, confident that they had had the best of the bargain.

Some of the then current jokes show better than anything I can tell what conditions really were like. There was the one about the man who wanted to buy a shovel. This purchase, of course, would involve an appreciable amount of money, so he took his pushcart and piled stacks and stacks of currency on it. When he got to the store, he parked his cart on the street. The deal completed, he and the shopkeeper walked out to transfer the money; alas, a thief had been there in the meantime. The bundles of bills were there all right, strewn up and down the street, but the pushcart was gone.

WHEN it got to the point where one cigarette—and nobody dreamed of buying a whole package at a time—cost a million marks, the inflation had reached its climax. It was then that the Rentenmark replaced the old Reichsmark, and a new era began. But as bank accounts in the old currency were thus automatically confiscated, only wage earners and real-estate owners managed to weather the storm.

Some time before then, Fräulein von Levetzow had had to give up her boarding school. I heard that for a while she rented out rooms, probably at a daily rate, but the strain must have begun to tell on her. When I last saw her, a few years after I had been her pupil, she was confined to a genteel asylum where people of her background were sheltered from this mad world. In most respects, Fräulein von Levetzow seemed quite normal, but her one obsession was figuring, planning, and counting money, millions of money. It was a sad ending for such a capable, intelligent, and gallant woman.

—EDITH GROTH-HANSEN

•

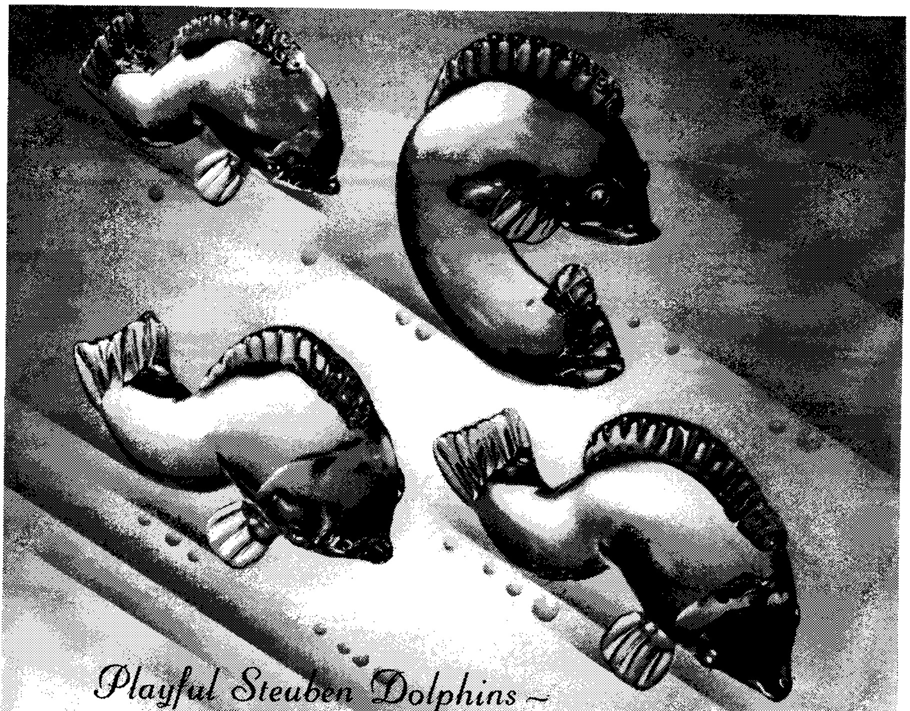
SPEAKING OF SPEED

Love can grow at rapid rate:
One day sweetheart, next day mate;

But, and this is very sad,
One in frankness too must add

That domestic animosity
Waxes with a like velocity.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



Playful Steuben Dolphins ~

Irresistible fellows of brilliant solid crystal for the table, fashioned entirely by hand ~ lively and luminous. Leaping dolphin, 6" high, swimming, 7½" long; $14. each. . . Other decorative and useful pieces from $5. Examples of Steuben Glass are in the Metropolitan Museum and others.

STEUBEN GLASS

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FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK

Cartier Inc.

Who Said "The Forgotten Man"!

Not with this handsome engine-turned cigarette case, $395; and the ingenious tie-clip watch, $100. Other exceptional Cartier gifts from $1.00. Christmas cards from 15¢... *Christmas booklet sent on request.*

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

AND now it's December and the season is upon us for fair. Assuming you no longer need prodding and that you're right in there in the thick of the shopping battle, we'll turn directly to a recapitulation of the subjects we've already discussed in our search for the right gift:

November 8th. . . . Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs.
November 15th. . . . Gifts for the house.
November 22nd. . . . Accessories in the big shops, lingerie from custom shops, gifts for men, the draftee problem.
November 29th. . . . Toys, Christmas wrappings.

This week, darting every which way, we touch on the following matters:

Jewelry, below
Games for adults, page 89
Radios and such, page 91
Christmas spirits, page 94
Christmas trimmings, page 99

In addition, if you turn to page 110, you will find in our "Books" department a carefully selected list of books which we feel would make good gifts for children, and in "Musical Events," on page 74, there is a similar report on phonograph records, of both the so-called classical variety and pop.

Next week, we hope to report on what's what in the world of perfumes and cosmetics and to throw in a few notes on luggage; in addition, we plan to offer suggestions about books for grownups and possible gifts of art, as well as some tips on treats for the holiday dinner table. The week after that, the last roundup.

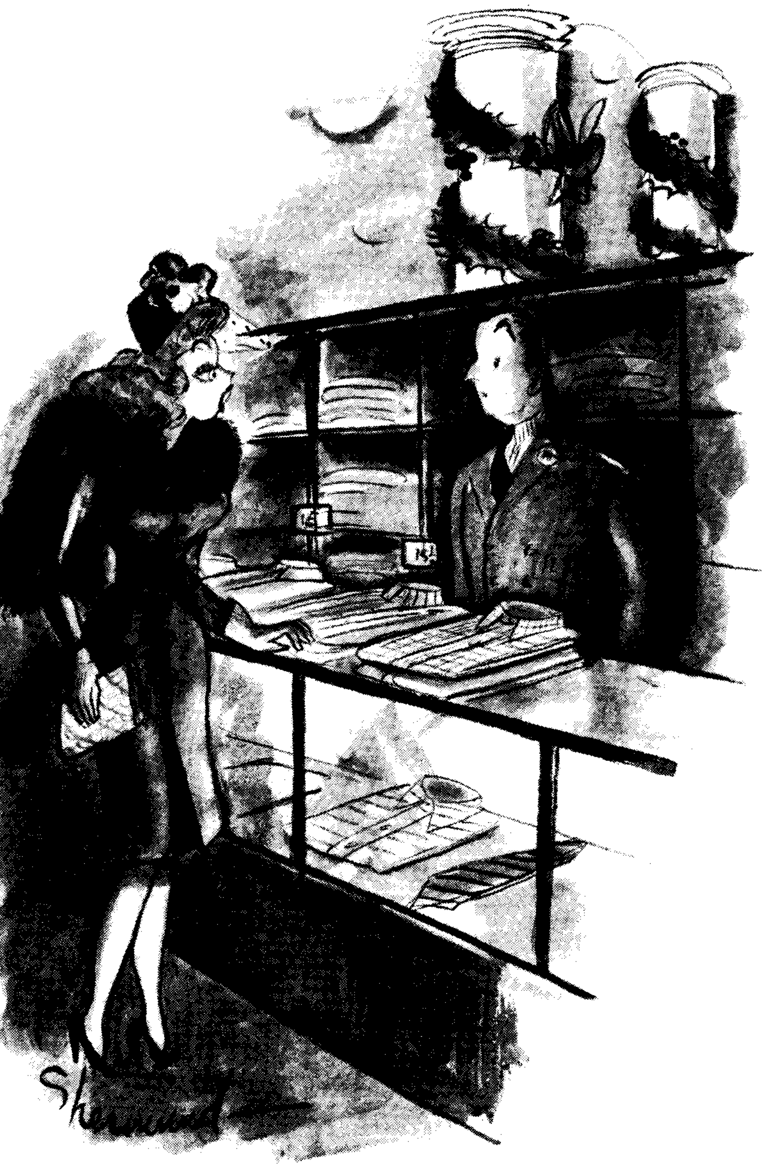
Jewelry

GOING dancing after midnight on the East Side may have given you the impression that all the jewels in the world have already been purchased, but such is not the case. Our top jewellers still have quite a collection of treasures for sale and are wistfully hoping their customers will be able to stand the weight of a few more baubles. Like the other luxury merchants in town, they are showing beautiful things that, though not completely conservative, steer clear of eccentricities which might (horrors!) date your rubies a season or so from now. Everybody is still showing vast jewelled floral pieces, semiprecious stones are bigger than ever, and even 100- and 200-carat gems act as if their size were the most natural thing in the world.

We need hardly remind you that all the jewellers listed below—dependable establishments, every one—can take care of any need, from a modest money clip to a fabulous diamond necklace worth a dictator's ransom; we dwell here on a few highlights that are newsy rather than the heirlooms of generations to come. The prices listed include the ten-per-cent excise tax. With that Christmasy remark, we're off:

Black, Starr & Gorham: Lots of bowknot pins, from a two-toned gold one at $25, through an impressive diamond-and-ruby-studded affair at $515, and up and up. Wonderful wristwatches of red gold, like an oblong one adorned top and bottom by a good-sized diamond, or a round beauty that has a large topaz at either side of its face and looks simple but impressive; $110 either way. Lovely platinum snowflake clip pins studded with pale-blue sapphires, and offering a choice of a dark-blue sapphire or ruby centre; $975. A chrysoprase beetle with diamond claws and a sapphire, ruby, and diamond head makes another clip pin; $2,500. And the Ultimate for horsy people—a horse's head carved from a single opal, with a white-diamond bit and canary-diamond bridle; $3,300.

Cartier: This year's version of the shop's beloved floral reflection pin is a mammoth gold flower with a centre consisting of an 80-carat yellow beryl surrounded by diamonds and gold petals cupped to reflect it, so they look jewelled, too; $1,640. A floral clip pin set in gold has jade leaves studded with pearls and diamonds and a huge jade centre; $1,815. Many people do not know of the inexpensive gifts here. A tiny enamel St. Christopher's medal is $1.10 (the Cartier box is free), and at $3 and $6 there



"He's about my height, but he doesn't have my build."

Gay Gifts
BY
Lenthéric

TOP ROW—*left to right:*

Gift Presentation, Bath Powder; Soap; and Bouquet Lenthéric, 4-oz. decanter. Confetti or Tweed **$4.75**

Tweed Presentation, Perfume, ½-oz.; Bouquet, 4-oz. flacon; Face Powder (beige); Bath Powder; Soap; Sachet . . . . **$9.50** In Confetti **$10.50**

Gift Presentation, Bath Powder and Bouquet, 4-oz. decanter. Shanghai, Confetti, Tweed, Miracle or A Bientôt . . **$3.75**

Gift Presentation, Bouquet, 4-oz. atomizer; and Bath Powder. A Bientôt, Tweed, Miracle, Confetti or Shanghai **$2.75**

SECOND ROW—*left to right:*

Gift Presentation, Bubble Bath Salts and Bouquet, 4-oz. flacon. Confetti, Tweed or Miracle **$2.50**

Bouquet Tweed, 8-oz. decanter . . . **$3.50**

Bouquet Trio, 4-oz. flacon each, Tweed, Miracle, and Confetti or A Bientôt . **$3.00**

"Band Box" Bouquet, 4-oz. flacon. Miracle, Tweed, Shanghai, Confetti, A Bientôt or Pink Party **$1.25**

THIRD ROW—*left to right:*

Gift Presentation, Bath Powder and Bouquet, 4-oz. flacon. Miracle, Tweed, Confetti, A Bientôt or Shanghai **$2.50**

Lenthéric "Scottie" with Tweed Sachet (below); and with Tweed Soap (above). Each **$2.95**

Bouquet Confetti, 8-oz. decanter . . **$3.50**

Gift Presentation, closed.

Gift Presentation, Duo-tone, 14-K gold-plated vanity, matching lipstick (medium) **$6.50**

Anticipation Presentation, Perfume, 1-oz.; and Bouquet, 4-oz. decanter . **$18.50**

"Miniatures" by Lenthéric, perfume trio; 1 dram each, A Bientôt, Confetti, Tweed **$4.00**

Below it—

Perfume Miracle . . . . . . **$4.00 to $40.00**

Perfume Presentation, 2-dram. Confetti, and other leading fragrances. **$2.25 and $2.75**

and below it—

De Luxe Perfume Presentation, 1 oz. Shanghai, Confetti, Tweed, Miracle or A Bientôt **$10.00**

Perfume Tweed . . . . **$4.00 to $40.00**

Perfume Confetti . . . . . . **$5.00 to $55.00**

Perfume A Bientôt . . . . . **$5.00 to $55.00**

"Three Merry Messengers," 2-oz. flacon each, Bouquet Tweed, Miracle, and Confetti **$1.95**

"Three Silent Messengers," (above); closed. 2-oz. flacon each, Bouquet Tweed, Miracle, and A Bientôt or Shanghai or Confetti **$1.95**

"Color Guard" Triplikit Vanity, in red-white-and-blue enameled case. Contains full-size lipstick in gold-plated case, rouge, and loose-powder compartment **$6.50**

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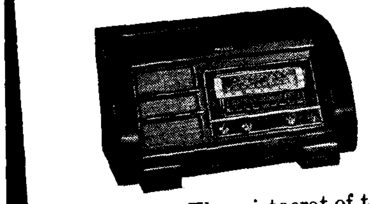
There's a Philco for every purse and purpose... a joyous gift for family or friend!

"MUSIC ON A BEAM OF LIGHT"

Thrill your family with a Philco "*Beam of Light*" Radio-Phonograph. No needles to change... record wear and surface noise reduced 10 to 1... absolute fidelity of pitch... new purity of tone—these new joys are yours only in a Philco.

Philco 1012, illustrated. Easy terms.



PHILCO 355T. The aristocrat of table models. 8 Philco tubes. Complete Push-Button operation. Standard, Short-Wave and Frequency Modulation reception. *Easy terms.*

Philco Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Portables and Auto Radios from $14.95 to $550. For Christmas delivery, see them today.

Prices slightly higher Denver and West; subject to change without notice.

are wonderful, widish silver bangle bracelets made by American Indians with a first-rate fashion sense.

Charlton, 704 Fifth Avenue (55th): Earrings include small gold hearts pierced with gold-and-ruby arrows ($72) and graceful gold wings set with large, oblong aquamarines and small diamonds ($240). A highly prosperous-looking hunk ring with three square-cut aquamarines set in a gold spool is lots of grandeur for $150. Charlton's flower pin is a handsome thistle of dark oval sapphires set with round and baguette diamonds; $4,100.

Edmond Frisch, 336 Park Avenue (51st): Good corsage pin: two geometrically-shaped gold bands, one of them set with a large green tourmaline, which snap together to hold your flowers; $75. The vogue for insect design is exemplified by a huge pearl spider, with gold-and-diamond legs, astride a golden web; $875. Among large charms, look at a gold compass, with "Show me the way to go home" inscribed in black enamel; $57, and a nice débutante gag.

Frank Hartley, 1 East 57th: A red-gold bangle bracelet with a 200-carat amethyst surrounded by carved emerald leaves and diamonds ($1,650); the decoration lifts off to form a clip, and there are earrings to match which may be transferred to your lapel ($520). A flexible red-gold bracelet which has a removable bowknot clip made up of a 150-carat square pink beryl and clusters of blue sapphires and round diamonds costs $2,900; matching earrings are $625.

Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): There are still some of those beautiful Danish silver rings, pins, and bracelets; from $10. A silver bangle bracelet dripping five small animal charms (from the lowly turtle up to an elephant) is $28; additional charms, if you want them, are $4 and $4.50.

Little Shop of T. Azeez, 386 Park Avenue (53rd): Comes now an owl motif for clip pins, made of three-toned topazes with diamond-and-emerald eyes; $950. Charming earrings in the form of dainty gold baskets filled with carved ruby-and-diamond flowers; $250. An enormous gold floral pin consists of three sprays of oval moonstones, dotted with sapphires, and gold-and-diamond shoots, $1,500.

Marcus: Jewelled whimsy: six green onyx peas in a gold pod—it's a pin; $62.50. Another pin is a gold comet set with a ruby, diamond, and sapphire—red, white, and blue, you see, but not the least blatant; $285. Fourteen oval moonstones studded with rubies on a long gold stem make an unusual pin which looks like a pussywillow; $175.

Ross-Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (55th): Good English-crystal sports jewelry, such as three crystal sailboats joined by gold anchors, pilots' wheels, and heavy hawsers in gold; $175. A matching pin has a single crystal sailboat set in a gold wheel; $60.50. For the tycoon's desk: a huge magnifying glass set in gold, with a folding handle; $115.50.

Tiffany: The Old Master is always up to new tricks, such as a gold engine-turned vanity shaped like a padlock, with a diamond-studded key; $345. One of the best wristwatches we've seen is a gold-and-diamond affair on a flexible gold chain, with large, square aquamarines at either side of its face; $450. A link necklace of gold leaves made up with bunches of amethyst grapes ($210) has a matching brooch ($83) and earrings ($41). A stunning necklace of gold sunbursts studded with pearls and diamonds on a double flexible chain is $4,600; that price includes a matching bracelet, ring, and earrings. Just beautiful.

Edwin Tompkins, 1 East 57th: A clip pin in the form of two flat gold daisies with reversible centres—round diamonds on one side which flip over to reveal topazes on the other; $900. A gold tassel-shaped clip pin, set with mammoth kunzites (Californian stones, and they look like pink diamonds); $1,650. What-next whatnot: a gold lapel clip with an oblong watch at its top and, no one knows why, a tiny room thermometer (a working one) at its bottom; $140.

Olga Tritt, 589 Madison Avenue (57th): We went mad over a gold ring with a huge, square Ceylon blue sapphire and three round rubies at either side—really a knockout, and nobody will believe it doesn't cost many times the $200 asked for it. A gold snake-chain necklace dangles a red jade pebble pendant; remove it and the necklace breaks into two bracelets; $330. The shop's newest modernistic cactus pin has a topaz for the bowl, and the plant consists of topaz stalks, ruby berries, and cabochon emerald leaves; $975.

Van Cleef & Arpels, 744 Fifth Avenue (58th): Brush up on your French and your Continental sang-froid; *ici on ne parle pas anglais.* A perfectly lovely gold flower clip pin, ruby-studded, with a cluster ruby centre ($350), and a matching wristwatch set in the largest blossom of a group of gold ones, which compose a bracelet ($480). A super-de-luxe gold vanity of the partitioned, fifty-cigarette-tin type has a lid engraved in scroll design and two diamond flower ornaments; inside, there's room for cigarettes, powder, and the like—and you'll be out $4,000 if you leave it in a taxi. Back to earth again: tiny gold round or square boxes for saccharine,

engraved and studded with a minute jewel; from $70.

VERDURA, 712 Fifth Avenue (55th): High imagination in such things as a gold-veined maple-leaf clip pin studded with jargoons (they come from India) in autumn colors; $1,150. The newest idea here in studs for a blouse or suit is to swathe semiprecious jewels in gold wire nets; $125 for a set of four. Wonderful for a lapel: a gold pin, studded with sapphires, rubies, and emeralds, that is shaped like a Chinese kite and has a flexible tail dragging pearl tassels; $350. Giddy specials: a gold lapel pin consisting of a locomotive with a diamond headlight, jewelled coal in the tender, and two day coaches ($375), and a platinum pin in the shape of a French poodle, with pearl curls ($575). Whee!

Games for Adults

TROTTING around town looking at new games in the shops, we were struck straight off by the ingenuity with which several popular sports ordinarily calling for considerable space and activity have been both scaled and toned down to a parlor-pastime basis. At that old indefatigable, Abercrombie & Fitch, for instance, you'll find a couple of new versions of bowling—one, called Parlor Bowling, an outright miniature reproduction of an alley, and the other, Dart-Bowl, a combination, as its name suggests, of darts and bowling. Parlor Bowling consists of a seven-foot alley, with equipment built to scale, which rests on a sixteen-inch stand. So far, it doesn't sound like much for the $22.50 it costs, but look: one of its wonderful features is that the balls are automatically returned to the bowler on an inclined runway, and another is that the pins, when toppled, can be raised bolt upright again by a tug on the cord to which they're attached—both stupendous achievements, in some ways comparable to the dream of all-downhill skiing. Dart-Bowl involves a target board, painted with ten pins and other scoring areas, which is to be leaned against a wall. Each player, armed with darts instead of balls, gets a chance to make a strike with one throw or a spare with two, using an underhand swing and a bowler's crouch. Scoring follows the rules of the big game as closely as possible. Three darts, the board, and a score pad are $6.

For further activity indoors, Abercrombie shows a set of miniature lawn bowls, called Carpet Bowls, which, you can just bet, we would have included in the foregoing paragraph about offshoots of bowling had not one of our learned associates pointed out that bowls was going strong on the greenswards of England in the days when bowling was

1.50 BEIGE fabrikoid with plaid lining or plaid with solid lining. Name plate for initialling. Nail Enamel, Oily Remover, Cuticle Lotion, file, orange stick, emery boards.

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WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS NAME IN NAIL ENAMEL

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7.50 HANDSOME suede or leather capeskin. Two shades of Nail Enamel, large Lipstick, Adheron, Cuticle Lotion, Remover, scissors, tweezers, file, pusher, orange stick, nail white pencil, emery boards, cotton. Name plate for initialling.

5.00 GENUINE lambskin, double zippered case with name plate for initialling. Nail Enamel, Adheron, Remover, Cuticle Lotion, scissors, file, tweezers, pusher, orange stick, emery boards.

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CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEY

FOR GLORY, FOR GIFTS

Here's a really different taste thrill. CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEYS, declared deliciously different by epicures. Plump, premium, young birds, cured in imported spices and smoked over fragrant applewood embers by the Forst family, who have prepared and smoked quality meats for more than eighty years. Serve these golden-brown birds hot or cold; weight 8 to 18 lbs.; cost you $1.25 lb.; express prepaid; money refunded if you are not satisfied. Whole turkeys come all ready to eat. Interesting recipe booklet with each turkey. The FORSTS, Rondout Sta. 1, Kingston, N. Y.

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Unpainted, imported briar root. No tubes or gadgets. No breaking-in, color like meerschaum: $1 to $8. Rare straight grains: $10 to $100. Pipes repaired while you wait.

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Fine tobaccos skilfully blended to your taste at our original Tobacco Bar. Send for catalog N.

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just getting its start in the monasteries of Europe. With that bit of erudition off our chest, we announce that the balls used in Carpet Bowls are egg-sized and, like standard bowls balls, made with one side heavier than the other, so that they will swerve when rolled at the stationary target ball, or jack, exactly as though the game were on the green in Central Park instead of on somebody's Isfahan rug. It's fun. Eight balls, a jack, and a little rubber foot mat for the bowlers to stand on come to $6.

Macy, down in its lair by old Herald Square, offers Shovel-Ball, a catholic mixture of golf, shuffleboard, and billiards. In this one, each contestant tries to be the first to pile up a predetermined number of points by a process apt to make a donkey out of the best parlor athlete. The purpose is to knock a small rubber ball, with the help of a long-handled pusher, up onto an object that lies flat on the floor and resembles an archery target, except that the various circles and the bull's-eye on its surface are depressed to hold the ball. Play starts eight feet from the target, and the approach technique has certain characteristics of golf and shuffleboard; to get the ball onto the target and make it stay in one of the depressions, you have to put a spin on it, like a draw shot in billiards, and that's where the real skill comes in. Shovel-Ball is $6.98.

FOR more sedentary types, who like to take their games sitting down, there is Empires, which can be found at Bloomingdale, Hearn, Macy, McCreery, F. A. O. Schwarz, and Stern. Two to six players, each representing a nation, gather around a board on which is a map of the world, and, using colored markers and dice, begin a furious race to gain colonies; all hands start from the middle of the Atlantic. The acquirer of a colony is given cards denoting resources and armaments, which are important when he goes after more colonies and, toward the climax of the game, becomes embroiled in total war, one player finally emerging victorious over the others. It's all very realistic, what with blockades and so on, and not as complicated as it may sound; around $2.

Another newcomer, of the same grim, up-to-the-minute school, is Invasion, which is a more thought-provoking game for two, three, or four. Played on a checkered board, it has some of the characteristics of chess in that the fifteen markers allotted to each player are cut in individual shapes (tanks, soldiers, etc.) and move only in prescribed directions, and some of the characteristics of four-handed checkers in that, when all sides reach the centre, a general melee results. Invasion takes longer to get on to than Empires, but certain people, the kind with plotting minds, will probably like it better; it's about $2 at Macy and Schwarz.

KITS combining several standard games are, as usual, on view everywhere, at all sorts of prices. Abercrombie has one of the most splendiferous, with equipment for checkers, backgammon, roulette, chuck-a-luck, dominoes, chess, cribbage, craps, poker dice, and poker—all in a saddle-stitched leather case; $125. Macy shows a slightly less elaborate one, with much the same stuff in it, for $89.95, and Lord & Taylor have another that is almost as complete, but with considerably smaller apparatus, for $35. Very acceptable pigskin kits, containing a cribbage board, three hundred red, white, and blue poker chips, card packs for gin rummy, poker, bridge, pinochle, and bezique, and scoring paraphernalia, appear at Saks-Fifth Avenue and Schwarz for $34.50.

Jigsaw-puzzle fanciers should find enough to keep them busy in the 1,500-piece teasers which Macy shows in several designs, one of the most popular being an illustrated ethnological map of the world. All are $12.98. If you think these won't hold your friend's attention, however, you might consult the Par Puzzle Company, 18 East 53rd Street, which will be glad to cut out special patterns for you (they've just finished a 10,000-piecer in the form of a map of London, for which they asked and got $350), but no Christmas orders for this work can be taken after December 15th. Their made-to-order puzzles start at $5.

HODGEPODGE: An innocent-looking Queen Anne-style walnut table at Abercrombie turns out to be a compact little gambling hell. It has a green baize top that is plenty big enough for bridge or for small poker parties, and this lifts up to disclose a compartment filled with apparatus for roulette (an extension fits onto the table to hold the wheel), craps, Klondike, hazard, and chemin de fer; $225. . . . At the same store and price are four hundred ivory poker chips, with borders in one of four colors and, in their centres (to prove they're the McCoy), that tiny black spot which was part of the nerve canal of the elephant's tusk. . . . The new and the old in chessmen: at Macy, a modernistic wood set whose major figures are decorated with geometric designs indicating the direction in which they may be moved ($6.09); at Altman, hundred-year-old Chinese figures of red and white carved ivory in a velvet-lined case ($75).... Outdoor paddle tennis in the winter is becoming popular, and you'll find a good set of equipment for the game at Alex Taylor, 22 East 42nd Street, for $29.75.

Radios and Such

FREQUENCY-MODULATION equipment is the important thing in many of the radio receivers available for Christmas giving this season. Sometimes it's built in; sometimes it's optional, at an added $50 to $75, on machines made for the standard and short-wave bands. Built-in or optional, it's the principal difference between the sets that were featured last year and those that are getting attention as 1941 gifts. The quality of FM reception will be especially pleasing, remember, to people who listen mostly to music.

Whatever type of radio or radio-phonograph set you plan to buy, it's a good idea to get your order in early, because this industry has been affected by priorities, and some dealers admit that deliveries aren't easy to obtain. It's safest to buy a set already in stock, unless the dealer can guarantee on-time delivery of something that must be ordered. Portable radios run from $25 to around $70. Ansley makes a radio-phonograph portable for $99.50; if you want just a portable phonograph, there's a Libertyphone model for $39.50. Table radios start at $12.95 and gallop upward to $175; combination table sets are $30 to $150. Console radios run from $70 to a mere $600 (for a Scott chassis; cabinet extra), and console combinations go as low as $110 and as high as $1,275 (for a Capehart which can do anything but fly around the room).

Innovations in regular radio receivers are mostly of the incidental order. You might, however, note especially the R.C.A. radio-phonograph that plays both sides of a record (not simultaneously, of course) without requiring you to turn over the disc. It's $495 and, by the way, is not equipped for FM. General Electric has brought out a new series of extra-special machines, called Musaphonics, with automatic record-changers, FM equipment, recording devices, and *two* speakers, which together produce a magnificent tone. Carrying out the grandeur theme, the cabinets are all custom-made. Prices run from

Grimsby's
GOT
Something
Here

He's giving his family the Christmas gift that's really DIFFERENT—a Hammond Novachord!

Grimsby just put two and two together. Here's his family—all of them fond of good music. And here's the Novachord—the marvelous electronic instrument that will let them make *more* music than ever before . . . will bring to their own fingertips the brilliant, colorful effects of almost every instrument in a symphony orchestra!

You'd better find out about the Novachord, too. *Try* it. Play a simple melody on the standard, piano-like keyboard . . . then hear your music take on thrilling new depth and beauty as you turn the tone selectors and bring in the Novachord's wonderful array of vivid instrumental effects—as of piano, violin, trumpet, English horn, flute, Hawaiian guitar, harpsichord, string quartet, and many more.

Compactly designed, the Novachord fits perfectly into any living room . . . operates from an electric outlet.

Learn more about the fascinating, easy-to-play Novachord and how much it can add to your family's enjoyment and appreciation of good music. Find your nearest Hammond dealer in the classified phone book, or write: Hammond Instrument Co., 2909 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

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SEE..HEAR..PLAY THE HAMMOND NOVACHORD

By the makers of the Hammond Organ, Hammond Solovox and Hammond Electric Clocks

It's Open Season for SPORTSMAN
SHAVING LOTION..COLOGNE
HAIR DRESSING
DUSK . . . and the birds just coming in
SPORTSMAN SHAVING LOTION
A FRESH BREEZE . . . and a full sail
SPORTSMAN COLOGNE
THE STRIKE that makes the line burn your thumb
SPORTSMAN HAIR DRESSING

The thrill of sport is captured in SPORTSMAN preparations . . . tops in quality . . . masculine as their name . . . fresh as all outdoors. In big eight-ounce bottles decorated with full color reproductions of dramatic sports paintings by leading American artists..

SPORTSMAN GIFTS for MEN

Shaving Lotion, Cologne and Hair Dressing *in choice of* Mallard Duck, Sailfish or Racing Cutter bottles . . . Each, $2.50. *Gift* Set of Two, $5. Set of Three. $7.50

At Leading Stores

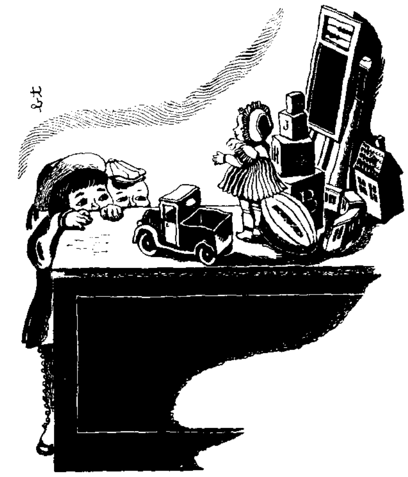
JOHN HUDSON MOORE, Inc., 663 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Distributors of LONDON HOUSE Fine English Brushes

$395 to $695. Then there's the General Electric portable that operates on a wet, instead of a dry, battery. When it comes time to recharge, you plug the set into any alternating-current socket and the battery recharges itself while the music goes 'round and around. The set saves you the trouble and expense of changing batteries.

You can get FM equipment in Aeolian-Vocalion, Ansley, Capehart, Freed-Eisemann, General Electric, Libertyphone, Magnavox, Pilot, Port-O-Matic, Scott, Stromberg-Carlson, and Zenith radios. Sonora will soon follow suit. R.C.A. Victor, Emerson (which specializes in portables), Marconiphone, Motorola, and Hallicrafter make a variety of standard sets; Dumont devotes itself to a combination radio-and-television affair. General Electric also has such a machine, and so has R.C.A. Some machines have television outlets into which television adapters can be plugged; all Capehart sets have such outlets, and R.C.A. makes an adapter which can be used with any set that has a television outlet.

About here, we'll have our annual note on the A.C.-D.C. business. Find out what sort of current there is where the recipient will use the set. If it's A.C., the world is yours and his. If it's D.C., which it may be in some sections of the city, either get an A.C.-D.C. set (there are few readily available sets built for direct current only) or, if you're giving an A.C. set, send along a converter.

There isn't much of a tendency to include home-recording devices in this year's radios, although you can have one added on certain machines. Recording phonographs, which are excellent gifts for those who like to collect the vocal or instrumental performances of their friends, are put out by Presto, R.C.A., and Federal. A portable radio-phonograph with recording equipment is put



HIT RECORDS FROM A HIT SHOW!

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Mary Jane Walsh

recordings from

COLE PORTER'S

Let's Face It

"Ev'rything I Love" • "Ace In The Hole"
"Farming" • "I Hate You Darling"

Above records plus "Let's Face It" dance medley in picture album (3 records) $3.00.

Mail and phone orders

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450 Madison Avenue at 50th Street
773-5 Fifth Avenue (Savoy-Plaza)
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254 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla.

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CHRISTMAS CANDLES

Exclusive **NEW** *Designs*

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Before You Buy

see the famous Will & Baumer designs. Ask for them by name. And capture the traditional Christmas Spirit, with genuine Will & Baumer pure Bayberry Candles. At your favorite department store or gift shop. Or write direct for complete, illustrated folder.

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CHRISTMAS BELONGS TO CHILDREN

IN THE BEGINNING by Sholem Asch
beautiful retelling of Old Testament Stories
illustrated record album, $3.00

Give American—PLAY PARTIES in Song & Dance
as sung by Lead Belly
illustrated record album, $2.50
At good stores everywhere or
Asch Recordings, 117 West 46 Street, N. Y. C.

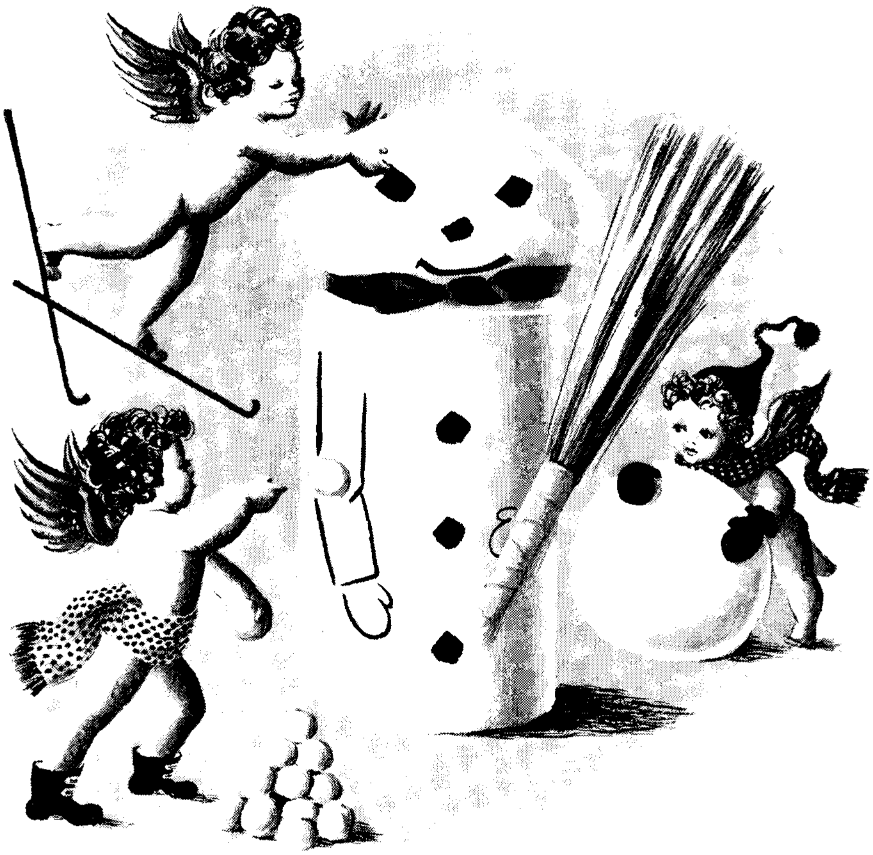
out by Wilcox-Gay for $215. All of these machines are for A.C.

THE Solovox, a small keyboard which may be attached to any piano and whose keys govern electrical impulses that are amplified through a loudspeaker, can produce forty-four tone combinations. It costs $209 and sometimes it gets children who don't seem to care about playing piano interested in the art. Estey manufactures three-octave organs designed especially for children. With foot pedals, they are $29.15, and if you want them with an electric motor, that'll be $45.60. Estey, of course, has all types of organs, including the Modernistic five-octave machines; these last have electric motors and cost from $296.30 to $544.20.

IN the small-instrument markets, recorders continue to be popular. Some are imported from England even nowadays. They range in price from $3, for a small one, to $45, for a giant that looks like a saxophone.

South American and Cuban instruments are getting a play. At various music shops, you'll find maracas (from seventy-five cents to $2 a pair), bongos (from $8.50 to $15), claves (eighty cents to $3 a pair), and castanets (from $1.50 to $7.50 a set). If you want to investigate specialties in this line, visit the United Music Company, at 1291 Sixth Avenue (51st). Here you'll find, in addition to the instruments already mentioned, conga drums ($15); cabashes, which are Brazilian gourds indispensable to samba demonstrations ($15 to $22); guiros—gourds with roughened surfaces—all dressed up to play ($4.50); and Spanish guitars from Valencia ($22.50 to $300).

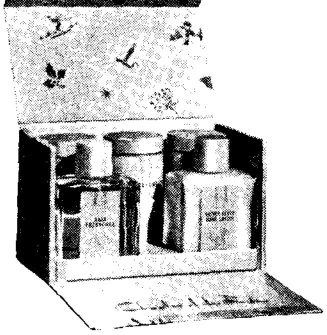
HERE are some of the other institutions which supply one or more of the possibilities we have mentioned, and plenty of others too: The Aeolian Company, 27 West 57th; Center Music Stores, 1242 Sixth Avenue (49th); Elaine Music Shop, 9 East 44th; Estey Organ Corporation, 5 West 52nd; Carl Fischer, 62 Cooper Square; Hammond Organ Studios, 50 West 57th; Haynes-Griffin, 373 Madison Avenue (46th); Knabe, 584 Fifth Avenue (47th); Lehman Radio Salon, 985 Madison Avenue (77th); Liberty Music Shops, 450 Madison Avenue (50th) and Savoy-Plaza Hotel; Magnamusic, 161 West 57th; Marconi Brothers, 679 Madison Avenue (61st); New York Band Instrument Company, 1166 Sixth Avenue (45th); Rabsons, 111



cheery gifts of beauty by

Charles of the Ritz

Safeguarding the tradition of the thoughtful "little" gift, is the Happy Snowman, in white flannel, complete with broom. His head, a cake of Spur Soap; his torso, Spur Dusting Powder. All for $1.50 ★ HolidayTime boxful of five superb Basic Skin Care preparations. $2.50 ★ *Important* looking flacon of *crisp*, refreshing Spur *Eau de Cologne*, with gleaming gold-tone metal stopper. $4.00 ★ Sparkling Wintertime, fragrance of frost-and-flame, is paired with matching Wintertime Dusting Powder, in a gay gift box. $2.00 ★ These cheery gifts by CHARLES OF THE RITZ, along with Moss Rose Exquisitries in Christmas settings, await your pleasure at fine stores.



Gifts long remembered..

Old World Bottlings by Sandeman

Since 1790 the Sandeman Don has been the symbol of that extra bouquet and flavour found only in Old World *originals* . . . in prized Ports from Portugal and select Sherries from Spain.

No other bottlings are more distinguished, or make more treasured gifts. And there is a Sandeman Port and Sherry for every taste—and every purse.

DRY DON SHERRY. A world favorite . . . a choice gift. Delicious golden Amontillado.

DRY DON PORT. Give this superb Tawny Port—delicious and appreciated at all times.

DRY DON
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IMPORTED • ESTABLISHED 1790

Ports Sherries

FROM PORTUGAL
19% to 21% Alcohol by vol.

FROM SPAIN
18% to 20% Alcohol by vol.

IMPORTED BY
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

West 52nd; Schirmer, 3 East 43rd; E. H. Scott Radio Laboratories, 630 Fifth Avenue (50th); Steinway, 109 West 57th; Trinity Talking Machine Co., 52 Broadway (Exchange Place); and Wurlitzer, 120 West 42nd.

Christmas Spirits

SINCE, so far as we can gather, Christmas shoppers are mostly preoccupied this year with tracking down European wines and spirits, we're going to limit ourselves pretty much to a discussion of those treasures. Without any beating about the bush, we'll start right in and give you the answer to the question which is on the tip of every Christmas wine shopper's tongue and which probably made you begin to read this in the first place. Yes, there is plenty of imported champagne in town to see us through the holidays. Indeed, we would be talking about nothing but champagne from now to Christmas Eve if we reported on every shop that has a supply of one sort or another. Whether a lot of the shops have any considerable quantity of this wine, or whether what they have is of the best years, is another matter, and the fact is that the supply of the smaller concerns is too limited to list, since the chances are that the bottles we might recommend would be gone before you got around to asking for them. By the way, prices in this field skip and jump like mad these days, and in some instances merchants won't even quote a figure, so please don't be too harsh with us if we're a few cents or even dollars off on some of the following findings.

Rounding up the really great years is a difficult matter, as the list narrows abruptly when it comes to the divine '21's and '28's. That incomparable Moët & Chandon Dom Pérignon Cuvée of 1921 is to be had at M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd); Vendôme Liqueurs, 415 Madison (49th); Monro Wines & Liquors, 20 East 57th Street; Mabardi, 6 East 55th Street; A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison (88th); and Sumner Wines & Spirits, 629 Park Avenue (65th), at prices around $110 a case. Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st), has the great Lanson of 1921 at $95 a case, and both this firm and Mabardi have the magnificent Moët & Chandon Imperial Crown English Market. The price is $90 a case at Sherry and $100 at Mabardi, and the wine seems worth whatever anybody wants to ask for it. H. H. Burns, 42 East 48th Street, has a small quantity of 1921 Pol Roger at $12 a bottle. The only champagne

Aunt Lizzie says . . .

Land Sakes! Now You City Folks Air A-gittin' Our Ozark Mountain Strawberry Jam!

WHAT a treat! Luscious, plump, vine-ripened mountain strawberries, filled with unforgettable flavor by long sunny days and cool dew-wet nights, made into thick, blobby jam by our mountain cooks! For gifts . . . for that touch of "back home" in holiday feasting, order

Sunrise Mountain Farm
Strawberry Jam

Also Wild Blackberry Jam, Jelly • Wild Plum Butter, Jelly
Wild Grape Jam, Jelly • and other varieties

If no dealer in your vicinity send $2.75 for one dozen glasses assorted jams and jellies, express prepaid.

Robert W. Lyon
Mountain View, Missouri, R. F. D. #1
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For sale at these retail stores:

New York City — B. Altman & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y. — Abraham & Straus
Baltimore, Md. — Hopper McGaw Co.
Boston, Mass. — Jordan Marsh & Co.
Chicago — Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio — H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio — J. Shillito & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio — The Higbee Company
Columbus, Ohio — F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Tex. — The Hunt Grocery Co.
Dayton, Ohio — Rike-Kumler Co.
Detroit, Mich. — J. L. Hudson Company
Indianapolis, Ind. — L. S. Ayres Co.
Los Angeles, Cal. — The May Company
Milwaukee, Wis. — Wm. Steinmeyer Co.
Missoula, Mont. — Missoula Mercantile Co.
Newark, N. J. — L. Bamberger & Co.
New Orleans, La. — A. M. & J. Solari, Ltd.
Oak Park, Ill.....Strickland's
Philadelphia, Pa. — Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa. — Strawbridge & Clothier
San Antonio, Tex. — Laurel Heights Grocery Co.
San Diego, Cal. — Hamilton's Ltd.
Seattle, Wash. — Frederick & Nelson
St. Louis, Mo. — Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney
Tacoma, Wash. — Roberts Bros.
Washington, D. C. — Woodward & Lothrop
. . . and many others.

THE WHOLE WORLD SINGS ITS PRAISES!

• Creamy-centered...golden-crusted Borden's Liederkranz is everybody's favorite! So serve it often. You and your guests will love it at home . . . and at the better hotels and restaurants!

Borden's LIEDERKRANZ Cheese

the *one* American-made cheese that's famous the world over.

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rosé we have been able to track down is at Sumner, where they have a few cases of the 1928 vintage at $75 a case. Lehmann has some 1915 Pommery & Greno from the Long Island cellars of the late Nicholas Brady for $59 a case, and the firm guarantees it to be in perfect condition.

The 1928 champagnes are slightly easier to discover than the 1921's. There is a considerable quantity of Perrier-Jouët '28 at one place or another. Bates & French, 96 Park Avenue (40th), for instance, are asking $72 a case for it and $70 for a Pommery & Greno of the same vintage. Most of the firms we've mentioned can still produce a small quantity of the great Bollinger of that year for around $110, Lehmann has over a hundred cases of Krug, Luria has a certain quantity of Clicquot English Market at $85 and Pol Roger at $80, and Sherry has more Clicquot Dry England than we thought existed. Among Mabardi's large stock is a Lanson '28 for $80, and both Burns and Sumner have fairly complete lists of '28's, ranging from Ernest Irroy at $65 a case to Moët & Chandon Imperial Crown at $7.80 a bottle; Monro has Moët & Chandon Brut at $7.80 a bottle, Clicquot English Market at $7, and Heidsieck Monopole at $7—all '28's. A surprising number of magnums and jeroboams may be turned up at Mabardi, Lehmann, Sherry, and Sumner. So you see?

ODDLY enough, still wines present a rather more discouraging problem than champagnes. A few firms continue to offer large quantities of the famous years and names, but the shopper who thinks he is going to discover great clarets or Burgundies tucked away and forgotten in a little out-of-the-way place is likely to be sadly mistaken. Some of the more important merchants, who had large stocks before the war, are still able to make a creditable showing. In addition, Lehmann and Sherry have been steadily replenishing their supplies from British cellars. Among the Lehmann clarets which we would recommend enthusiastically, if a recommendation of such worthies didn't sound impertinent, are a Château Ausone ($52.50 a case) and a Château Haut-Brion ($57.50), both of 1929. Lehmann also has a

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Young-Timers Fourth Floor

Henri Bendel
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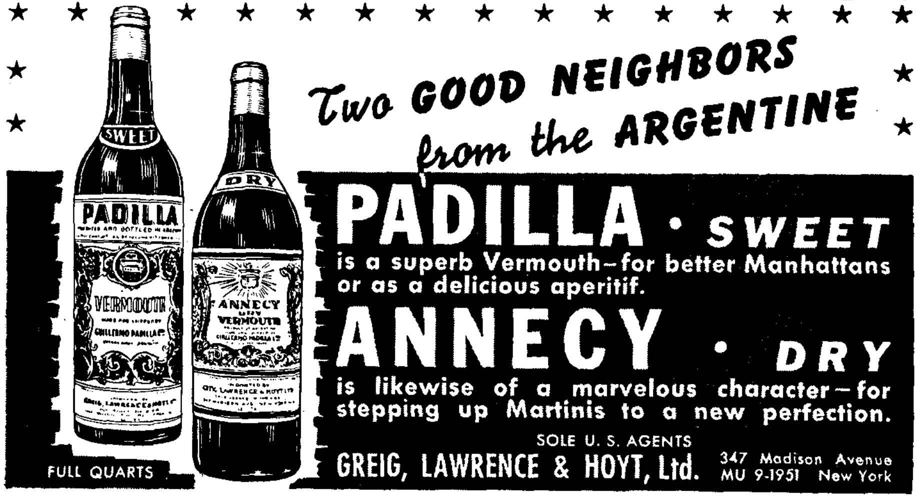
American beauty or emerald faille bodice, white tulle over white rayon-taffeta . . . fantastic, fluttering butterflies. Lighter than fluff . . . merry as this merry season. $49.95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FULL QUARTS

PADILLA • SWEET
is a superb Vermouth—for better Manhattans or as a delicious aperitif.

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is likewise of a marvelous character—for stepping up Martinis to a new perfection.

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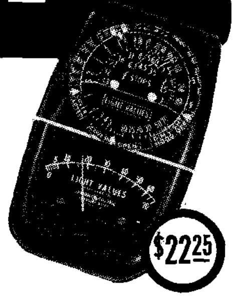
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CHRISTMAS GIFT
for camera users
THE G-E EXPOSURE METER

The easy way to better pictures—color—movies!

$22.25

HERE'S what they all want: the G-E exposure meter. Makes it easy to get *good* shots in movies, stills, color—*every time.* Helps save on film. Operates with one hand. Anyone can use it. Many other features. Choose it for the picture-taker on your list. See it at good photo dealers everywhere.

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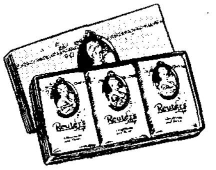
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NATURAL DEFENSE
FOR
Beautiful Skin

REUTER'S SOAP will guard your skin and keep it radiant and soft. Its rich velvety lather is kinder to delicate complexions.

REUTER'S SOAP is not made from any reclaimed fats, but from purest edible ingredients, government inspected.

The choice of discriminating women in all parts of the world.

Reuter's Soap

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc.
135 Water Street, New York, N. Y. N-2
Please send me free sample of Reuter's, the soap that beautiful women rely on.
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Street..........
City.......... *State*..........

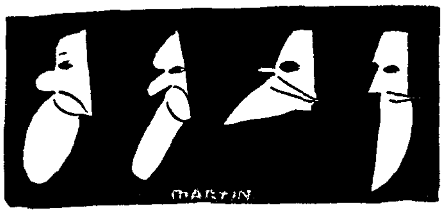
Château Latour of 1924 ($57.50) that ought to make somebody's Christmas a very merry one, a Château Lynch-Bages of 1929 ($26), and a Château Nénin, which is a little-known and delightful Pomerol of 1934 ($24). The Lehmann Burgundies are numerous and excellent enough to repay a careful study by the Burgundian crowd. There is a 1933 Santenay ($2 a bottle), which we thought perfectly lovely when we tasted it a while back with no thought of Christmas in our head, and greater names and greater vintages are represented, right up to the noble '29 Romanée-Conti itself.

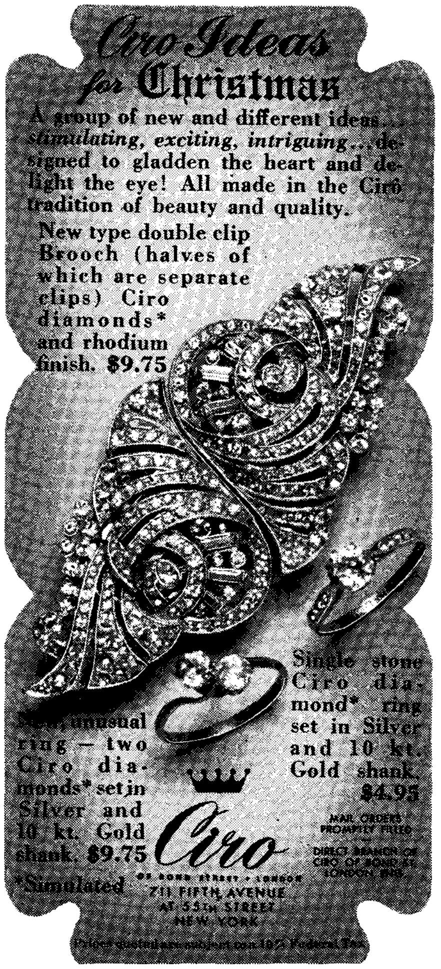
Sherry can produce a 1929 Château Margaux ($46.75) which seems just about all that a Médoc ought to be. There are also a number of distinguished white Bordeaux, both sweet and dry. The Sherry Burgundies have been drawn largely from Berry Brothers' cellars in London and include several of the great '29's of the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, one of the finest of which is a Les Gaudichots, at $4.30 a bottle. Sherry also presents with proper pride some of the estate-bottled Romanée-Conti ($7.95 a bottle), which may suitably be drunk this Christmas or handed on to your children or your grandchildren.

Sumner offers a Meursault Santenot of 1935 that is one of the loveliest white Burgundies you are likely to find. It is a shade less full than the '37 vintage of the same wine, which you may have had the luck to run across last year and of which there is no more, but it is a beautiful wine all the same. Sumner has a Bâtard-Montrachet, also '35, at $42.50, and a number of fine red Burgundies, among them a Clos de Vougeot '29 at $44.50 and a Volnay Clos des Champans of the same year at $42.50.

Burns is another shop whose stock is worth a look for yourself. Here they present a 1923 Chambertin at $7 a bottle (we daresay it won't be with them long) and a little of the Romanée-Conti of 1929 at $12 a bottle. There is, too, a creditable supply of lesser Burgundies and several good clarets.

Bates & French have some Château Cos d'Estornel '24, a beautiful example of this distinguished St. Estèphe ($45 a case), and the same wine of the '34




Ciro Ideas for Christmas

A group of new and different ideas... *stimulating, exciting, intriguing*... designed to gladden the heart and delight the eye! All made in the Ciro tradition of beauty and quality.

New type double clip Brooch (halves of which are separate clips) Ciro diamonds* and rhodium finish. $9.75

Single stone Ciro diamond* ring set in Silver and 10 kt. Gold shank. $4.95

New, unusual ring — two Ciro diamonds* set in Silver and 10 kt. Gold shank. $9.75

*Simulated

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

DIRECT BRANCH OF CIRO OF BOND ST. LONDON, ENG.

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48 BOND STREET • LONDON
711 FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET
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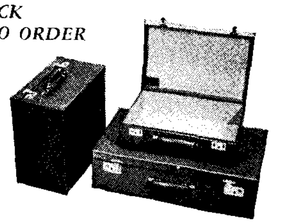
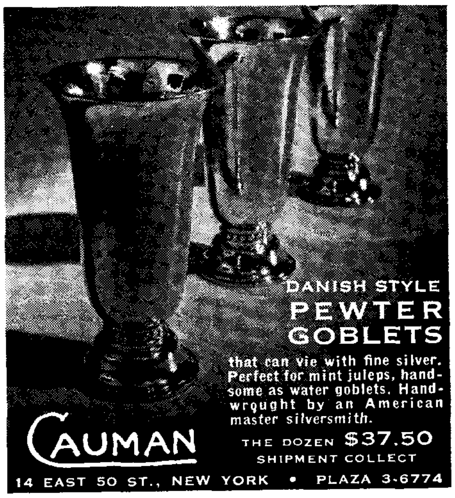
Prices quoted are subject to a 10% Federal Tax


IN STOCK AND TO ORDER

Luggage for Gifts

Arthur Gilmore INC.
16 East 52nd Street • New York


DANISH STYLE
PEWTER GOBLETS
that can vie with fine silver. Perfect for mint juleps, handsome as water goblets. Handwrought by an American master silversmith.

CAUMAN
THE DOZEN $37.50
SHIPMENT COLLECT
14 EAST 50 ST., NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-6774

vintage ($26.50), which ought to be even finer than the '24's before long. At the same shop can be found some Château Margaux of '28 and '34 ($39 and $32), and there is a Château Haut-Brion Blanc that seems preferable to any other dry white Bordeaux we have tasted in a long time. Bates & French also have a Château Olivier '34 at $21.50, and among their Sauternes there is still a little of the beautiful Château d'Yquem of '29 at $59 a case.

A. N. Luria is also surprisingly rich in fine clarets and white Bordeaux. Among the former are such distinguished wines as Château Haut-Brion '20 and '29 ($6 and $5.50 a bottle), a 1924 Château Lafite-Rothschild, and a Château Ausone of the same year (both $8 a bottle). In white Bordeaux, you can find a 1929 Château Latour-Blanche at $38.50, Rayne-Vigneau '28 at $26.50, and an unfamiliar Graves of '34 (Cru Haut Marnière) at $27.50.

Ellis-Meadows, 805 Park Avenue (74th), is another firm that boasts some of the wines of the Romanée-Conti Domaine. The best of these, perhaps, is a 1933 Grands Echézeaux at $35. Outstanding in the shop's claret list is a 1924 Château Pavie at $26 a case.

Pauillacs being none too easy to come by these days, you will probably want to know about a 1924 Château Latour (at Mabardi for $5.25 a bottle); Monro has the same thing in the '34 vintage ($3.75), a half-dozen of which would make a fine nest egg for your favorite young couple's cellar. Monro also has some Lafite '34 and '29, at $3.50 and $3.75 a bottle, and a small amount of 1934 Mouton-Rothschild at $3.50.

THE wines of Spain and Portugal aren't exactly abundant in these parts, but there are a number of very fine examples to be had, and with really good brandies increasingly hard to get, Madeira and port have taken on an added interest for after-dinner drinkers. Both Lehmann and Sherry have a remarkable collection of Sandeman vintage ports, all calculated to "strengthen and gladden," as Professor Saintsbury wrote of fine ports in general, and Lehmann has most of the great years in the Taylor and Dow ports. The prices run from around $2.25 to $10 a bottle. Bates & French have Bellows Choicest Tawny Port at $4.30. Burns has a little of that glorious 1820 Hatch Mansfield Madeira, which is offered at the reasonable price of $6.50 a bottle, and Bates & French and Lehmann have Leacock's Sercial Madeira of the 1870 vintage. Sherry has the

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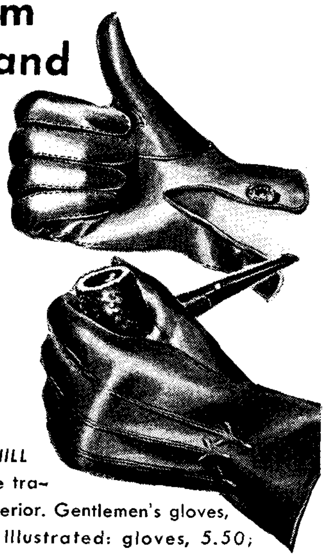

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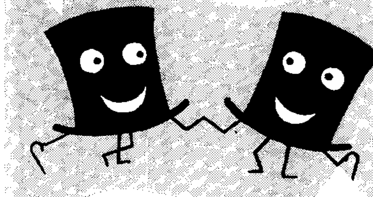
"I hear Lea & Perrins Sauce is a famous first-nighter"★



"Yep...and a good second-nighter too"★★

★ Lea & Perrins is a first-nighter for steaks and roasts.
★★ Lea & Perrins is a first rate second-nighter for hash!

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
THE SAUCE OF 1000 USES

Domecq Napoleon sherry at $15.75 a bottle, and both Sherry and Lehmann have a few cases of Williams & Humbert Dry Sack sherry in magnums that, at $6.50 apiece, make awfully impressive Christmas presents. The same two shops have a beautiful, dry Patito sherry, imported from Berry Brothers, at $65 a case, and Lehmann possesses a pearl of great price in a Sandeman Amontillado reputed to be two hundred years old, for which the price is $18 a bottle.

NEARLY every wine-and-spirit shop still carries stocks, small or large, of imported cordials. All of the places we have mentioned have Bénédictine and B. & B. for $8.50 or thereabouts, most of the Bols Holland liqueurs for around $6, Cointreau for from $7.95 to $8.50, and so on. Rarities are the pre-expulsion Chartreuses at Lehmann, and a soft, mellow Baczewski (a Polish Kümmel), which Sherry sells for $6.49.

IT'S worth remembering that a bottle of any reputable cognac, which would once have had about the same reception as a quart of Scotch if found in a Christmas stocking, will now probably bring tears of gratitude to the eyes of many of your friends. Lehmann has an extraordinarily large collection of rare brandies—cognacs, armagnacs, and Calvados—among which are a 1904 Hine's Unblended at $13 a bottle, Hennessy's seventy-year-old at $19.85, and a Hennessy's 1913 at $11.35, all superb. In a more modest class at the same shop are some of the Hubert cognacs for $4.25. The Lehmann armagnacs of the Marquis de Caussade range from $7.85 to $40.35, and the very rare Busnel Calvados is priced at $7.30 a bottle for the twenty-five-year-old and $14.85 for that of 1880. Sherry has, besides the de Caussade armagnac, a limited supply of Denis-Mounié King Edward VII cognac at $4.19 a half-bottle.

GOOD Scotch is coming over with enough regularity now to make a report on its whereabouts unnecessary. However, you may want to investigate a few unusual items, such as those in the distinguished collection of unblended malts offered by Sherry—among them, for instance, a thirty-six-year-old Glen Grant Glenlivet at $14.75 a bottle.

WE haven't space to do more than mention the excellent rums that are coming to us from the West Indies and Cuba. Some of these, though—like

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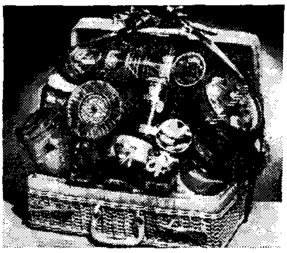


Holiday Gift Basket
This attractive hamper basket contains shelled pecans, mint sticks, hard candies, jams, jellies, fresh pears and peaches, figs, dates, marrons glace, salted nuts, pffernusse, Roquefort cheese matured in brandy, etc. $9.50
And many other delicacies. Write for Catalogue "X".

Vendôme
415 MADISON AVENUE New York

the twenty-eight-year-old Lemon Hart Jamaica, the Lemon Hart Demarara of 151 proof, and a Bacardi Gold (done up in an attractive wicker case)—make such welcome presents that we can't pass them by. They're $8.39, $4.99, and $4.89, respectively, at most good liquor shops.

Christmas Trimmings

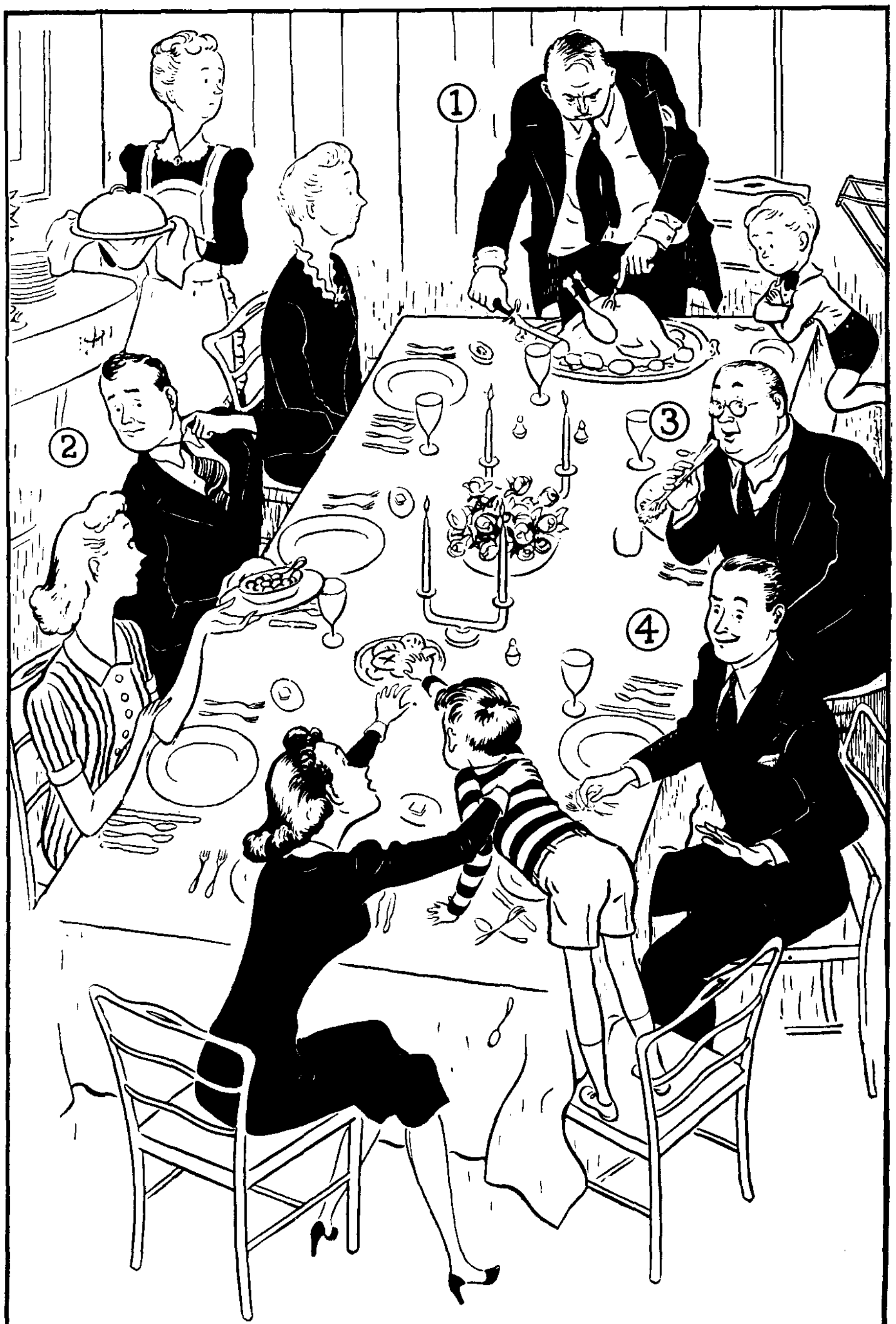
THE swing toward a return to traditional Christmas ornaments for house, tree, and table, which got off to a fine start last year, has gained momentum. Gone from the scene—and about time, too—are the white plume trees, the elaborations in gold and silver combined with Easter-egg pastels, and the grim determination to improve upon nature, usually manifested in gilding the evergreen beyond recognition. Florists this season have been content to let well enough alone, and their new arrangements of Christmas greens are for the most part in a natural state. Shops which specialize in decorations of the candle-and-Christmas-bell order indicate a definite revival of the true spirit of old-fashioned Christmas. In the places listed below you will find decorations for your own tree and homestead, and many that may fill the problem spots on your gift list as well:

AJELLO, 100 East 50th: This celebrated candlemaker's Star of Bethlehem candle, a traditional Christmas favorite, appears in a new version—white outside and red, blue, or green within, and the colors make fascinating patterns as they melt and spill down; $3.50. A pair of ten-inch hand-carved Florentine candles, pine-scented and mounted on a base of berried wax holly; $2.50, in white, green, or blue. Old-fashioned bayberry candles, with the delicious and characteristic scent, are four for $1.

GERARD, 48 East 48th: Superb seven-inch angels have a distinctly Byzantine feeling, even though their heads are glass marbles and their wings and halos made of plastic; $1.75. A blue-eyed, long-legged copper seraph makes a wall sconce for two candles; $4.50. Black iron urns, copied from old stove-top ornaments, come filled with masterly arrangements of Christmas greens; $7 to $10. Clusters of sleigh bells, cones, and evergreens make front-door trimmings; from $7. For the tree: acrobatic angels cut from copper foil and swinging from big white stars; $2.50 for six.

HAWTHORNE FLOWER SHOP, 286 West 11th: Small reddish-yellow apples bring color to ropes and garlands of fresh, fragrant Christmas greens for decking mantels or twining about stair rails; ropes are $1.50 a yard, wreaths from $2.50, and doorway swags from $2. A small centrepiece of evergreens in a low, flat bowl, with a candle; $2.50, or $3.50 with fresh flowers. Balls of green box, about a foot in diameter and studded with mistletoe, to hang from a

THE AMERICAN SHIRT FRONT: *Family Dinner*



1. A bunchy shirt bosom may mean room for expansion, but 'tain't neat. Arrow Shirts' exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit (curved waist, sloped shoulders, tapered sleeves) licks bunchiness.

2. There's no such animal as a tight collar on an Arrow Shirt. Arrows fit right first, last, and always—(Sanforized label means less than 1% fabric shrinkage!).

3. Here's a good example of a messy collar. It's certainly not an Arrow, for Arrow tailors collars perfectly—in a big variety of smart styles that set perfectly on your neck.

4. The Family Arrow Collar man: well groomed indeed. Get these Arrow Shirts for Christmas gifts, or for yourself: Hitt, $2, Dart, $2.25, Dale, $2.50, Hull, $2. They're whites with non-wilt collars.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York

These unexcelled Vermouths are preferred by discriminating people everywhere . . .

Dry--Sweet
Great Western
American Vermouth
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18% Alc. by Vol.

Experienced vintners have perfected these Vermouths so that for sustained quality and uniformity they are equal to any the world over.

The name "Great Western" for fine American Table Wines, world-famous Champagnes, and Vermouths, is a reliable guide to enjoyable luxury at moderate cost.

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NATURAL CHEESE

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If your dealer cannot supply you, write for beautiful descriptive leaflet and prices.

PURITY CHEESE CO. Dept. N MAYVILLE, WIS.

chandelier or in a doorway; $5 to $15.

Irene Hayes, 273 Park Avenue (47th): For front-door garnishings: giant pine cones and wooden roses, surrounded by natural greenery, together with a tiny xylophone upon which the caller plays with a little hammer to announce he's on the doorstep; $7.50 to $15. That enchanting pink mistletoe from Mexico is here again, ready to be made up into holiday corsages for $1.50 and up. A table centre of silver leaves and massed gardenias can be broken up into corsages, to be distributed among the ladies after a holiday dinner party; prices, naturally, vary.

Helen Ludlam, 62 West 56th: Mixed greens, including blue juniper, pine, myrtle, and English holly, are worked into an elegant wreath, thirty-six inches across, hung with cones; $12. The same greens and cones make a centrepiece, mounted on a hand-hewn wood base; $7.50. Enormous real pine cones; seventy-five cents each.

Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd: A Christmas-table centrepiece, especially suitable if children are present, consists of a hearty cotton-stuffed snow man amid poinsettias and packages of candy; $8.50. A big Cellophane Christmas bell, electrically lighted and dressed with cones, mistletoe, and greens, makes another effective centre, and so does a fifteen-inch golden angel, with a glass head and plastic wings and halo, set upon a plaque of metal foil; $10.50 each.

Evelyn Reed, 524 Madison Avenue (53rd): A green wooden candle-holder, shaped like a Christmas tree, stands on a table or hangs from the wall; it has gold stars and red Christmas balls painted on it, and an old-fashioned fluted lamp globe to guard the flame; $1.50 with the candle. Wonderful luminous colors appear in some enchanting new jewel-toned Christmas-tree balls; $1.25 to $2.50 a dozen. Angel candles with folded wings, which open and spread as the candle burns; $2.50 a pair.

Shackman, Madison Avenue and 34th: A complete Santa Claus outfit (clothes, beard, bushy eyebrows, and all), enough to bedazzle the most blasé child; $6. Snappers and party favors for the kids and tree trimmings to rival your fondest memories of long-ago Christmas mornings. Crèches start at ninety cents, angel figures at twenty cents. A large, musical tree stand has an outlet for tree lights; $23.

Constance Spry, 322 Park Avenue (50th): Cardboard copies of old English night watchman's lanterns, electrified, frosted, and decked with red ribbon and mistletoe, are meant for indoor holiday illumination; $5 to $7.50. More frosty glitter embellishes table centrepieces in the form of evergreen-loaded sleighs drawn by reindeer and driven by Santa Claus; $7.50 and $10.

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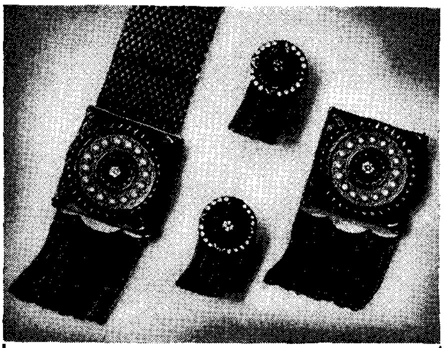
TO A LADY EXECUTIVE

The iron hand in the velvet glove
  Works very well for you,
Except upon occasions when
  The fingernails come through.

—Elizabeth Grey Stewart



Grandmother Jewels
Elicit Envy!

These venerable beauties softly glow with ageless charm. Their gold-coloured design embraces an enchanting circle of turquoise enamel with a setting of seed-pearls (pretender). Gilt fringe hangs gracefully. Classic for Christmas! Bracelet, with flexible mesh strap, $10. Pin, $7.50. Earrings, $5. (Plus 10% Federal Tax.)

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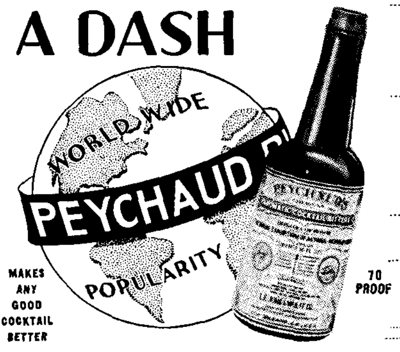
Fifth Avenue

501 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
Write for our "Christmas Suggestions"

A DASH



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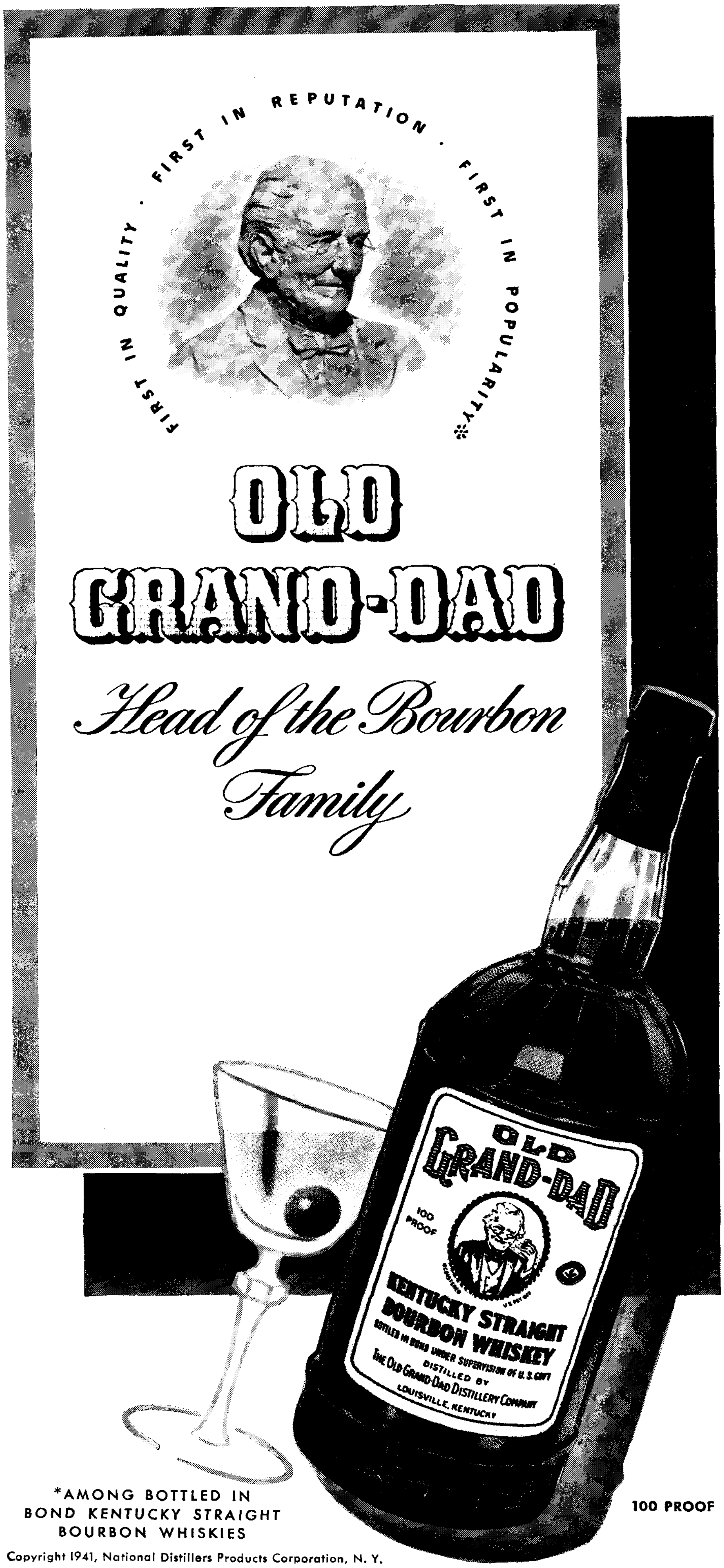

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OF ALL THINGS

Berlin spokesmen have taken a wait-and-see position on the campaign in Libya. It is not certain whether the Nazis have won a colossal victory or the Italians have lost a minor battle.

•

The Japanese people are told that they must now get busy and spread peace, prosperity, and sunshine all over eastern Asia. They are going on a bust, and gosh, how they dread it!

•

Premier Tojo says that Japan's "prosperity sphere" was decreed by Providence. Probably the word came through Providence's local representative in Berlin.

•

Rome newspapers declare that Italy's African empire is not gone for good. It is simply taking a much-needed vacation because of a general breakdown.

•

Axis propagandists love to tell stories about lack of unity in America. No doubt they will make a big thing out of that public brawl between the Army and Navy at Philadelphia.

•

The Supreme Court has ruled that people cannot be stopped at state lines just because they are hard up. California, for example, may not prevent folks from jumping from the Dust Bowl into the Rose Bowl.

•

The occupation of Dutch Guiana by United States forces is welcomed by the South American republics. Brazil promises to be good-neighborly, in case we want to borrow coffee or anything.

•

Congressional farm and labor blocs have been able to prevent the passage of an effective price-control bill. Consumers are nice people, too, but they haven't a bloc to their name.

•

New York has opened its first full-time commercial frequency-modulation station. FM is a year old now and it is high time it started to earn a living.

—Howard Brubaker

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Football Movie

RIGHT at the height, now, of this autumn there turns up a thing which is quite unexpected, and that is a funny football film. The football theme, you know, generally means something deadly serious about youth and its endeavor, with a last game to be won and a general air of tension and solemnity as far from an atmosphere of sport as it is near to one of pious dedication. For once, in this film, we see a football hero treated with profane levity, and the result is audacious and freshening and a relief. That "Rise and Shine," as this sporting sacrilege is called, should owe its being to Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times" must further mystify a public which could not imagine any studio daring to let its actors go wild in the Thurber style. For with all the simplification that a movie story requires, the Thurber quality has still somehow survived, and such players as Ruth Donnelly, Jack Oakie, Donald Meek, and Walter Brennan—those old stagers we know so well—turn quite thoroughly Thurber and step with unexpected ease from our world into his special, fantastic cosmos. Linda Darnell and George Murphy, with their songs and their dances—bright ones, too—may seem more of this earth, but there's a touch of madness they can't escape either, and it is, perhaps, good for them both.

The film presumptuously parodies and debunks the conventional football formula, but this won't offend sporting circles, since it is so ingeniously comic in the first place. At the same time, academic society suffers a smack or two when a professor (Donald Meek, in a very realistic mood) appears as one addicted to parlor magic, with an egg trick and a habit of pulling the flags of all nations out of his trachea. All of this, as I said, is desecration of sacred matter, yet I can imagine that it may highly entertain not only pariahs who can't stand games but even current halfbacks and tackles and their women in those wretched coonskins and chrysanthemums.

CHE
HEAV
WITH
TY

NOW that Edmund Gwenn woos a large public with his "Wookey," it is suitable that we should be reminded of his other, very different little drama "Laburnum Grove," and therefore the British have rushed over a film version directed by Carol Reed. Sir Cedric Hardwicke and a Victoria Hopper assist Mr. Gwenn in the climaxes, Sir Cedric being especially active as the unpleasant relative who must munch bananas. This story of prewar gentility, of a most respectable-looking citizen who turns out to be busy with some quiet domestic counterfeiting when he isn't watering the plants in his conservatory or lending money to his in-laws, does only fairly well on the screen. The home scene, before crime intrudes, might have been more explicitly described, I think, and the announcement which our genteel citizen makes at supper might then be at once more surprising and more logical. One does not quite perceive the cause of the spasm which leads him to divulge all to the family. Their hysteria, too, has been used for purposes of farce rather than for the true characterization which gave the play especial force. The movie is blurred, but it very beguilingly makes any colorless citizen seem potential Sing Sing material.

I CAN'T say that "The Men in Her Life," from a novel called "Ballerina," by Lady Eleanor Smith, makes dancers beguiling. In fact, they just seem to be poor, abused creatures who have to work every minute, can't eat, can't go anywhere, and end up hungry and out in the cold. And nobody cares. Loretta Young looks very pretty, even with one leg looped over her shoulder, but few, certainly, have harder luck with the gents. Sad, it is all sad, and all goes to show that these beautiful dancers have troubles, just like common people.

Millions (some of them common, too, I regret to say) will want to know that Abbott and Costello are loose in another picture. "Keep 'Em Flying," with an Army aviation field for background, is a bit too usual. Many may even feel that the Costello squeal is getting feebler.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Austin Grant in a newscast from Station WWJ, Detroit*]

The British Lion, whether on the sands of Africa or in the mountains of Canada, will never pull in his horns or crawl back into his shell.

FOR *Figure-Perfection* GIVE HER
FOUNDATIONS
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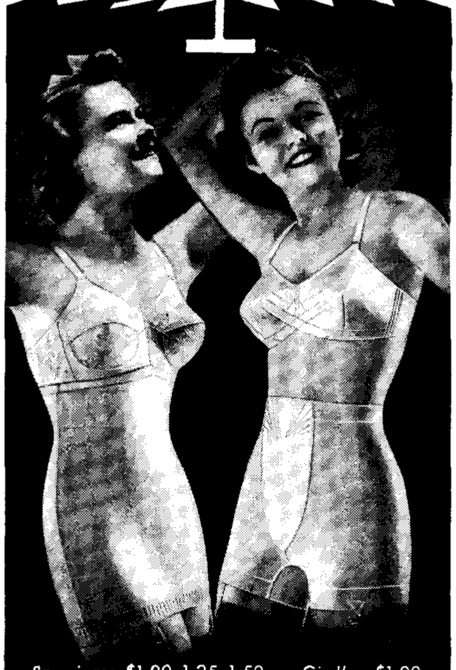

Brassieres: $1.00, 1.25, 1.50 up; Girdles: $1.00 to 5.00; *"Once-Overs": $5.00 and 7.50
"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

THE RACE TRACK

Finishing and Finishes

THE Bryan and O'Hara Memorial Handicap at Bowie last weekend provided a good note to end the season on. No doubt more people would have been pleased if Aonbarr, the favorite, had won instead of Rosetown, but it was a nose finish, and besides there was a dead heat for third place between Nellie Bly and Rodin. All of which was close to the top for Bowie, or any other track.

Rosetown, by the way, seems to be one of those animals who almost never win under a high weight. She carried 120 pounds when Aonbarr beat her the week before; under 116 in the Bryan, etc., she fairly flew, or anyway she got as close to flying as a horse can at Bowie. You wouldn't think that four pounds would make that difference, but they did. It must be reported, though, that Meade handled her rather better this time than he did on the previous occasion.

The afternoon also was enlivened by the riding of McCombs, who had three winners, and of Keiper, who had two. Keiper is a young man who amuses his companions in the jockey room by chewing up old safety-razor blades in the same gay, offhand way Juan Castex, the young Argentine polo player, used to eat cocktail glasses, electric-light bulbs, and watch crystals. In addition to possessing this gift, Keiper had more winning mounts than any other boy in Maryland this fall.

IT will come as no surprise to you to learn that there was no to-do over the dead heat between Nellie Bly and Rodin in the Bryan and O'Hara Handicap. Half a dozen years ago, before slow-motion cinema cameras were used at race tracks, dead heats were rare, or rather it was rare for a judge to call one. In 1935, only twenty were recorded in America. The following year, when cameras were put in at a few of the big tracks, the total jumped to 115. Last season there were 318. I expect there will be quite as many when the final returns for 1941 are in. My checker-upper is behind in his homework, so I can only tell you that there were eighteen in New York this year.

In the old days, the placing judges picked the order of finish by shutting one eye, sighting from a perpendicular rod on the stand to another on the winning post, and making up their minds in the instant the leaders dashed by. Usually it seemed to them that one or the other runner in a close race was ahead by a hair; now the judges simply look at an enlarged picture, which occasionally gives neither horse the slightest advantage. The older generation of officials doesn't hold much with such modern goings on. One judge, who shall be nameless, will argue for hours that there can be no such thing as a dead heat. Photo-finish pictures which show that there can be flabbergast him, but he refuses to be convinced. I might add that Sam Riddle will still insist, if you ever bring the subject up, that his colt War Relic beat Whirlaway in the Saranac Handicap last summer, although the picture shows that it was the other way around.

Critics of the photo finish say that the camera favors the horse nearest the lens. This is not true, according to a government Bureau of Standards report which is too long and technical to go into. What frequently happens, to be sure, is that the horse farthest from the camera and so nearest the rail has been out in front and is tiring, and the one in the middle of the track is finishing fast, being still full of run.

WHEN one checks over a season there is usually a temptation to make too many heroes or alibis, but I can't think of any of either. Just to keep the record straight, however, Warren Wright's Calumet Stable won $474,991, more money than any racing establishment ever before won in a year. Hirsch Jacobs can't miss being the leading trainer again—since last January he's saddled 120 winners—and Don Meade is the leading jockey with 206 winners. My favorite horse, if you care at all, wasn't Alsab. It was Eight Thirty.

I ALMOST wish this report were not true, but it is. In a Jersey horse room (maybe you call it poolroom) near the George Washington Bridge, there is a sign over the cashier's window which reads, "PLEASE DO NOT ASK FOR CARFARE."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Miss Rose Elizabeth Summer, winner of the first Earhart scholarship last year, is now employed in the flutter and vibration department of an airplane factory in Buffalo.—*Dunkirk (N.Y.) Observer.*

Tee-hee.

BAKED HAM
is delicious with
genuine old-fashioned
stone-ground
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THE ARMY LIFE

VII—SOME MAIL

AMONG the occupational worries that beset soldiers new to their trade is the depressing one that by the time they have learned how to defend their friends from foreign aggressors, their friends will have forgotten who they are. I am happy to be able to report, however, that this worry, for the time being at least, has been eliminated from my spectacular collection by the kindness of my former colored maid, who thoughtfully took an hour or two off from her present employment to visit my dusty, closed-down apartment back home and subsequently sent me some mail that had accumulated there in the last few months—a heartening batch of letters from a lot of people who not only have not forgotten me but in a great many cases, I suspect, never had the faintest idea who I was.

When my mail, consisting of forty-two fat and fascinating pieces, reached me, I was sitting in my barracks at Camp Croft, talking to several of my buddies. I was somewhat embarrassed by the size of my haul and tried to pass off the incident by announcing airily that some civilian friend, no doubt as a joke, appeared to have inscribed my name and address on a lot of advertisement coupons in magazines. My attitude was belied, however, by the eagerness with which I fumbled at the first tantalizingly sealed envelope. The boys on the adjoining beds were impressed when the contents of this proved to be another envelope, and so was I. *Its* contents turned out to be an announcement of the wedding of a college classmate of mine whom I hadn't seen in four years. Feeling that some appropriate reaction to this news was required of me, I cried loudly, "Well, upon my soul, look who old Freddie Comins married!" It became evident after a brief silence that no one cared who, so I tossed the announcement to one side, figuring that something of more general interest was bound to turn up. Half an hour later, as I reached the end of my treasure trove, I began to search anxiously for the announcement. By then I had realized sadly that it was my only piece of first-class mail.

DIE WALKÜRE

Perhaps my most versatile correspondent was William M. Chadbourne. Mr. Chadbourne's first appearance in my mail was as a sponsor of the Save the Children Federation, which requested the honor of my company at a dinner in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Astor on Friday, the tenth of October, at seven-thirty o'clock, R.S.V.P., five dollars per person. I haven't answered the invitation, because I didn't get it until the dinner had presumably already been eaten. At any rate, I would have been forced to express my regrets; at seven-thirty on that particular evening, while Chadbourne and the boys were doubtless eating a fin's worth in the Astor ballroom, I was creeping down a dark and rutty road in South Carolina, having already dined on a mess of beans and potatoes as starchy as any shirt at the Astor.

Mr. Chadbourne also showed up in my mail as chairman of the Republican Primary Committee for the Renomination of LaGuardia, McGoldrick, and Morris. He asked me to assist in their renomination, an invitation I could not have accepted even if I'd received it in time, because soldiers are expected not to monkey in politics. Anyway, it appeared from another letter that I already *had* assisted. This one, a rather illegibly signed communication, was from the Mayor himself, telling me that he had been informed that I had expressed confidence in his administration, for which he desired to tender his thanks. Much as I would have liked to keep that letter as proof of my political awareness—and it puzzles me how LaGuardia knows that once at dinner I said to a girl, "I would like to express confidence in Mayor LaGuardia's administration"—I hastily tore it into small pieces and threw it away. If any officer concerned with seeing to it that soldiers refrain from political activities had caught me with anything as hot as that letter on my person, no profession of innocence would have saved me. I'd have been doing K.P. on Election Day, sure as somebody's name is Chadbourne.

MY other correspondents were of a delightfully varied sort. Leading the pack by a mile was the Fight for Freedom Committee, from which no less than nine wordy documents had been dispatched to my empty apartment, among them a postcard for me to sign and send to President Roosevelt. This must have been kicking around for some time, because the gist of my message to the President was to have been that I wanted him to urge Congress to enact legislation retaining selectees beyond their original term of service.

There was a distinct news-of-the-day tone about a good many other letters I received, too. For instance, I was asked by *Soviet Russia Today* to take out a subscription. Alfred A. Knopf, who believed I would be interested in procuring a first-edition copy of a book he described as "an important study of the German menace," wanted his cut of my $21 a month, too. The Defense Savings Staff of the Treasury Department apparently wanted the whole thing, plus a bonus or two. My letter from this organization arrived in a forbidding envelope marked "Official Business" and "Penalty for private use to avoid payment of postage, $300." From it, I drew forth a pamphlet containing a series of stimulating questions and answers about a tax-savings plan. I skimmed through these and arrived eventually at a series of figures under a number of headings. The smallest figure I could find under any heading was $25, so I reluctantly decided to abandon all thoughts of initiating a potentially interesting correspondence with the Defense Savings Staff.

Two of my correspondents—Shustin's Locust Manor, at Peekskill, and Mrs. Winthrop W. Aldrich—may have been familiar with my financial status, but they missed badly on my sex. Both of their letters were addressed to *Mrs.* Kahn. Shustin's merely sent a greeting card, but Mrs. Aldrich went to town. As chairman of the Committee of Patrons and Patronesses for a ball celebrating the Waldorf-Astoria's tenth anniversary, she wanted to know if I'd be a patroness. Dear Mrs. Aldrich: No.

And so the list goes on. The Pioneer Youth of America, Inc., would like to know, or would have liked to know, about my summer plans. This was one of my more ancient letters, but even when it was mailed my plans were set. As a matter of fact, my winter plans were all set, too, or at any rate out of my hands. Roger Kent, the clothiers, sent me a breathless note to the effect that they were raising the prices of men's suits on August 11th. There were also communications from Ford, Chrysler, *U. S. Week* (early subscriber's privilege form enclosed), the American Institute of Economic Research, the North American Company, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc., the National Interpretation and Support Committee of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association of the United States of America, and the Harvard Alumni Association, the last one informing me excitedly that a 1941 edition of Harvard Wedgwood ware had just been issued and intimating that I would be a dope not to get my order in promptly, the times being as uncertain as they are.

I WOULD have been disappointed if I hadn't heard from *Time* and *Life*, because in the old days I always used to hear from those energetic folk. I was not disappointed. *Time's* contribution was in the form of a memo from Perry Prentice, the publisher, to his staff. Someone there, I gathered, thought it was so good that I just *had* to see it. After several hundred words modestly proclaiming *Time* to be the gol-dinged magazine it is, Mr. Prentice told the staff (and me), "As a matter of fact, sometimes it is almost maddening the way TIME insists on not stopping until it has gone to the bottom of things." *Life*, going off on a slightly different tack, almost startled me off my cot. "Will your coffee and the plastic cup that holds it both be made from the same bean?" it asked challengingly. "Will women's hats have tinkling bits of colored glass? Will chemical priorities affect the color of the clothes you wear?" Not bothering to answer any of these questions, *Life* delivered another broadside. "For five years," it wrote reflectively, "we've resisted calling a LIFE subscription 'LIFE insurance.' But if ever the pun was appropriate, now is the time." *Life* may have thought that the time was appropriate, but its editors weren't reckoning with the orderly mind of my redoubtable maid. Nestling beneath the letter from *Life* was one from my life-insurance company, notifying me of a payment due on a policy—an obligation I can settle, I have roughly figured, if I save all my Army salary from now until the day *Time* stops before it gets to the bottom of things.

—PVT. E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

The opening play, George Washington Slept Here, belies the usual complaints about repertoire. It is a 1940-41 Broadway hit and the authors are George Kaufman and Miss Hart, which makes the piece stylish.—*Dallas News.*

Yes, that little Miss Hart is some chic.

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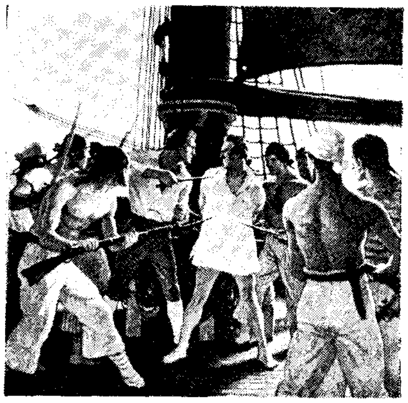
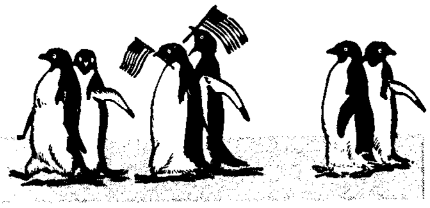


One of N. C. Wyeth's paintings for Nordhoff and Hall's The Bounty Trilogy

FOR children up to seven years old choose books *to be read aloud.* These children want to sit on a comfortable lap or hang over a shoulder to look at the pictures while a grown-up reads. *The book that amuses the reader is the book the children will enjoy.* Mother Goose is the classic beginning. Neither children nor grown-ups ever tire of the lovely and amusing pictures in The Tenggren Mother Goose ($2.50). Other tried-and-true read-aloud books are Tirra Lirra, Laura E. Richards' familiar, prancing jingles ($1.50); The Burgess Bedtime Stories which now have bigger and brighter pictures (each $.75); and the Atwaters' wonderful Mr. Popper's Penguins ($1.50). New this year is Louise Raymond's The Oldest Story in the World, a simply-worded story of the Creation with colorful and absorbing pictures by Marie Stern. ($1.50).

From The Tenggren Mother Goose



From Mr. Popper's Penguins

NOW for the children who are beginning to read for fun. They are in the third-to-sixth grades or between seven and eleven years old. They read slowly. To them a solid page of type looks like a brick wall. They want quickly moving stories with lots of dialogue and pictures. They will revel in Robert Lawson's pictures and his comic history in Ben and Me—about Ben Franklin's mouse—and I Discover Columbus—about Columbus' parrot—(each $1.50). They will thrill to Julian David's story of the fighting Finns, Comrades in the Snow ($2.00) or Montgomery Atwater's story of Forest Rangers, Flaming Forest ($1.75) or Rhoda Morris' pioneer-Indian story, Susan and Little Bird Lost ($1.75). *When in doubt about books for these younger children choose the simpler book!*

From I Discover Columbus

WHEN *in doubt about books for older children choose the more grown-up book.* From about twelve years old on children read almost everything. Any high school English teacher gets "book reports" that span the field from "Little Women" to "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Now they become conscious of themselves, which is why the Lorimers' sub-deb books about Maudie ($1.00 each) are quoted on every school steps. Now, too, they begin to wonder what is ahead. There are some excellent stories to feed this interest. Helen Boylston's books* about Sue Barton's career in nursing ($2.00); Dorothy Hutchison's books about Nathalie in the business world ($2.00); Genevieve Fox's story of the girl who started a village industry, Green Treasure ($2.00) are read avidly both for their stories and for the light they shed on the world outside. College-minded boys will like Stewart Beach's Racing Start* ($2.00) for the same reasons. Newest arrival in this field is Helen Boylston's Carol Goes Backstage* ($2.00). Girls will copy Carol and boys will tack her picture on the wall.

This is Carol Page in Carol Goes Backstage

BUT take the reins off your imagination when buying books for older boys and girls. The quiz-conscious boy and his father will both like Agnes Rogers' picture-history of invention, From Man to Machine ($2.50). C. S. Forester's The Captain from Connecticut ($2.50) will delight and flatter, the Wyeth-illustrated Bounty Trilogy* ($3.00) will thrill them. Frank Dobie's The Longhorns ($3.50) is a book any boy will cherish. If you want to give a lifetime *vade mecum* to be enjoyed from the day it arrives, give Bartlett's Familiar Quotations ($5.00).

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BOOKS

Of Crabs and Men

JOHN STEINBECK, the novelist who doubles in biology, and Edward F. Ricketts, a scientist, chartered the ship Western Flyer (76 feet, Diesel engine) in March, 1940, and set out on a six weeks' trip along the shores of the Gulf of California. The objective was to collect, preserve, and classify as many of the marine invertebrates of the littoral as were amenable to such collection, preservation, and classification. Mr. Steinbeck came back not only with his specimens floating in alcohol but with a flock of general ideas floating in his mind. The result is a book, "Sea of Cortez," a prettier name for the *Gulf of California*. The title page says it was written by Mr. Steinbeck and Mr. Ricketts, but I think we may safely assume that Mr. Ricketts contributed some of the biology and Mr. Steinbeck all of the prose. Like each of the rest of his books (except, I suppose, the first), it is a complete departure from the previous one.

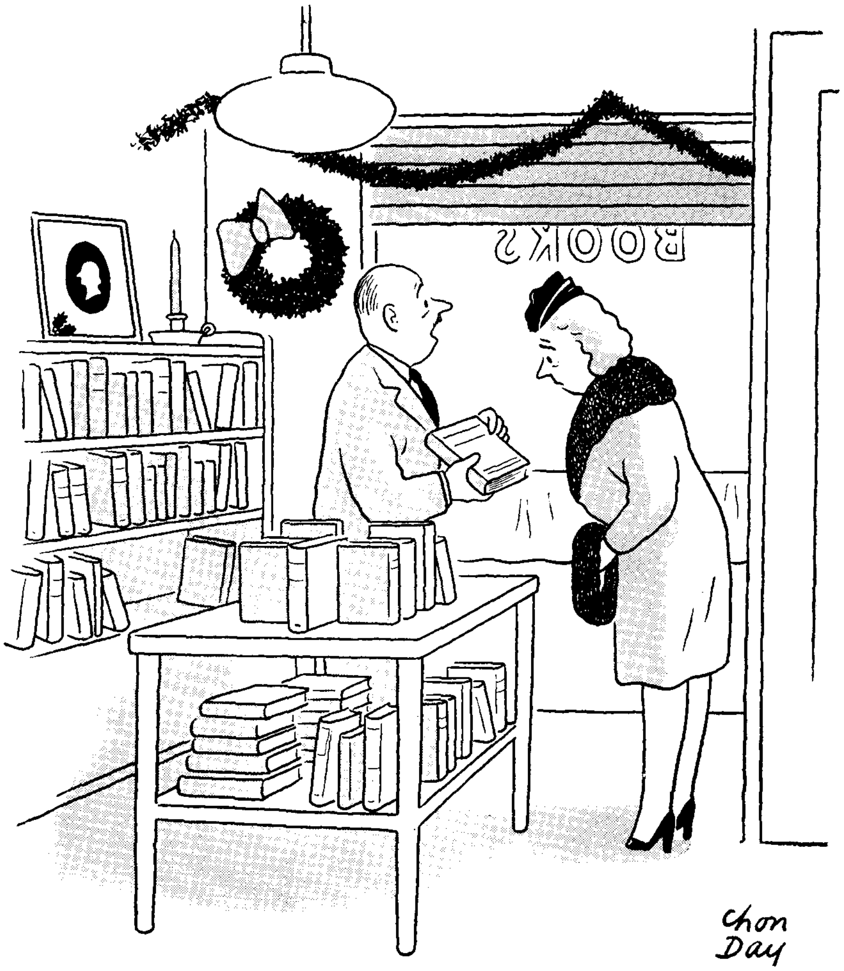
Perhaps, however, it isn't so much of a departure at that. In a brilliant essay, Edmund Wilson recently interpreted Steinbeck as a biological novelist, one whose vision of life derives from his sensitivity to its animal manifestations. This would explain why Steinbeck writes even better about beasts than about men. It also explains that curious detachment which, despite the warmth of his social sympathies, prevents him from being ticketed as a propaganda novelist.

"Sea of Cortez" would seem to drive home Wilson's thesis to the hilt. It was obviously written not merely to tell us—and interestingly, too—about how the marine invertebrates of the Panamic faunal province are killed, preserved, labelled, and classified. Nor was it written as a simple narrative of the small adventures, many of them quite comical, that befell the crew on the expedition. It was written primarily to explain Steinbeck's view of life and mode of thinking.

Steinbeck is an intellectual anti-isolationist. He is interested in interrelationships. His aim, whether as novelist in "The Grapes of Wrath" or as amateur philosopher in "Sea of Cortez," is to arrive at the total pattern—he calls it the "design"—of any experience. Anyone interested in total pattern is apt to be amoral in his judgments, for all moral judgments proceed out of the isolation of experience, the statement "*This* is more important or more valuable than *that*." Thus, Steinbeck is anti-teleological in his thinking, as all good biologists should be; his eye is on the thing as it is, not on the thing as it should be. This is-thinking, as Steinbeck calls it, means to him what the killing of large animals does to Hemingway. It has religious, even mystical overtones for him, overtones that may be inaudible to other ears. It makes him aware not only of the ecological connection between man and the Lightfoot crab but of the evolutionary relationship. His mind is attuned to the survivals in us of previous existences. He believes in biological memory (more than a trace of Jung here), and some of the finest passages in the book have to do with atavism in man.

Perhaps I can give the substance of "Sea of Cortez" best in Steinbeck's own words: "It is a strange thing that most of the feeling we call religious, most of the mystical outcrying which is one of the most prized and used and desired reactions of our species, is really the understanding and the attempt to say that man is related to the whole thing, related inextricably to all reality, known and unknowable. This is a simple thing to say, but the profound feeling of it made a Jesus, a St. Augustine, a St. Francis, a Roger Bacon, a Charles Darwin, and an Einstein. Each of them in his own tempo and with his own voice discovered and reaffirmed with astonishment the knowledge that all things are one thing and that one thing is all things—plankton, a shimmering phosphorescence on the sea and the spinning planets and an expanding universe, all bound together by the elastic string of time. It is advisable to look from the tide pool to the stars and then back to the tide pool again."

The scientific supplement to the book contains an annotated phyletic catalogue, eight pages of color plates, sixteen pages



"This is the most terrifying thing out—next to the newspapers, of course."

of drawings, sixteen pages of photographs, and two isothermic charts. All very forbidding and scientific, and calculated to increase our awe of Mr. Steinbeck. —Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Sentimental Yankee, by John de Meyer. An amusing and well-done story of a successful playwright who returns to the New England town he came from and finds it trying to ape the worst features of the city. Business is centred in the chain store, the movie palace, and the filling station; the inhabitants are no longer folks. Being an energetic fellow with a large income, the playwright begins a whirlwind reform, complicated by romance and a dash of politics.

The Tall Brothers, by Leslie Evan Schlytter. Romantic novel of the Wisconsin timber country in the early twentieth century, when there were still forests to cut. Chief characters are two hard-fisted American businessmen and a Swedish couple, the man a clergyman turned farmer, the woman intelligent, beautiful, and unconventional. The Tall Brothers are four large pine trees, which come to symbolize not only strength and beauty but the last stand of the forests against the lumberman's axe.

Open the Door!, by Osbert Sitwell. Seventeen rather attenuated but elegant short stories, drawn mostly from English leisure-class life as it was before the holocaust. Mr. Sitwell is a minor Aldous Huxley, handling a precious, inlaid, languid prose.

GENERAL

The Destiny of Sea Power, by John Philips Cranwell. Post-Mahan grand strategy, in which the author suggests that the mechanization of sea warfare, already highly developed, may have something to teach us about parallel mechanization on land and in the air. He believes that air fleets, both commercial and military, will eventually dominate the sea routes. A clear and remarkably interesting analysis, though occasionally labored. Charts.

I Can't Forget!, by Robert J. Casey. Personal narrative of a Chicago *Daily News* reporter who covered "what used to be Europe" from the first quiet months of the war in Germany and Luxembourg to the late 1940 raids on Britain. The author's cool reportorial gall and the rather grim pity and humor of his observations are almost equally striking. A dramatic job.

The Soviets Expected It, by Anna Louise Strong. A well-known American apologist for the Soviet interprets such Russian events and policies as the purges, the earlier Finnish war, and the Nazi-Soviet pact in terms of Stalin's long-time preparations for an attack by Hitler. A detailed argument, on about the same lines as Walter Duranty's "The Kremlin and the People" but with more emphasis on the diplomatic and military phases of the situation.

Hotel Splendide, by Ludwig Bemelmans. Backstage with the maîtres d'hôtel, waiters, busboys, dishwashers, and some of the grand if goofy customers of a great hotel. There are drawings by the author for added décor. Almost all of the stories in the volume were first presented in this magazine.

VERSE

Collected Sonnets of Edna St. Vincent Millay. One hundred and sixty-one sonnets, all but two from earlier volumes, with a foreword by the author.

Be Angry at the Sun, and Other Poems, by Robinson Jeffers. A long narrative, a dramatic dialogue, and shorter poems on current themes, in which Jeffers sticks to his usual gloomy view of man's fate.

Another England, by Dilys Bennet Laing. A first book of sensitive and often incisive verse, some of which has been published in this magazine.

Husbands Are Difficult, or The Book of Oliver Ames, by Phyllis McGinley. Thirty-two variations on the theme of matrimony. The illustrations by Garrett Price are almost as witty as the verses themselves, several of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Murder of a Suicide, by E. X. Ferrars. Edgar Prees, well-known botanist, is stopped when he apparently tries to commit suicide by hurling himself off a cliff. The next morning he is shot to death. The scene is the English countryside, and the author proves that gentlemen who hang around herbariums aren't all as sweet as peas.

Murder with Your Malted, by Jerome Barry. Poison is responsible for some deaths that occur in a Broadway drugstore run by Tom Knowles,

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Jingle merrily
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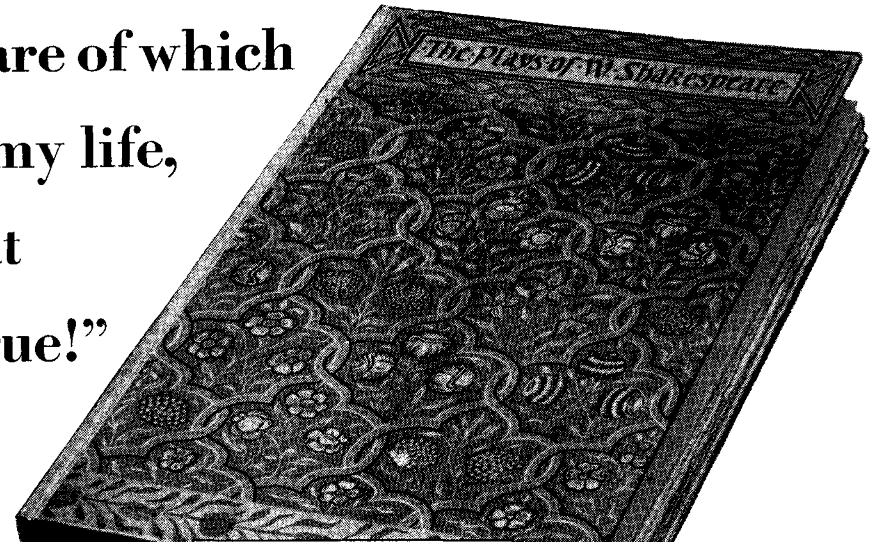

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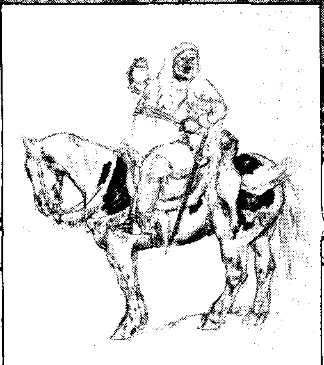

FALSTAFF, *from the drawing by Gordon Ross.*

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a former playboy who is trying to make an honest living. Chick Varney, soda-fountain manager, traces the clues and exposes the murderer. Brisk, pleasant first mystery, but watch that tuna-on-white!

ENVIOUS CASCA, by Georgette Heyer. Nathaniel Herriard turns over his home near London to his jovial brother for a Christmas houseparty. The Herriards and their friends, a nasty lot, do their best to incriminate one another when Nathaniel is knifed in the back on Christmas Eve. Sharp, clear, and witty in the British manner. Recommended for readers who like to smile wryly.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

THE children's books this fall are touched with a deep affection for America. There are fewer books about foreign lands—for one reason, because the authors and artists could not, of course, travel. Everywhere in this juvenile literature you find the reawakening of national consciousness and a growing interest in our American past—in stories, in biographies, in other factual books. In the list which follows, these factual books are perhaps slighted, partly for want of space and partly on the theory that a book given at Christmas should be pure pleasure. The second reason is none too sound, for there are many children who would rather read a book of information than a story any day in the year, and libraries have discovered that unless books are labelled as fact or fiction, many young readers never know which they are reading.

The first group of books are picture books, or, to use the designation the publishers seem to prefer, picture-and-story books. They are intended for the age group ranging from anyone old enough to look at a book up to six- and seven-year-old readers:

THE MERRY SHIPWRECK, by Georges Duplaix, pictures by Tibor Gergely. A cheerful book whose decorative, bright-colored pictures, full of amusing detail, are the best substitute this season for a new Babar volume. The story concerns a household of domestic animals living on a barge in New York Harbor and their adventures when the barge goes adrift. Little children will have fun finding out what is happening to each of the animals in each of the pictures.

MAKE WAY FOR DUCKLINGS, written and illustrated by Robert McCloskey. The perfect picture book for a Boston child but universal enough to appeal to anyone of picture-book age, with its humorous account of how a brood of ducks had to have police escort to get safely

Here comes the new Bemelmans!

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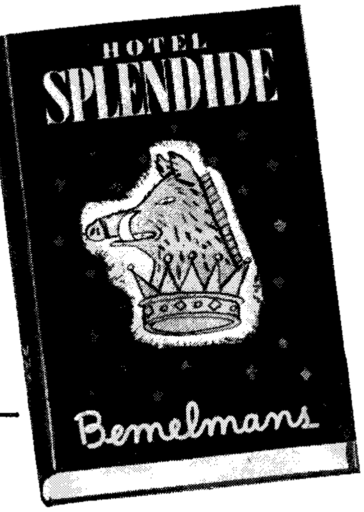
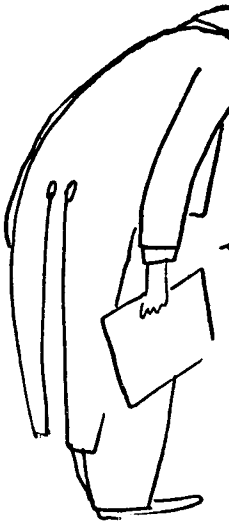


Bemelmans's newest and best book is published this week—at the perfect moment to make the perfect Christmas gift. It's a Bemelmans-conducted tour behind the potted palms of the glamorous Hotel Splendide—already known in part to *New Yorker* readers. It's a shameless revelation of backstairs mysteries and grand-staircase personalties. It's Bemelmans—writing and drawing at his inimitable best!

"The singularity of Bemelmans," **Clifton Fadiman** has said, "whether he draws or writes, is his double capacity to see freshly like a child and comment shrewdly like a grownup . . . the root of real humor is in him."



HOTEL SPLENDIDE

by Ludwig Bemelmans

THE VIKING PRESS $2.50

Margaret Kennedy
WHERE STANDS A WINGED SENTRY
The war-time journal of the author of The Constant Nymph
Quietly with humor and simple dignity this brilliant, sensitive author writes her personal record of "living through history."
Clifton Fadiman says:
"As a record of how those months worked on the mind and heart of one sensitive woman . . . it is priceless."
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and
MODERN DEMOCRACY
Two books by Carl L. Becker
Writing with his characteristic freshness and lucidity, Carl Becker presents his hopes for the future of democracy. $2.00 each

GOOD NEIGHBORS By HUBERT HERRING
A highly readable, accurate introduction to Latin America. Third Printing. $3.00

THREE TOURS THROUGH LONDON
IN THE YEARS 1748, 1776, 1797
By W. S. Lewis
In this charming and witty book, Mr. Lewis skilfully recreates London of two hundred years ago, its sights, sounds and smells, its poverty and wealth, as it would have appeared to a tourist in those times. $2.50

THE HAITIAN PEOPLE
By James G. Leyburn
The story of a black man's country in a white man's world. $4.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

from their birthplace on a Charles River island to a permanent home in the Public Garden. Big, bold drawings in sepia.

Saturday for Samuel, written and illustrated by LeGrand. A breezy tale of a family of Georgia Negroes and their Saturday in town, so pleasantly full of irresponsible spending and eating. Good illustrations in three colors and black-and-white.

Nothing at All, written and illustrated by Wanda Gág. Perhaps only the author-artist of "Millions of Cats" could have conceived and drawn a tale of an *invisible* dog. Anyway, there he is on the pages, alongside his two visible brothers, and, miraculously, he too takes shape before the story ends. Miss Gág's lithographs, her first in color, are as enchanting as her black-and-white ones were, and the book has the same imaginative humor which has made nearly everything she writes beloved by children.

Loopy, pictures and text by Hardie Gramatky. The personified tugboat and fire engine of Mr. Gramatky's earlier books were far more popular with children than with this reviewer. Now comes Loopy, a little hedge-hopping airplane with an expressive face, who will doubtless be just as much a favorite. The bright-colored pictures have dash, but though the plot is entertaining, the text could have been better written.

Ching-Li, by Martha Lee Poston, pictures by Weda Yap. A charming nursery fable from China. The author was born in Shanghai and as a child heard her amah tell the story of little Ching-Li and his ill-starred shopping trip to buy crabs for his mother. The artist, too, knows her Chinese background.

The next list begins with picture books again—those for seven-year-olds and older—and goes on to stories for readers up to ten. Most of them are lavishly illustrated:

Leif the Lucky, by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Probably the most beautiful in the long line of distinguished picture books by these two author-artists. The glowing color, the wealth of authentic detail, the happy combination of humor, charm, naïveté without pose, and historical perspective make this story of Leif Ericson and the Vikings one no child reader from six to ten should miss. Even a boy who has outgrown picture books will find interesting new facts here to add to his knowledge of the discoveries of America.

The Ferryman, by Claire Huchet Bishop, pictures by Kurt Wiese. The author and artist who collaborated to make "The Five Chinese Brothers" have done another merry picture book in much the same vein. Mrs. Bishop's folk tale this time has a Breton setting and tells the story of a four-year battle of wits between a simple ferryman and the Devil himself. It is always a pleasure to see the Devil routed, especially with so little terror and so much humor as here.

The Story of Simpson and Sampson, by Munro Leaf, illustrated by Robert Lawson. The creators of "Ferdinand" tell a *very* moderately amusing story about twins who lived in medieval times—twins with identical bodies and highly disparate souls. Lawson's pictures are, as always, both decorative and comical, but nowadays he seems to do better when he writes his own text. Even so, if you know a pair of twins under ten, here's the book for them.

Adolphus, or The Adopted Dolphin and the Pirate's Daughter, pictures by Marjorie Flack, verse by William Rose Benét. A rousing, nonsensical tale, told in pictures and rhymed couplets, of a heroic dolphin who rescues a sore-beset maiden and delivers her on his back (quite in the Greek tradition) to the arms of her loved one. A handsome, amusing book.

It's a Secret!, by Babette Deutsch, illustrated by Dorothy Bayley. This short, unpretentious story of present-day home life is first-rate of its kind for small-boy readers, whose simple excitements the author seems to understand. Large print; blue, red, and black illustrations.

Melinda's Hat, written and illustrated by Page Cary. A brief story about a Victorian tomboy which has freshness and vigor in both its text and its forthright pictures in bright color; good reading for harum-scarum young ladies who don't yet want to tackle long books.

The Flying Locomotive, written and illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Mr. du Bois's books are always surprising. This is one of his gentler fancies and one of his most delightful, both in pictures and story. The scene is Switzerland and the protagonists are Toto No. 2, a frustrated locomotive, and Madame Suzie, the most beautiful cow in the land. Their goings on should tickle any child under ten, and even the most hardboiled parent will admire the pictures (in color and pen-and-ink).

Tag-Along Tooloo, by Frances Clarke Sayers, illustrated by Helen Sewell. The fresh air of Texas and the fresh spirit of very real little girls permeate this simple story of the sorrows of being a younger sister. Tooloo was never really invited, but she managed to tag along. Well written, well illustrated.

The Colt from Moon Mountain, written and illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. An unusual book which mixes

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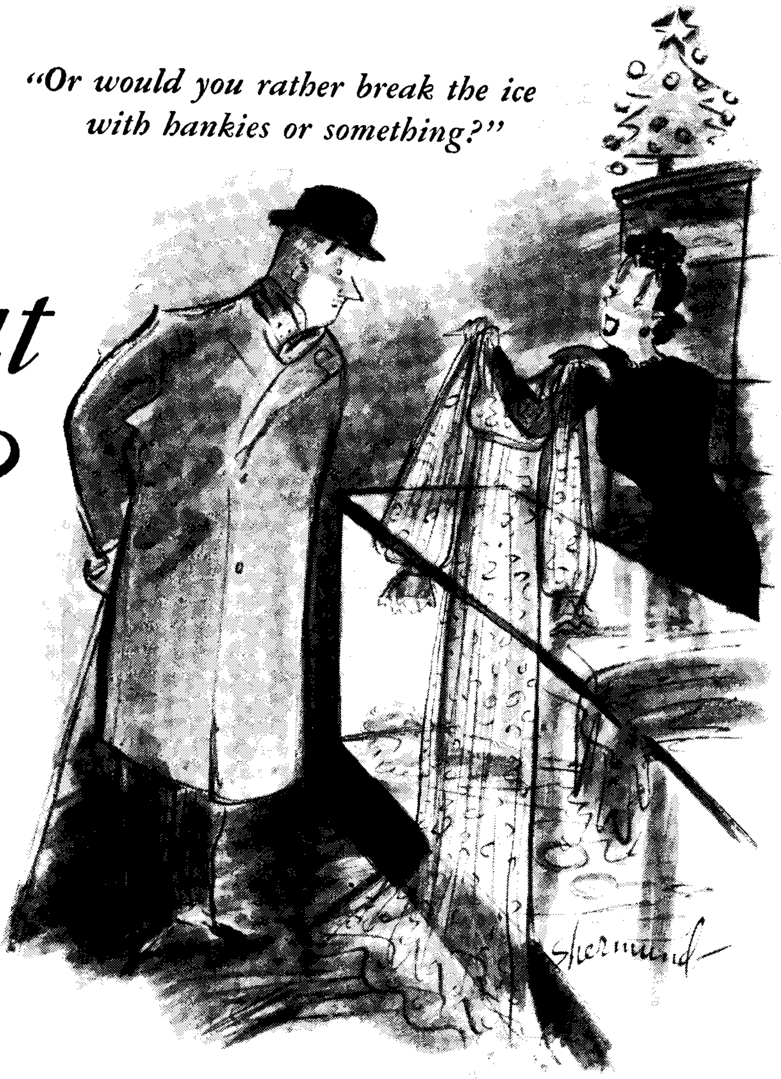

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realism with magic convincingly. Cynthy is the only one of the farm children able to make friends with the tiny white colt who appears among the other foals in the mountain pasture. One day she discovers that he has a single budding horn, and everything which happens after that fits in with the unicorn legend her mother has read to her. The story and the illustrations, in soft grays, should appeal to little girls with imaginative tastes.

The Blind Colt, written and illustrated by Glen Rounds. Another colt, but this time a very real one indeed. Mr. Rounds knows Western horses and the Bad Lands, which are the background of his book, and writes a moving, straightforward account of how a blind colt in a band of wild horses manages to survive his first winter without being "wolf et" and of how a boy later tames him to be his "Sunday horse." Interesting illustrations in line and color.

The Least One, by Ruth Sawyer, illustrated by Leo Politi. This saint's tale from modern Mexico is nearly perfect of its kind, at once literary and human in its writing, humorous and reverent in its pictures. There is humor, too, in the story of how small Paco's beloved burro met an untimely end and became a stuffed donkey, a prop for a photographer. Even the grimmest realist among the book's young readers will be thankful for the final miracle that is proof the good San Francisco is still the patron saint of animals.

Calico, the Wonder Horse, or The Saga of Stewy Slinker, story and pictures by Virginia Lee Burton. For your eight-to-ten-year-old addict of the funnies, you might try this innocuous but highly eventful tale of the Wild West told in comic-strip manner by pictures and running captions. The black drawings on varicolored pages have style and the text is spiced by a brisk seasoning of burlesque.

I, The Autobiography of a Cat, by Eliza Orne White, illustrated by Clarke Hutton. Eliza Orne White, one of the two active and honored elders of the children's writers—the other being, of course, Laura E. Richards—has this fall, at the age of eighty-five, produced one of her most delightful books. It is the life history of a family cat—obviously the author's own household darling—told in the first person by the cat himself, and is notable for its humor, lack of sentimentality, and sage observations on the ways of cat owners as well as of cats.

NEXT are listed a half-dozen stories chosen from the many based on actual events in United States history or written to emphasize some one period or background of our American past. The first book is for readers from seven to ten years old, the others are for those from ten to fifteen:

Elin's Amerika, written and illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli. Another of this author's loving picture-and-story studies of the early Pennsylvania settlers, this time a story of New Sweden in 1648 and a little Swedish-American

Chipper
By HORTENSE FLEXNER
True natural history in the story of a chipmunk and how he "tamed" the children who sought to tame him. Illustrated by Wyncie King. $1.00

The Black Dog Mystery
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girl. Elin's Indian friends and enemies make an interesting contrast to her gentle Old Country home, which still clings to its Swedish myths and traditions. Beautiful pictures.

The Matchlock Gun, by Walter D. Edmonds, illustrated by Paul Lantz. Walter Edmonds, writing his first book for children, tells a story of the Hudson Valley in 1756 and of the courage of a boy who had to defend his home and his mother and little sister against raiding Indians by firing a gun too heavy for him to lift. In this short episode, based on fact, the author gives, as he does in his novels, a sharp feeling of what it was like to live in the period he is writing of. The illustrations, in four colors and black-and-white, are unusually fine. It seems to this reviewer, however, that the format of the book looks like that of a picture book for children who are younger than those most likely to enjoy it, since the story told is terrifying, the emotions it arouses subtle. Highly recommended, but for readers no younger than ten.

Little Town on the Prairie, by Laura Ingalls Wilder, illustrated by Helen Sewell and Mildred Boyle. This seventh book in Mrs. Wilder's frontier series takes up the annals of the Ingalls family where they left off in "The Long Winter"—in the Dakota Territory, 1881. Blind Mary at last can go to college; Laura, at fifteen, gets her certificate to teach; the "claim" farm has a summer of good crops and the town a stimulating winter of church sociables and Saturday-evening "literaries." To the uninitiated this may sound like prosy reading, but to anyone who knows the earlier books it means, rather, a moving and authentic re-creation of American frontier life.

Sons of Liberty, by Gertrude Robinson, illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. A story of the American Revolution as seen through the eyes of young David Hawes of Boston, who dared to sing the "Liberty Song" on the Common at a time when the words "In freedom we're born" were dangerous to say out loud. The book is so vividly written that without any hint of preaching it may help restore the original meaning to the abused concept of patriotism.

Indian Captive, written and illustrated by Lois Lenski. This is the story of Mary Jemison, a real American child of the seventeen-fifties, who grew up in an Indian village after being seized in a raid in which all the others of her family were killed. Miss Lenski's fictional reconstruction of the facts is sensitive and well documented, both in the text and

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the drawings of life in a Seneca Indian village. The story of the little girl who gradually became so much an Indian that she refused to go back to the whites when she was "rescued" is necessarily a rather sombre one, but for readers over twelve it will give that pleasurable thrill and chill of coming on the real thing for once.

Down Ryton Water, by E. R. Gaggin, illustrated by Elmer Hader. A story of the Pilgrims which gives new color to the usually drab figures of the Founding Fathers—and of their children. Two-thirds of the book tells of their life in England and Holland before they embark on the Mayflower, and all of it is rich in unusual detail. Nevertheless, the author is less interested in her setting and history than in the character of Young Matt, who tells the story. A meaty book, full of real people and never "written down."

More stories, on every sort of subject, for readers of ten or eleven to those of high-school age:

I Discover Columbus, written and illustrated by Robert Lawson. Another irreverent and highly imaginative interpretation of history in the vein of the author's "Ben and Me." In the new book, Aurelio, the Great Admiral's parrot, tells how Columbus came to sail the ocean blue. (It was all Aurelio's idea and Columbus would never have set foot on a ship if he hadn't been tricked into it.) Fine for family reading aloud, especially to children old enough to appreciate burlesque. Funniest character in the book is King Ferdinand. Mr. Lawson's rich black-and-white illustrations suggest Howard Pyle on a lark.

Auntie Robbo, by Ann Scott-Moncrieff. This Scotch divertissement tells of the gaily implausible doings of Hector, age eleven, and his great-grandaunt, age eighty-one. It is a book agreeably devoid of moral tone and one in which things happen just about as children wish they would in real life.

The Saturdays, written and illustrated by Elizabeth Enright. The four Melendy children of this book live in New York City and are the intelligent, independent, creative sort of kids every mother would like to think her own are. Their scheme to pool resources and get more out of city Saturday afternoons should make pleasant reading for children who like stories of family life and don't wince at the thought of going to an art exhibit or the opera.

The White Panther, by Theodore J. Waldeck, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. A book about jungle life in British Guiana by an explorer who writes well. It is an account of the education of Ku-ma, a white panther, in the ways of the hunt, the kill, the enemy, and while the young reader may become absorbed almost to the point of identification with the huge cat, this is an animal story without sentimentality and full of facts about the jungle and its creatures.

The Ship Aground, by C. Fox Smith, illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. An old-style sea tale of adventure in the "Treasure Island" tradition, told with plenty of suspense. Its press gangs, mu-

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Actually this is two books in one—the first the happy, glowing story of Sonja Henie's "life on ice"—a merry-go-round of championships and heartbreaks, thrills and excitement. The second gives beginners a fully illustrated "course" in ice-skating, as well as complete instruction in all the fancy figures for advanced pupils . . . by Sonja Henie herself. $2

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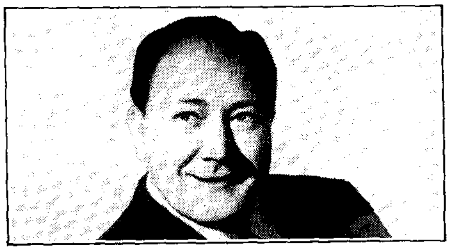

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tineers, pirate gold, and boy hero are calculated to satisfy any masculine reader over ten. Handsome pen-and-ink illustrations, quite in the right spirit.

VANISHED ISLAND, by Cornelia Meigs, illustrated by Dorothy Bayley. No boy, if he can help it, is likely to close this book until he has finished it. It is about steamboating on the Mississippi in the nineties, but is quite as much a story of a turbulent boy as of a turbulent river. First-rate.

THE STRANGER IN PRIMROSE LANE, by Noel Streatfeild, illustrated by Richard Floethe. An absorbing story of how six ingenious English children keep a German spy under surveillance for forty-eight hours and finally help in his capture. The children are such amusing characters and the action is so rapid that a slight stretching of the probabilities can be forgiven.

THE next group of books are biographies, most of them in story form. The first two are for younger readers, the others for those of high-school age:

STEPHEN FOSTER AND HIS LITTLE DOG TRAY, by Opal Wheeler, illustrated by Mary Greenwalt. The sixth in a series of lives of composers which, by story, music, and picture, has been very successful in arousing the musical enthusiasm of quite young readers. The book includes simple arrangements of thirteen of the Foster songs.

RAILWAY ENGINEER: THE STORY OF GEORGE STEPHENSON by Clara Ingram Judson, illustrated by Eric M. Simon. A well-composed brief biography of the man who invented the first successful locomotive. The story of the English miner's son who, almost without education, began his models and inventions as a child and grew up to design the Rocket and to lay out the first real railways should be interesting to any boy between eight and twelve. Attractively illustrated in the manner of old engravings.

WALT WHITMAN: BUILDER FOR AMERICA, by Babette Deutsch, illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. A distinguished and exciting biography and portrait, as full of vigor as Walt himself and the lusty America he loved. It is a book which will be read with pleasure by anybody mature enough to have discovered "Leaves of Grass" or to be introduced to it here. Half of the volume is devoted to a selection from the poems, arranged to present Whitman's own life story.

NARCISSA WHITMAN, PIONEER OF OREGON, by Jeanette Eaton, illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. This dramatic and tragic life of a pioneer missionary, one of the first two white women to cross the Rockies, makes intense reading. Narcissa and her doctor husband, missionaries to the savage Cayuse Indians of Oregon and in the end massacred by them, are American figures to inspire any young reader by their faith and steadfastness in hardship. Yet the story is not all pure heroism; it includes the details of missionary jealousies and politics, and has the intimacy of letters home from a spirited young woman.

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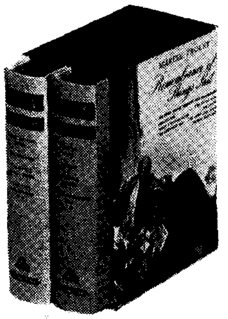

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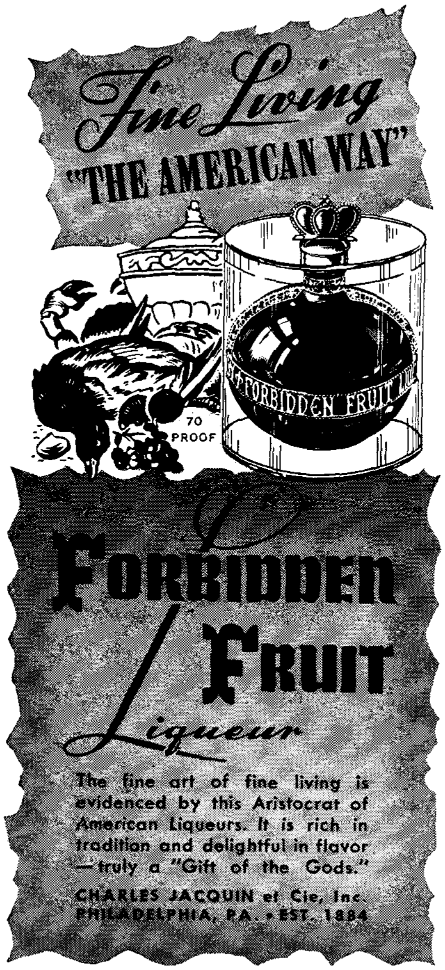
THE following books either tell the facts of American history in a direct and palatable fashion or supply the background of custom, legend, and folklore which, to quote one of their authors, should lead young readers to "an affectionate pride in their country": "The Story of New England," lithographs by C. H. De Witt, story by Marshall McClintock—a picture-book economic history of New England, illustrated in brilliant color; "Homespun Playdays," by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, illustrated by Grace Paull—historical background in seventeen lively stories, for eight-to-twelve-year-old readers, about the festive occasions of earlier American children; "Yankee Doodle's Cousins," by Anne Malcolmson, illustrated by Robert McCloskey—an interesting collection of tall stories about our legendary folk heroes, including a number of little-known tales; "Stories of the Underground Railroad," by Anna L. Curtis, illustrated by William Brooks—true tales of the courageous Quakers who helped so many thousands of fugitive Negro slaves to safety; "In Good Old Colony Times," by Louise Andrews Kent and Elizabeth Kent Tarshis, illustrated in color by Paul Hawthorne—a compact book, for junior-high-school readers, describing the beginnings of our social institutions, government, and industry by short chapters on the first wedding, the first free public school, the first worsted mill, and so on; "George Washington's World," written and illustrated by Genevieve Foster—an ambitious and successful attempt to place Washington and his period in relation to events happening and people living in other parts of the world during his lifetime, and all done by an ingenious combination of picture and text.

Defense, Army, Navy, airplanes (both commercial and fighting), all subjects of top popularity with boys this year, are well covered in the following books: "Defending America," by Creighton Peet, illustrated by Fritz Kredel—a good manual on the Army in all its branches, the Navy, and the Air Forces; "War Wings," by David C. Cooke, illustrated by photographs—a complete record of every type of fighting plane of the American and British



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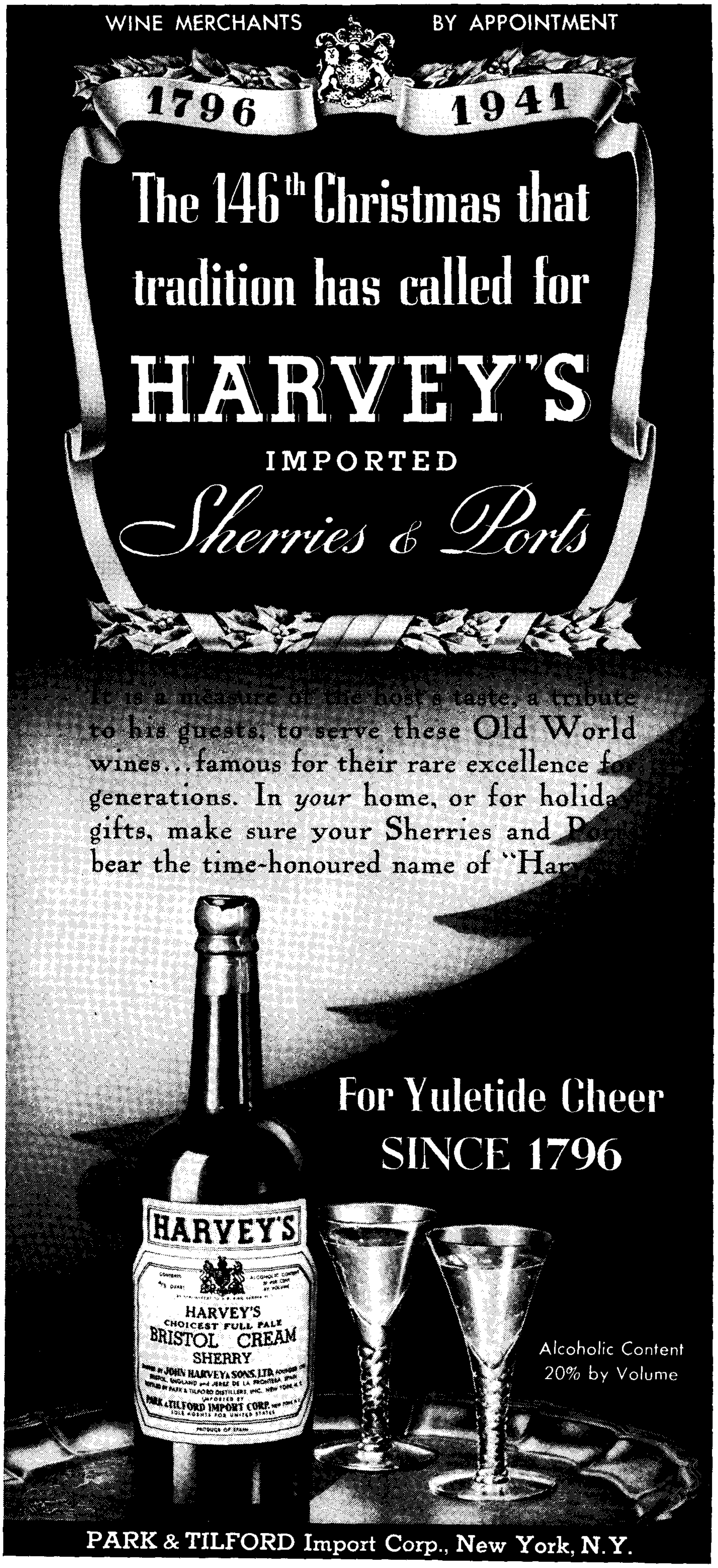
Air Forces; "War in the Air," by John B. Walker, illustrated by Barry Bart—methods of air combat, and planes and pilots in action, the text illustrated by diagrams and dramatic color pictures; "Aviation from Shop to Sky," by John J. Floherty, illustrated with photographs—how planes are designed and manufactured and the men who make and fly them; "Fighting Ships of the U.S. Navy," by Fletcher Pratt, illustrated by Jack Coggins—interesting colored drawings, and descriptions of every type of ship in the Navy, plus a good naval-strategy map; "How to Build a Model Navy," written and illustrated by H. H. Gilmore—instructions for building models of actual battleships, both ancient and modern.

Further books of information which should not be overlooked are "Paddle-to-the-Sea," written and illustrated by Holling Clancy Holling—geography in a new and fascinating form in a volume full of big, colored pictures which, with the story, describe the travels of a toy canoe (whittled by an Indian boy) from Lake Nipigon through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the sea; "How Things Work," story and photographs by Creighton Peet—an admirably simple introduction to physics; "From Man to Machine," by Agnes Rogers—a pictorial history of invention, illustrated by an unusually resourceful and captivating collection of photographs and early prints, with explanatory text.

Two of the best of the new anthologies are Louis Untermeyer's "Stars to Steer By," illustrated by Dorothy Bayley, in which this expert anthologist not only makes an interesting collection of verse for young people but writes about the poems in an inspiriting way, and May Lamberton Becker's "Growing Up with America," an imaginatively conceived and selected collection of prose. It consists of short stories and excerpts from long books for and about American children, from Colonial times to today—an excellent book for family



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Among the reprints and new editions should be noted Esther Shephard's "Paul Bunyan," the standard version of the Bunyan tales, now handsomely and suitably illustrated by Rockwell Kent; "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Richard Rostron, illustrated by Frank Lieberman—a humorous version of the old fairy tale, illustrated in color; "Au Clair de la Lune," illustrated by H. A. Rey—a collection of French songs amusingly illustrated and not a bad substitute for the Boutet de Monvel collection, if that is unobtainable. Two fine reprints are the Heritage Press editions of "Alice in Wonderland," which preserves the Tenniel illustrations but provides larger type and handsome format, and "Treasure Island," with interesting illustrations in color by Edward A. Wilson.

Each publishing season brings a flood of Disney picture books. The best this fall are "Dumbo" and "Bambi," of which this reviewer greatly prefers the former.

Among the books written especially for Christmas are "The Long Christmas," by Ruth Sawyer, illustrated by Valenti Angelo—thirteen Christmas tales from many lands, told by one of our best writers for children; "Snow Before Christmas," written and illustrated by Tasha Tudor—a small book for the youngest readers, with pretty colored pictures and a story about an old-fashioned country winter and Christmas. —K. S. W.

•

To The News and Courier:

I have been getting the Courier for more than thirty years one way and another and am getting it now through local delivery.

If Mr. I in Washington was as smart as he would have us believe he would have known that the army would need lots of gasoline and would have prepared for it.

Some one wanted a pipe line and Mr. I would like to show his authority. And what amount was paid.

We of the little people don't trust the powers that be in Washington, Columbia, or other places where large authority and cash are involved.

If our leaders and the ones that do have the power were fair and as they would have us little fellows believe trying to do the best for us this would not be.

Just some random ideas that may give you ideas.

An old leader and fried.

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Dillon, S.C.

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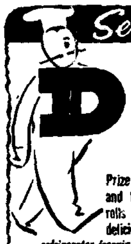

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for sparing me those chilly trips to heat the 6 a.m. bottle.

for never opening my mail (though I sometimes do yours!).

for the things you didn't say the time I ripped off the fender.

for balancing my checkbook without grumbling or pitying.

for not having to be defrosted when I forget to send your suit to be pressed.

for treating my women friends as though you liked them.

for the way your eyes light up when our glances happen to meet at a party.

for being so eternally *there* for me to lean on!

for wanting a *good* watch for years and years, but being too unselfish to go and spend the money on yourself.

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